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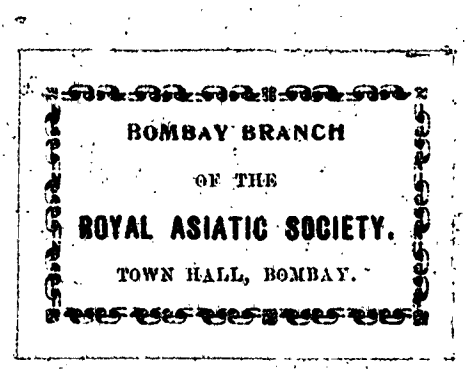

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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CURATE OF HATTON, &c.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

AND

A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE,

BY

JOHN JOHNSTONE, M.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON, &c.

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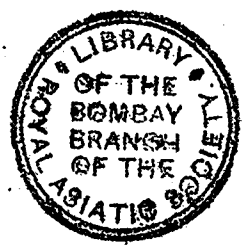

APPENDIX.

"The necessity of complying with the times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography." This just observation of Dr. Samuel Johnson applies with double force to the biographer, whose materials consist of letters—for infinite are the considerations due to the dead, as well as the living, who have delivered their opinions under the seal of confidence or of familiarity. Both in the selection of the letters of Dr. Parr and of his correspondents, I hope I have adhered to delicacy as strictly as truth; and the usefulness of making history speak by example would permit.

In the compilation of the Memoirs prefixed to the Works now published, I have carefully selected such only of the Correspondence as threw a particular light on the passing subjects. Sometimes these documents have been freely granted, and sometimes I have been forbidden to use what was in my own possession; having generally endeavoured to obtain the consent of the writer before I printed any one letter. The only exceptions I have made to this rule, are those cases in which there had been a previous attack, or those where Dr. Parr's own letters to his correspondents

had been given up to aliens, or to those not legitimately connected with him, either by blood or literary alliance. The full list of Dr. Parr's correspondents is so great a curiosity that it ought not to be withheld from the public; I shall therefore insert it, before as large a selection of the letters as this volume can contain.

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His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

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His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Kensington Palace, Aug.* 28, 1821.

For some time I have been anxious to write you a few lines; first, to inquire after your health; and secondly, to prove to you that I am in the land of the living. I have now two additional motives, which are to enclose to you Glover's admirable Charge, which I have perused with great attention and delight; and last, although not least, to rejoice with you in our excellent friend, Mr. Coke's good fortune, who, by the blessing of Providence, has got another prop to his house. No one, I believe, will feel more happy on the occasion than you and I, as sincere friends, admirers, and well-wishers, of that excellent man, who really take as warm an interest in his family concerns, as if we were members of it.

My library has grown beyond all conception: I think you would stare, and to walk you through the rooms would afford me pleasure and delight. Indeed, I have hardly a place to put a book; but I must, some how or another, find room; and consequently I do not despair of making some contrivance to increase them, although that is not very easy; but since so many discoveries have been made, some ingenious head may fall upon a means to accomplish what is now becoming absolutely necessary for me. Pettigrew has had some very anxious moments; his good and excellent little wife has likewise presented him with another child, but not unattended with considerable danger. The poor man was for four or five days in a state of great

agitation and trepidation; but, thank God, all is now going on as well as can be; they are an excellent and most interesting family, in whose welfare I take great interest, consequently I have been very uneasy about them myself.

Coke writes me word that you have promised to meet me at Holkham. I shall be delighted to find this hope realized, for the meeting at that hospitable mansion would be grand indeed. Mr. Fellowes' good fortune (although I have not the pleasure of personally knowing him) gives me great pleasure, as I admire *strong friends* and independent characters, amongst which, he, as I believe, is to be classed.

My son, who is with me, and, thank God, enjoying excellent health, desires to be kindly remembered to you. He has obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and after having visited his relations in Scotland for a few weeks, is, I believe, to make a tour on the Continent. He is arrived at that time of life when such a place may prove highly beneficial, although travelling is rarely of great advantage; but when a person is anxious to mix with the people of the countries which he visits, to inform himself of their manners, and to improve himself in his profession, then I conceive he may start with credit to his parents, and with a reasonable prospect of advantage to himself. Now God bless you, my dear Doctor; hoping soon to hear from you, and particularly to learn that you are enjoying good health, I have the pleasure to declare myself, with great sincerity,

Affectionately yours, AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Holkham, Jan. 24*, 1822.

Before I leave the hospitable mansion of our mutual friend, Mr. Coke, on my way to Norwich, to attend the Fox meeting, I must address you a few lines, as Saturday next is your birth-day, when I may not have an opportunity of offering you my best wishes on the occasion. To one who respects and esteems you, as I do, such an event must be most interesting; and I flatter myself that it will add to your own happiness, the certainty that those persons who enjoy your friendship, and are not able to attend your festive board, are not unmindful that the 26th of January is Dr. Parr's birth-day, whose heart and mind every

one, who has the happiness of knowing him, must love and respect. Yours has been a most active life; and I could have wished, for the welfare of my country, to have seen you placed in a more exalted situation; because, I think the benefits which would have accrued thereby to my fellow citizens would have been more extensively felt. We want at the head of the church men of learning, acquainted with the forms of society, and who, at the same time that they direct the concerns of our excellent church, will prove to the world at large, by their own conduct, the beauty of her tenets. Alas! what a composition at the present moment. Such a discordant ministry as must disgust, astonish, and bewilder, every *thinking mind.* The times are awful; however, with firmness we may still get through our difficulties, but this can be done only by *firmness* and *candour.* The Norfolk Meeting has set a bright example of what ought to be done, which I hope will be followed up by similar meetings, in different counties, when ministers must be forced to retrench, not according to their own scale, but upon public principles which their opponents will point out to them. I think you would have enjoyed Lord Albemarle's speech, as well as Lord Suffield's, which produced a wonderful effect. Coke came home highly delighted, and well pleased, as he ought to be. Our dinner at Norwich this day will not do any harm, as public opinion must be supported, and it will strike every one, that, as our difficulties increase, all persons come over to *Mr. Fox's Creed,* while the Pittite followers are daily failing. On Saturday I expect to get back to Kensington, having enjoyed myself much here, although the greater part of the time I have been an invalid. I took possession of the little room in the tower, and there, with Glover, we found some very valuable and curious titles, many more than I had discerned before. Roscoe was here part of the time, but is now gone back to Liverpool. With requesting you, my dear Doctor, to receive my hearty congratulations of the day; and to present my best compliments to Mrs. Parr, I have the pleasure to remain, very sincerely, and affectionately yours, &c. &c.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

In a printed book of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's works, I found a manuscript Memoir of the Revolution, highly inte-

resting; not quite finished, but written with a degree of candour, and a visible knowledge of events, hitherto unknown.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Kensington Palace, April 2, 1822.*

I cannot send this frank without expressing the happiness our friend Pettigrew has given me by the information of your intended visit to London on the 18th instant. I hope we shall pass some happy hours together. What do you say to the end of Sir A. Boswell, the son of Dr. Johnson's old friend? When men of talents seek to promote themselves by unworthy means, their downfall must come, and honest men can not pity them, however they may regret the circumstance.

Yours truly, A. F.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Kensington Palace, Jan. 25, 1823.*

Although far from well, I can not refuse myself the pleasure of addressing you a few lines, recollecting well that the 26th of January is your birth-day; a day most interesting to those who have the gratification of knowing you, and enjoying your friendship, among which number I am proud to reckon myself. Yours, my dear and revered friend, has been a long, industrious, and eventful life. Had common justice been done you, I should now have the happiness and pride of seeing you placed in some situation where your energies and talents would be more generally and usefully employed for the benefit of the world at large; and where, I am sure, that you would exert all your powers for the maintenance and propagation of principles which, alas! are not regarded in quarters where we could wish them to be protected; convinced, as we are, of their vital importance to the preservation of the constitution, and the best interests of the community. It is with grief that I am forced to direct my letter to Hatton, instead of some palace; but so goes the world, and *ours* is the loss, while you enjoy yourself quietly surrounded by friends, and conscious of having done your duty, whether frowned upon by jugglers in office, or passed over by individuals who may put on the dress, although the wig and l—— s——, so far from making the b———, only

tend to expose the prostituted character. I can not say all that I feel upon the occasion, but I am indignant. Have you seen the Charge of the Archbishop of Dublin? if you have not, I will send it down to you. The Edinburgh Review did notice that of the Bishop of London, but not Dr. M.'s admonition, who certainly wishes to rule with a rod of iron, which may be proper for school-boys, but not for discriminating beings; but enough of this —The Herefordshire meeting was excellent. Yorkshire has been true to its interests, and the speeches most interesting. I hardly think that any rational being can exist who does not see the necessity of a qualified reform; but in my humble opinion, the *necessity* ought to be first admitted previous to any other proposition. I am sorry for Norfolk; however, exertions are making to do away the stain which the meeting has brought upon itself, by allowing an intruder to carry the most extravagant petition which could have been framed, by taking the sense of the different hundreds upon it. I can not help observing that Lord Albemarle and Lord Suffield saw the business right; reform ought to have been in the original petitions, when there would not have been a sacrifice of principle, to gain the concurrence of a few, at the dissatisfaction of a many. This is a great lesson. However, my dear Doctor, I am running on too fast, and I fear to miss the Post, which, like Time, awaits for no one, so with hearty good wishes for your welfare and happiness, I have the pleasure to sign myself your *very, very* sincere friend and admirer,

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

P. S. I have sent you for your dinner on the 26th a haunch of venison, which I hope will turn out good.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

There are moments when even the power of words can not convey the expression of our feelings. Such is my case on the present occasion. May God grant you health, and a continuance of the use of your powerful faculties for the benefit of mankind, and the happiness of your friends, is the fervent prayer of your sincere admirer; and not disinterested, but true friend,

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

Kensington Palace, Sept. 4, 1824.

Many thanks, dear Doctor, for your epistle of yesterday, however short. You will perceive that when I frank, my signature is that of a *Peer, Sussex*; but when I write to my friends, it is usual to put my Christian name, as I shall now do in signing myself, with great sincerity, dear Doctor,

affectionately yours,

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Gloucester House, July 22, 1814.*

I cannot resist immediately sitting down to offer to you my sincere thanks for the note I have this moment had the pleasure of receiving from you; and expressing the great gratification I feel, at learning such a favourable account of your health, which I hope will be soon entirely established, and which I trust you will enjoy during *many, many* years.

It was a very great disappointment to me, not to have the satisfaction of meeting you at Cambridge, when I made my visit to the University at the commencement of this month, and to have enjoyed a little of your society when you were last in London, as I am always happy in every opportunity of cultivating your friendship, and of assuring you, in person, that with great regard and esteem, I am, dear Dr. Parr,

very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM FREDERICK.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Gloucester House, July 9, 1822.*

Upon my return late on Monday evening, from an excursion of three weeks I have made to the Continent, I had the pleasure of receiving your letter; and I hasten to express the satisfaction I always feel at hearing from you, as well as my regret that owing to my absence from England, a letter of yours

should have remained so long unanswered, which, I am sure, you will do me the justice to believe would not have been the case, had I been in this country.

* * * * * * *

I very sensibly feel the obliging manner in which you are so good as to express yourself respecting your last visit to London; and I trust you are assured that it afforded the Duchess great pleasure to form your acquaintance, and that I seize with the greatest eagerness every opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance, and, allow me to add, friendship. I hope you will come to town next year, and that during the time I am in Warwickshire I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you.

I am always, my dear Dr. Parr,
with great regard and esteem,
very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM FREDERICK.

P. S. It was a sincere disappointment to me not having been at home, when you had the goodness to call upon me previous to your leaving London.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin.

MY LORD, *Cambridge, June 9th*, 1823.

I have three times read the masterly document which your Grace put into my hands; and I assure you, my Lord Primate, that the statement and the reasoning produced in my mind entire conviction. Sorry I am that in this year Parliament will be deprived of the innumerable and inestimable advantages which the Church of Ireland would have derived from your full knowledge, splendid eloquence, and acute remarks. In the way of verbal criticism I should say, that once you have not been quite correct in a passage where the word "calculated" occurs. I suppose "applotment" is an error of the press for "allotment," but it may be a technical term. I do not understand the allusion in "Pastorini;" it may be familiar to your Grace and your countrymen, but on this side of the water we stand in need of explanation. I take it for granted,

my Lord, that you have laid your pape before Lord Liverpool, the two Archbishops of England, and some other Prelates. The Bill, in its present form, *cannot* pass. I am a strenuous advocate for many and strong regulations about your tithes: I some time hesitated upon the word "commutation," and, with some degree of doubt, I prefer the word "composition." I am sure that the whole body of English Clergy ought to be in arms against the Bill, which you have so justly and so powerfully reprobated; and I could wish that your admirable statement was dispersed in every diocese. There is a tardiness, and there is an obscurity in the measures of the ministry, by which I am rather alarmed; but my hope is, that the principle of the bill for augmenting, under certain circumstances, the revenues of the Irish clergy, will be adopted by the legislature.

Again and again, I thank your Grace for the Charges, one of which I bought, and the other I had the honour of receiving from you. They abound with good sense, and they are written in very good English; they are perspicuous, and they are animated, and I wish that they were now before me. Writing from memory only, I would venture to suggest, that we have no such word as "unostensive," and you will smile when I add, that in one instance your Grace has fallen into the mistake which is very common both with Irishmen and Scotchmen, when they confound the words "would" and "should," and "will" and "shall." But these are mere trifles. I should rejoice to see both the Charges, my Lord, in the hands of our English clergy; and you will allow me to say that I was particularly pleased to find that you particularly and earnestly required a strict conformity to the Rubric of the Church. If I was on the Bench of Bishops, I should give the same advice; and yet, my Lord, I tell you frankly, that the practice which I should recommend to others is not observed by myself.

And now, my Lord, we are come to a point, upon which unreservedly I shall state to you my disapprobation of some passages in your Charges. It pained me exceedingly to find that your Grace adopted the invidious, and I must say fairly, the uncharitable language of those persons, who maintain that Socini-

ans are not Christians. The Archbishop of Dublin ought not to be found among those who hold such language. Yet "habent auctores queis placeant hoc;" and I shall make no apology for putting your Grace into company with two writers, whose names may not be known to you. Reland, the celebrated Orientalist, had a son named Adrian, whose Latin Poems were published by Abraham Perrenot, at Utrecht, 1748. In the 1st book of his Elegiac verses there is a small poem addressed to Melchior Leydekker, Professor of Theology at Utrecht. Reland enumerates various Sectaries, and he is zealously Orthodox. He has adopted the intemperate, invidious and slanderous language, which far too many of my Ecclesiastical brethren employ against the Socinians. Of their learning, or want of learning, he says nothing. But in speaking of their heretical tenets, he, like some other writers, excludes Socinians, or Unitarians, from all right to be considered as Christians.

I will place his words before the learned Archbishop of Dublin.

"Dogmata, sinceras (hodierni ô dedecus ævi!)
Temporis antiqui deseruere vias.
Nec desunt alii, qui multis grata, Britanni,
In medium revocant dogmata vestra diem,
At quæ gens placitis *infausti* addicta Socini,
Christiadas inter vix meritura locum est."

I can smile at the punning allusion to the name of *Faustus* Socinus—but undisguisedly and indignantly I shall ever bear testimony against the *uncharitable spirit*, which excludes the followers of Socinus utterly from the Catholic Church of Christ. I shall now produce an auxiliary to Reland. In my library are Dissertationes duæ Anti-Socinianæ, in quibus probatur (1st) Socinianos non debere dici Christianos. (2d) Istam rationem (quo fundamento intuentur Sociniani) ad percipienda fidei mysteria non sufficere. Auctore Edvardo Bagshaw, A. M. ex Æde Christi Oxon. London, 1657. On the other side I shall quote from a valuable, but not very common, tract, entitled, "Vindiciæ pro Unitariorum in Polonia libertate conscriptæ." At vero objicitur, "Unitarios non posse gaudere fide illa fœderis majorum et juramentorum Regiorum publicâ ac pace libertateque communi quid ita? Quia, inquiunt, fœdus

illud et juramentum intelligit dissidentes *de* religione Christianâ, at isti non sunt dissidentes *de* religione, sed *a* religione Christianâ. Quod tam verum est, quam, eum qui solum symbolum Apostolicum profiteatur, ac proinde nil nisi Christianus sit, Christianum non esse. p. 281.

My Lord, without professing any partiality for Unitarians, I hold that they who acknowledge Jesus Christ to be the promised Messiah, to have had a direct and special commission from the Almighty, to have been endowed supernaturally with the Holy Spirit, to have worked miracles, to have suffered on the cross, and on the third day to have risen from the dead; yes, my Lord, I hold that men, thus believing, have a sacred claim to be called Christians. You will soon hear from me on another subject. Oh! my Lord, how I wish that we lived near each other, and that your penetrating mind had access to my books. We should often meet, we should often discuss, and I should say of you as Cicero did of Cato, "Non tu vir melior me sapientior esses, neque enim esse potes, sed paulo ad lenitatem propensior." I am at Cambridge, and shall return to Hatton at the close of next week. If, within a fortnight or three weeks, you have leisure, favour me with a few lines, directed to Hatton; and pray tell me how my letters can be conveyed to you free from postage. Most heartily I wish you success in your exertions for the protection of the Church of Ireland; and, with my best compliments to your son, I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's faithful and respectfully obedient servant, SAMUEL PARR.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Sept.* 29, 1823.

I thank your Grace for your prompt, candid, and yet manly answer to my letter. I have read it very attentively, and carefully shall I preserve it among my choice κειμήλια. There is a situation, and happily at present it is my own, in which I say, with old Hesiod;

ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι.

There are circumstances too, less favourable, in which a wise man, without yielding the victory, will no longer pursue the contest, and will exclaim, with old Æschylus:

ἔρις περαίνει μῦθον ὑστάτη θεῶν.

Johnson, you may remember, when speaking of Milton, who had introduced grammatical criticism into his political altercations, tells us, that no man forgets his trade. And why should I, who have been a schoolmaster, forget mine? and, from false delicacy, why should I be afraid of sprinkling a little philology, when I am writing to an eminently learned Prelate? My Lord, in the line quoted from Æschylus, your sagacity will shew you, that he confounds the personification of ἔρις with the literal sense of the appellative. You will have patience to read an instance or two more:

τῇ δ' Ἐυλαβείᾳ χρησιμώτατῃ θεῶν. PHŒNISSÆ.

And here let me observe, in transitu, that in the mixture of the two ideas, we find a reason for the deviation of Euripides from a canon of Markland, who says, with his usual acuteness, that among the dramatic writers, the article is not prefixed to the dative case of proper names; and then, with his usual fairness and modesty, adds, "I know not whether this was done accidentally or by choice." I will make no apology for subjoining a third instance:

σπειρεῖν τε κάρπον χάριτος ἡδίστης θεῶν.

Let me return to your Grace's letter. Very few indeed of the persons, whom I have enumerated, could write the book which does so much credit to your diligent and various investigation. But, in my serious opinion, every one of them can judge of what is contained in that book, whether they do or do not assent. Be this however as it may, sufficient it is for my purpose, to contend, that not one of them is illiterate. And here, my Lord, we may both of us stop. In regard to men of real erudition and real discernment, I am disposed to bear with them, and even to smile with them, when they "adhibent liberam contumaciam a magnitudine animi ductam, non superbia."

As to myself, I long ago determined not to take any active part in polemical Theology; and if in any luckless hour I had strayed from that determination, I should most anxiously, upon some abstruse subjects, have adhered to a favourite rule. Nos, qui sequimur probabilia, nec ultra id, quod verisimile occurrerit, progredi possumus et refellere sine pertinacia, et

refelli sine iracundia parati sumus. Here, again, let us soften the rigorous and stern aspect of polemics by mingling a few harmless drops of criticism. You know, my Lord, that in the peculiar, and sometimes happy mechanism of Johnson's style, he has a very marked and a very frequent use of the word "without." *e. g.* He was learned without pedantry; he was munificent without ostentation; &c. &c. &c. Now in my favourite passage, quoted from the 1st book of the Tusculan Questions, you see "sine" repeated, as refellere sine pertinacia et refelli sine iracundia. A man of your acuteness will not suffer such phraseology to pass unnoticed, especially when it comes from Cicero, and is evidently the result of art. Is there any similar example in the writings of Cicero? My book abounds with notices, and there is, among them, reference to a second example, which, as a scholar, you will not be unwilling to read. Deinde orbis terrarum, gentiumque omnium datur cognitio sine consilio, pœna sine provocatione, animadversio sine auxilio. Orat. contra Rullum. These verbal minutiæ must not detain you any longer from business, in which the tranquillity of the Empire is deeply concerned, and therefore, manum de tabula. But I must not finish my letter without thanking you for your intention of calling upon me. I beseech you not to take the trouble of calling here during the present week, for my time must be laid out upon various kinds of business, and more especially in preparation for the opening of my new Church on the morning of next Sunday. Toward the middle of next week, I will endeavour to leave a card at your lodgings. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's very faithful and obedient humble Servant, SAMUEL PARR.

The Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Oct.* 11, 1823.

I regret that I am about to quit your neighbourhood, and that circumstances have prevented me from enjoying more of your society during my stay in this place. It would have been highly gratifying to me, for I need not, I hope, take pains to assure you, that I relish the pleasure of your conversation, and rate your talents and learning in a degree that must render the

intercourse of neighbourhood with you eminently interesting to me. I leave this with my family on Monday; and, after visiting my daughter (who resides near Manchester), must prepare to meet my good friends in Ireland, who are prepared to give me a reception more *warm* than *agreeable*.

I send you a copy of one description of the placards that are scattered through Dublin; others bear the title (in large characters) of "SACRILEGE TO THE DEAD BY DR. MAGEE," &c. &c. &c. However, these things must be borne in these strange times—this is the age of popery—it is now in the ascendant, and Protestantism must hide its diminished head: at the same time it shall not if my feeble voice can inspirit it.

When visiting my son in Surrey, I went to town, and had some conversation with Lord Liverpool.

I must not omit to thank you (my good sir) for your kind recollection of me respecting Stanleigh. Your letter to Mrs. Magee announced your having obtained permission from Mr. Chandos Leigh for my inspection of the beauties of his Mansion. I beg you will be good enough to offer him my acknowledgments. Had I been able to stay a little longer I should be happy to avail myself of his indulgence; but I am unavoidably summoned to my post. Believe me to be, my dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your very faithful and obliged servant and friend,

W. DUBLIN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Oct.* 9, 1824.

I cannot reconcile to myself the idea of quitting this place without expressing to you my sense of your and Mrs. Parr's kind attention. I must particularly thank you for one of the pleasantest days I have almost ever passed. The treat of yesterday is not likely to be soon or often equalled. Should any favourable chance, by the propitious aid of steam, bring you and Mrs. Parr to our Irish shore, I need not say with what promptitude and pleasure I should seek for the same high gratification on my side of the Channel, which your classic hospitality has afforded me on this. Mrs. Magee begs to be joined with me in every kind remembrance to yourself and your lady.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

W. DUBLIN.

I must not forget to request you to offer my thanks to your young Tyrtæus * for the admirable specimen of his classic powers which he has put into my possession. I shall have great pleasure in hearing of the celebrity which as a scholar it it will be his lot extensively to enjoy. W. D.

The Duke of Bedford to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, Dec.* 16, 1812.

I thank you for sending me a copy of the "Petition for Peace," which it is intended to send to the House of Commons from the town of Warwick. It is a well-drawn-up paper, full of sound incontrovertible doctrines, wholly free from any thing objectionable in the matter, and such as I should not hesitate to put my name to.

I do indeed most cordially agree with Mr. Whitbread and yourself, that it is most essential to correct the prejudices which unfortunately exist against peace, and to subdue that love of war which seems to be the fashionable infatuation of the day.

The only chance we have of turning men's minds towards a restoration of peace, is, by the sense of the people being expressed in firm but temperate language to her legislature. I am old enough to remember the close of the American War; and if the public voice had not then been so strongly and loudly expressed in favour of peace, and a change of men and measures, I firmly believe that the Court would have gone on with that unfortunate war till the country was utterly ruined. During the last war, too, that great and virtuous statesman, Mr. Fox, incessantly called upon ministers to restore to us the blessings of peace, and urged the people to petition Parliament in favour of that measure. If his warning voice had been listened to, we should have negociated with the enemy in the spirit of peace, and with our resources unimpaired, and not

* Benjamin Kennedy, who was visiting at Hatton when the Archbishop dined with Dr. Parr.

have waited till the distresses of the country, and the cries of starving manufacturers, compelled a weak administration to such a temporary popularity by concluding the hollow and insecure treaty known by the name of the *Peace of Amiens.*

What difference is there between the actual situation of public affairs, and that period of Mr. Pitt's administration where all the energies of Mr. Fox's mind were called forth to obtain the blessings of peace, that should induce us to abstain from pursuing now the same line of conduct which he then recommended and adopted? Times and seasons are fit for negociating with an enemy when we can do so with honour to ourselves, without derogating from our character as a nation, and without running the risk of impairng those resources which may enable us to prosecute a continuance of the war (if necessary) for the only legitimate end of all wars, a safe and honourable peace.

The Duchess begs to be kindly remembered to you, and unites with me in anxiously hoping that we may have the pleasure of seeing you at Woburn before the winter is over. Believe me, my dear Sir, with sincere regard, your very faithful servant,

BEDFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, July* 21, 1816.

Our friend Robert Adair left me only a few days ago, but I will immediately forward your letter to him. I think in going from Hatton to Norfolk you must pass very near to Woburn, and I own I cannot but regret that you should do so without giving me the pleasure of your company for a few days. It is so long since I have had the satisfaction of receiving you under my roof, that I should have been delighted by another opportunity of shaking hands with you at Woburn. Our excellent friend Coke is now here, and looking forward with pleasure to your visit to Holkham.

If I read your letter right, you say that my friend Dr. Hunt "will not fully escape the disgrace which belongs to Lord Elgin," &c. In justice to a worthy man, I must say a few words in his defence. If you allude to the transaction of the Tweddell Papers, whatever blame may appear to attach to

Lord Elgin, and some of those associated with him in this affair, I am quite convinced that Dr. Hunt is wholly free from censure. I know him to be a man of the strictest honour and integrity, and I am quite sure that no earthly consideration would ever induce him to lend himself to any act that had even a shadow of fraud or injustice belonging to it. I have frequently conversed with him on this subject, and think the plain statement of facts which he gave to the public, fully acquits him of any participation in, or knowledge of, *the theft*; if theft there was.

May I beg of you to present my compliments to Dr. Davy, who I had the pleasnre of meeting at Lord Holland's last winter.

My wife begs to be kindly remembered to you, and I remain, my dear Sir, with sincere regard, your very faithful servant, BEDFORD.

P. S. Have the goodness to say when you return to Warwickshire, that I may know whether I shall be at home at the time.

I know not whether the intended Bill for the consolidation of the Clergy is printed, but I will make immediate enquiries respecting it.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, Feb.* 26, 1818.

I thank you for the information you are good enough to send me respecting Mr. Fellowes' pamphlet. I have written for it, and recommended by such authority, I shall read it with pleasure. I believe you know that I am a very decided advocate for what is called Parliamentary Reform; but when Major Cartwright and others talk to me of "Annual Parliaments, and Universal Suffrage," I confess I look with horror at a measure, which, in my humble judgment, would be completely subversive of the liberties of the country. Property should undoubtedly be the basis of representation; and as you justly observe, it is now so different, that general freedom must be the result of such a principle, impartially and equitably acted upon—triennial is undoubtedly the duration I should prefer as the fairest medium, but I would not quarrel with you for a year, and

would, without any fears for the consequences, grant you quadrennial Parliaments.

I thank you, with all my heart, for your friendly offer to be at your post, should my son be attacked by the Tories in this county, but I am inclined to think the Government will not seriously attempt to disturb the present representatives of Bedfordshire, though they are unfashionable enough to be staunch Whigs.

Upon me, indeed, they have endeavoured to cast a stigma, by holding me out as unfit to be the representative of the King in this county; and by appointing Lord Grantham to the office of Lord Lieutenant, who has no residence in the county, not a single acre within it (except in expectancy), and is scarcely known to one gentleman in Bedfordshire. The reason assigned by Ministers is, that they could not possibly appoint me to an office which represents the King, after my subscription to Mr. Hone. I might perhaps have doubted the correctness of my own judgment in having done so, but when I saw the venerated name of "Samuel Parr" added to the list of subscribers, every doubt vanished. Ministers cannot, I think, have the hypocrisy to say (though God knows they have a sufficient quantity of this article) that I was encouraging blasphemy, by subscribing to the relief of this unfortunate printer. No man can have a greater detestation than I have of the foolish parodies he published, but I saw him the victim of persecution; I admired the bold and manly stand he made against a whole host of persecutors; and I was pleased with the public apology he made for his error in printing those parodies immediately on the conclusion of his trials, which did honour to his feelings as a man and as a Christian. With these sentiments strongly in my mind, when an industrious and honest tradesman, with a large family of children, are nearly starving, I can never repent of having sent a £100 to his relief, however I may have incurred the displeasure of the Prince Regent's Ministers. The *mens conscia recti* is, under all circumstances, the honest man's best support; and this amply consoles me for the vain attempt of the Government to disgrace me in my native county, and in the estimation of those amongst whom I live. Poor Hone shewed ample contrition

for his error, and we are taught, from the highest authority, that God will not despise a contrite heart. I fear our Ministers are not likely to shew any, for having basely and wantonly trampled upon the liberties of England.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me always, with sincere regard and esteem, your very faithful servant, BEDFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, Jan.* 17, 1820.

I thank you very sincerely for your kind congratulations on my return to England.

All you say of my son Lord John, is, indeed, most gratifying to my feelings.

I am, thank God! happy in my children; and the manner in which my sons conduct themselves in their legislative functions, is cheering to the breast of a father, who ardently loves liberty, and above all, sound, English, constitutional liberty, which the blood of our ancestors purchased for us, and which they transmitted to us, as our best inheritance. I have sent you a copy of John's speech on the Grampound corruption, and I sincerely hope and believe he is laying the foundation of a national reform in our representation, which may be productive of infinite benefit hereafter. The *principle* is admitted by the Government, through Lord Castlereagh; and unless his Lordship means to play a foul and unmanly trick (by no means improbable), Government *must* support this individual question of reform.

I am going to send one of my boys (the Duchess' eldest son) to your friend Dr. Maltby, and knowing your high opinion of him, his great classical attainments, and the probity and integrity of his character and conduct, I feel great satisfaction at the success of my application to Dr. M. to receive him. Wriothesley is an amiable boy, with great capacity for learning, and with no one fault that I have ever been able to discover, except that of indolence. He is intended for your profession, and I hope and flatter myself he will not discredit it.

I have lately sent some game to Hatton, which I hope was received in good order, and I beg you will believe me to be, with the truest regard and esteem, my dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged servant, BEDFORD.

I shall be happy to become a subscriber to Dr. Jamieson's Archæological Work. My best compliments to Dr. Maltby.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, Jan. 25, 1823.*

Multos et felices are the wishes we usually form on each returning birth-day of those who possess our affection and esteem, whilst in the full enjoyment of youth and vigour.

You, my dear Sir, have now exchanged the one for the virtuous old age of a well-spent life, and the *multos* must, by the course of an all-wise Providence, be limited; but, whatever may be the number of your still remaining years, may they be as happy as your best friends can wish. A fresh, and unimpaired, and vigorous mind, holds out the fairest prospect that they will be so.

As to myself, I am now in the eighth month following a very severe paralytic affection, and, as yet, I can see no essential progress towards amendment, so that I dare not be sanguine in my expectations of ultimate recovery; but I thank God, I possess a sufficient stock of patience and resignation, and although I am unfitted to take any share in public business, I am happy in the bosom of my family, and my mind is uniformly cheerful and contented.

In my children, I am singularly blessed, and to them, when you and I have closed our accounts in this life

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The Duchess joins in best compliments, and sincere good wishes; and I beg you will believe me to be, with true regard, your very faithful servant, BEDFORD.

I send a supply of game and venison as auxiliaries to your hospitable board on Monday, fit for the spit on their arrival at Hatton, which I hope will be in good time.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, March 27, 1823.*

A fortnight ago I sent to your address, by the Warwick coach from London, a copy of "Outline Engravings, and Descriptions of the Woburn Abbey Marbles;" a private work which I have recently completed, and printed a very limited number of copies, only to present to my friends, and some of

the literati. I felt confident that I could not send a copy to any one more worthy of it than yourself; and I also flattered myself, that you would be pleased with the design and execution of the work, in which simplicity has been my principal object. I have had much pleasure myself in superintending the progress of it, with the valuable aid of my friend Dr. Hunt, during the progress of a long and tedious illness. One part of it I am sure you will not be displeased with me for saying, has given me peculiar satisfaction; namely, the pleasure of transmitting to posterity, and to those who may not have opportunities of seeing Woburn, the beautiful and classical inscription over the entrance to the Temple of Liberty, with the name of its revered and honoured author. From not having heard of the arrival of the book at Hatton, I am apprehensive that by some mischance it may not have reached its destination. May I beg of you to write me one line, to say whether you have received it. My health is, I hope, something better than it was when I last wrote to you; but I am still unable to make use of my own pen. The Duchess desires me to add her best compliments and regards, and I am, my dear Sir, with perfect truth, your very faithful servant, BEDFORD.

The Duke of Devonshire received Dr. Parr at Chatsworth, and says, in one of the letters.

I trust you will allow me the honour of seeing you at Devonshire House; it will give me great pleasure to shew you my library there, in which you will find some very rare editions of the Greek authors, I flatter myself worthy of your inspection.

The late Marquis of Hertford became acquainted with Dr. Parr from his connection with John Bartlam; and I introduce the following letter as it bears witness to some particular marked qualities of that worthy man. Dr. Parr was received always with

kindness at the princely mansion of Ragley, where his talents were duly appreciated, and of the noble Lady he has left a remark which will be re-echoed by the voice of every one who has enjoyed the precious advantage of her acquaintance.

SIR, *London, March 25.*

I am extremely glad that we have succeeded for that unfortunate and deserving man, Mr. Dolben, whose father I long knew and esteemed. Our friend Mr. Bartlam is indefatigable in the pursuit of a kind and good-natured object; one cannot forget how and to whom he owes these excellent principles, by which his conduct is always regulated. Lady H. desires to be particularly remembered to you; she sets a high value on the assurances of your esteem. And I remain ever most truly, Sir, your very faithful servant, ING. HERTFORD.

There are two interesting letters of the present Marquis of Lansdowne; the one on finance, I hope, will for ever be considered only as reflections on *past* measures.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bounds, Oct.* 19, 1808.

I remember to have given a good deal of consideration to the suggestion of your friend respecting the abuse originating in the collection of the Property duty, and those of others upon the same subject, for he is much mistaken if he supposes himself to have been the only person that observed the wit and complained of it.

I have no other objection to the proposed clause than I have to any other unnecessary words too often introduced into Acts of Parliament, to declare that to be illegal which is made so already by the existing laws. There can be no doubt that, any person refusing to allow the deduction required by the Act is guilty of usury, since he is demanding more than 5*l.* per

cent. interest, and is subject to sufficient punishment under the statutes passed against usury, if the *fact* can be proved. If your friend's clause, instead of simply denouncing the crime, pointed out a mode of ascertaining it, it might do something; but the truth is, that when it is the interest of both parties to conceal the transaction, of the lender who gets a greater interest, and of the borrower who can obtain money upon no other terms; statute upon statute, and clause upon clause, may be enacted without curing an evil so difficult to bring to light; since you cannot oblige the lender to remain without his principal, if he chuses to call upon his debtor for it, who with this rod over his head is compelled to concur in any plan of evasion that may be suggested by the ingenuity of the former.

The practice alluded to is only one mode (suggested, I admit, by the necessary provisions in the Act) amongst many by which usurers carry on their trade, against whom those that are conversant in money transactions know that the Statute book wages a very ineffectual war. I am afraid that your friend will prove as ineffectual, though probably as confident a legislator as those that have preceded him.

I hope I have satisfied you of the reasons for which, had I remained in office long enough to amend the system of collecting the Property duty, which, after giving the present regulations a fair trial, I hoped to have done, I should not have thought it worth while to have introduced a clause of this description. I remain always, dear Sir, with great truth and regard, your faithful humble servant, H. Petty.

I am glad to hear that you are writing upon the subject of our late venerable and venerated friend, Mr. Fox. I shall be glad to see so honourable a tribute paid to his memory.

The connection of Dr. Parr with the family of the Earl of Dartmouth, forms so conspicuous a part of his biography, was so honourable to him from his first establishment in life, and became ultimately so rich a mine of advantage to him, that I

should fail in my duty were I not to rest upon it with particular emphasis. As a husband and a father, William Earl of Dartmouth was the example of every domestic virtue; while as a Christian and a gentleman, as a patron and a friend, as a statesman and a minister, and in the other relations of life, his unaffected piety, his simplicity, his generosity, his probity exalted him far above his fellows. He was good and wise, and his companions were the best and wisest men of the day. Unobtrusive, unpretending, unassuming, his talents were not the glaring objects of public gaze and admiration, yet was his mind replenished with knowledge, and that best quality of it, his good sense, was ever active in the direction and for the purposes which sound judgment and utility seemed to point out. As a statesman, he was most inflexibly uncorrupt. As Minister against America, Parr could not agree with him in politics, though he could not fail to admire his consistency. The good old Earl lived to see his surviving sons the pupils of Dr. Parr, in stations of honour and emolument; and he died possessing the esteem and respect of every man who loved virtue, and the even tenour of a well-spent life—*Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*

I have already quoted that part of Lord Dartmouth's correspondence with Dr. Parr, which related to the settlement of his sons at Harrow, Stanmore, &c. &c. I shall close with his last letter, written a short time before his death, after having copied one or two others, which evince the kindliness of his affections.

Lord Dartmouth to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Blackheath, May* 12, 1783.

I give you my hearty congratulations on the conclusion of your personal labours, and the prospect of a speedy adjustment of the difficulties which your predecessor had entailed upon you. I wish the object were more worthy of the fatigue and trouble it has cost you to get at it, but I am afraid the kernel will hardly be worth the pains of breaking the shell. I have applied to the Bishop of Bristol, and his answer is, that he is no stranger to the merits of Dr. Parr, but has already fixed on the persons whom he intends to appoint his Chaplains.

I heard of you at Oxford from my son, who was very happy in the opportunity of having so much of your company; he is not less sensible of the obligations he has to you than his father is. I beg my compliments, with Lady D.'s, to Mrs. Parr. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, DARTMOUTH.

Have you thought any more of Rapin's Dissertation?

Sandwell, January 4, 1796.

Lord and Lady Dartmouth present their compliments and many thanks to Dr. Parr, for his congratulations on the marriage of Mr. Augustus Legge. It does not often happen that very young men have the good fortune to fix their affections on an object in whom so many good qualities are united as are met in Mrs. Augustus Legge: and they flatter themselves that, every day's experience will tend to correct and confirm those sentiments of mutual affection and esteem, with which they are at present impressed.

SIR, *Salt Hill, January* 16, 1801.

I thank you for your attention in informing me that you have granted a concurrent lease of the Prebend of Wenlock Barns.

I beg to offer you my sincere congratulations that the small favour which Bishop Lowth conferred upon you, at my request, is at length likely to become beneficial to you and your family.

Lady Dartmouth joins in compliments to you and Mrs. Parr, with, Sir, your most obedient servant, DARTMOUTH.

I lament not having procured the character mentioned in the following note of the late Dr. Edward Legge, Lord Bishop of Oxford.

All Souls, February 10, 1818.

The Bishop of Oxford requests Dr. Parr to believe that he feels, as he ought, the kindness which dictated the few lines contained in the cover of the Warden of Merton's letter. Such an encomium upon his revered and excellent father cannot but be highly gratifying to him; and he feels confident that the good deed for which Dr. Parr so handsomely expresses his gratitude, occupies a prominent place among the many for which the late Lord Dartmouth is indebted for the satisfaction with which he now looks back upon his life on earth. It will give Mr. Augustus Legge (whom the Bishop expects at All Souls to-morrow) great pleasure to have so recent an account of Dr. Parr.

The Letters of the Earl of Donoughmore relate to his speech on the Catholic Question, in which his personalities did infinite mischief to the cause.

DEAR SIR, 27, *Somerset St. Portman Sq. June* 13, 1811.

The reports of the discussion on the Catholic Question having been very incorrectly given in all the papers, and as they have mauled me terribly in some of them, I have sent you, in another cover, by this post, the two of this day's papers, in which it is best given, The Press and Morning Chronicle. In the first, what I said is given more fully than elsewhere: I mean, what I said at the opening of the Question The rest of the Debate is decently taken, only in the Chronicle.

As you were so good to allow me to talk over the subject with you, I have ventured to guard you against the misrepresentations of which the other papers are full. My brother is in the country, but will be in town again in a day or two.

Yours, my dear Sir, very truly, DONOUGHMORE.

The Earl of Shrewsbury, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Little-over Hall, Derby, Jan. 26th*, 1820.

I cannot allow the 26th of Junuary to pass away without reminding me of the frequent opportunities I have enjoyed of paying you, in person, the respectful compliments so justly due from all your friends upon the anniversary of your birth; nor can I, though absent, refrain from troubling you with the expression of my sentiments on the return of that propitious day. There are many who will congratulate with you upon the addition of another year to the already venerable age of so profound a scholar, and so liberal and benevolent a Christian; but none, I can assure you, will offer their acknowledgements with more cordiality or sincerity than myself; and none will wish you, more affectionately, many and many happy returns of the present season. Believe me, my dear Sir, most truly, sincerely, and respectfully yours, JOHN TALBOT.

I copy the following Letter of an enlightened Nobleman, the present Earl Stanhope, as displaying great kindness and respect for Dr. Parr.

Loake's Hill, High Wycombe,

MY DEAR SIR, *Sept 25th* 1808.

I was this morning favoured with your very obliging letter, and felt very great pleasure in executing your commission about Bishop Berkeley's Sermon. It is entitled "Passive Obedience, or the Christian Doctrine of not resisting the Supreme Power, proved and vindicated upon the Principles of the Law of Nature, in a Discourse delivered at the College Chapel." The text is from Romans, chap. xiii. ver. 2, "Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the Ordinance of God." I do not find any *date* affixed to the Sermon, but in his life (p. 5, 4to edition, London, 1784, 2 vols.) it is mentioned that "in 1712, the principles inculcated in Mr. Locke's two Treatises of Government, seem to have turned his attention to

the doctrine of passive obedience; in support of which he printed the substance of three common places delivered by him that year in the College Chapel, a work which afterwards had nearly done him some injury in his fortune."

It will, I assure you, give me particular satisfaction to obey the commands with which you may please to honour me, if I could be so fortunate as to be useful in any other enquiries. I feel very highly flattered by the wish, which you have the goodness to express, of our becoming better acquainted; and I beg you to believe, that I feel an equal wish to cultivate the friendship of a person, who is not more distinguished by his profound erudition, than by the patriotism of his public principles. I would say more upon this subject if I had not the pleasure of addressing him. I regret that I cannot at present make a tour in Warwickshire, but I certainly will not pass through your neighbourhood without availing myself of your kind invitation, in order to enjoy your society. Lord and Lady Carrington are now at Deal Castle, but I will not fail to communicate to them your obliging message. Lady Mahon desires her best compliments, and I remain, with sincere regard, my dear Sir, your very faithful servant, MAHON.

The late Earl Ferrers placed his eldest Son, Lord Tamworth, in January 1792, under Dr. Parr's care, and there is a long correspondence relating to him. I subjoin two of Lord Tamworth's letters, as they express the familiar kindness of an old pupil.

Lord Tamworth to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lady Tamworth received your letter, which I promised to answer, or she would have done so before now; and I should not have presumed to check her fair hand, but wished to state to you the arrangements I have made for the time *we* are to have the great pleasure of seeing you here. The day after your letter came I met with a severe blow on the right side, and it was doubtful whether I had, or not, fractured ribs.

That, however, was not the case; but the *internal inflammation* was so great as to cause a difficulty of breathing, and I kept my bed some days. I hope this apology will excuse the delay, and your not hearing from us. I shall not fail, *to-morrow*, to write to *Mr. Dealtry*. Mr. John Bartlam has been here. I took him to Sir Windsor Hunloke's for three days. He and the Baronet meet you; and *Mr. Noel* of Kirkby comes. *Anacreon Moore* I also expect. Now I *must know* the day you come, and expect you to make a long stay (what you may call a long stay), that I may make you acquainted with Lord Scarsdale, and that we may be able to visit Sir Windsor Hunloke for a day. It is true, my house is large, but my bedrooms are few in number; and I mean to fill those with such as you may (I hope) think genial souls.

Much as I admire hunting, I despise the *Squire Western* and Toast and Tankard system of our ancestors. My dear and respected friend, pray do make some one write for you, for I really cannot decypher your Greek Characters. You told me you was *only, only* once flogged, and that *for bad writing*, how often have you not deserved it?

Believe me, with every feeling of respect and esteem, your obliged and faithful TAMWORTH.

Pray dispose of the game you mention amongst your neighbours; we have plenty. My wife sends her love, and spoke it out so boldly, it creates in me envy, hatred, and malice.

The following letter relates to a Warwickshire Gentleman, who, in my Lord Tamworth's language, may be truly denominated *prime*.

Stanton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch,

MY DEAR SIR, *June 7th,*

Will you have the kindness to inform me how your arrangements are, as it is my intention (with your permission) to pay my respects to you, either the end of this, or beginning of next month. I saw our worthy good friend and your neighbour in town. I think James ought to be a very happy man. His

wife appears to me an excellent woman. I know your regard for him; indeed he is *worthy* of every man's esteem. My wife has said she means to tip that excellent fellow a visit in the Autumn. James West we both love; and you may assure him that Lady Tamworth's visit will be the first she has made since the last she made to him. You, my dear and kind friend, I am sure will rejoice to hear her health is better. Be assured of my esteem, and, with best respects to Mrs. Parr, believe me your most affectionate and faithful servant and well-wisher,

TAMWORTH.

Dr. Howley, Bishop of London, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, March* 1, 1817.

* * * * * * * * * * *

One of my principal objects in writing to you, is, to request that you will collect and revise the numerous disquisitions of the greatest acuteness and learning which you have written on subjects of etymology, Latinity, passages of Classical Authors, &c. &c. I suspect they would fill some volumes; and certain I am that the collection would be acceptable in the highest degree to all who have any curiosity respecting the principles of language, or any taste for ancient literature. I trust you will give due consideration to this suggestion; it is a justice you owe to yourself, and a courtesy to the learned world. In the mean time, reverting to a less agreeable subject, I can assure you I shall be happy to receive your strictures on the *Bill*, though I have no further concern with it, than as Secretary to the Bench of Bishops. I remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

W. LONDON.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, May* 2, 1817.

My incessant occupations make me a very bad correspondent, or I should not have been so late in my acknowledgments of your very obliging letter.

The Residence Bill has undergone many alterations since

you saw it, and I trust you will think them improvements; at any rate, I feel myself much indebted for your fair and candid opinion.

You hardly use the world fairly in depriving it of the fruits of your Horæ Subsecivæ. You will be prevailed on, I trust, to re-consider your determination. Every Classical Scholar in Europe, I am sure, would join in petitioning you to place your Manuscript in the hands of an Amanuensis, while you are at hand to direct his labours, and rectify his errors; nor is there one who would not remonstrate in the strongest terms against the destruction of that which would contribute so largely to the pleasure and instruction of the learned world. If these cannot prevail, I shall summon the Theologians and Metaphysicians to their aid, and with united forces, "veluti, te, Judæi, cogemus cogemus huic concedere turbæ" (I must beg Horace's pardon for spoiling his Verse and his Latinity), you will not be able to resist our joint adjuration:

Πόταγ' ὦ 'γαθε, τὰν γὰρ ἄοιδαν
Οὐτι ποτ' εἰς Ἄϊδανγε τὸν ἐκλελάδοντα φυλάξεις.

In good earnest, I hope you *will* re-consider this matter. These are not times in which such hopes are easily repaired. I have not seen Dr. Copleston on *sublimis*, but I was much pleased with your remarks on the preposition in composition; which were quite new to me. I am scholar enough to perceive the merits of others, and that is all I claim. I sent you a copy of an Anniversary Sermon as a mark of attention; in any other point of view productions of this sort have little interest.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours with great respect,

W. LONDON.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 30, 1817.

I am much indebted to you for recollecting your promise of sending the verses, which you, with good reason, call charming; and which I have read with delight and admiration. The propriety and elevation of thought, the harmony of versification, and the classical purity and happiness of expression, conspire

to excite a pleasure, which is heightened by their applicability to the circumstances of the present times.

Horace, complaining of the depredations committed on his happiness by advancing years, very feelingly says, "tendunt extorquere poemata." You seem to be practising a similar cruelty on Dr. Gabell, and intent on removing pulchro de corpore nævos, forget the proverbial partiality of a lover to a favourite blemish.

I will take care that the next renewal of your license, if such a measure should be necessary, shall be effected with the least possible expence and trouble.

The patrons, as well as the future holders of your prebend, have reason to be thankful for your care in ascertaining and securing the remaining property. But I hope you will long continue to enjoy a possession, which has been improved and benefited by your care.

I remain, my dear Sir, your faithful servant, W. LONDON.

MY DEAR SIR, *Fulham, Nov.* 20, 1817.

Your kindness in reserving for me a copy of "Mr. O'Callaghan's Thoughts on the tendency of Bible Societies," is very gratifying.

I am well acquainted with the publication, which is now lying before me; and think it fully deserves the character which you give of it.

Among the various publications against the Bible Societies which have fallen under my notice, it strikes me as being the most able, and (to use your term) pertinent. Some expressions are, perhaps, a little incautious, and capable of bearing a sense which would give an advantage to an opponent; and some of the representations may be overcharged, as applied to the Bible Societies of this country, though strictly true in respect of Ireland, of which I am unable to judge. The pamphlet certainly contains much excellent sense, and discovers great penetration. The Bishop of Meath, I am told, (how truly I know not) read this publication to the Clergy of his diocese at his last visitation, and endeavoured to refute it paragraph by paragraph. I am surprised, considering the sensation occa-

sioned in Ireland, that it has not been noticed in this country. Having the book, I will not accept your obliging offer, but leave you the favour of gratifying some other friend.

I am much obliged by your great civility to Mr. Gauntlett, who I am certain regrets that his occupations hardly allow him the time to avail himself fully of your kindness. I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours, W. LONDON.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Oct.* 20, 1818.

I employ my first leisure moments, after my return from an attendance at Windsor, which has produced some arrear of business, in thanking you for the very flattering terms in which you speak of my Charge, being fully aware that it owes more to your candour and kindness than to its own merits. On a former occasion I felt much obliged by some very just and excellent criticisms, which, I assure you, were not lost on me. In compositions of this nature, style ought not, perhaps, to be made a primary object; but purity, propriety, and accuracy of expression should be studied by every man of education who pretends to write at all—and these, as well as other excellencies of style, as they are not attainable at all without care, may be attained in a much higher degree by attention to the observations of those, whose taste and experience has established as judges in these matters. The progress of fanaticism must naturally excite the apprehensions of a very sagacious and attentive observer; in what manner it may be effectually checked, it is difficult to form an opinion. Many measures, which, in the abstract, appear to be good, in the present state of opinions and feelings are obviously impracticable, and will not be attempted by a cautious man, because ineffectual endeavours at improvement produce nothing but aggravation of evil.

I will get Dr. Milner's publication; and if official engagements will allow me more leisure than I have had during the former part of the year, will read it. He is an able Polemic, with a front of brass; and often in the assertion of facts and support of arguments betrays a contempt of the opinion of reasonable judges, beyond the reach of ordinary powers.

I remain, my dear Sir, with great regard, very faithfully yours, W. LONDON.

Sir George Tomline, late Bishop of Winchester, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Downing Street, Sept.* 20, 1784.

Mr. Pitt being engaged by business this evening has desired me to inform you, that he had the honour of receiving your letter, and that Matthew Barker is respited during pleasure. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most faithful servant,

G. PRETYMAN.

DEAR SIR, *Great George Street, April* 4.

I consider it as the most unpleasant circumstance attending my situation, that it makes me acquainted with many cases of distress which it is not possible to relieve: it is no small aggravation to my concern on these occasions, that one's friends who interest themselves in applications of this description, always imagine the means of Government much more ample than they really are. Foxite as you are, I should feel great satisfaction in being of service to your protegé, not only upon the general principles of humanity, but from private respect for yourself: but I will not deceive you by false hope; though you dislike my party, you shall not complain of me as treating you like a courtier. I will tell you plainly, that I do not think it will be in my power to promote your wishes on this occasion; the reason is this, that very few clerk's places are in Mr. Pitt's gift; not one in the Admiralty, Ordnance, Excise, Customs, Navy Office, Victualling Office, &c. &c. &c.; very few in the Stamp Office: with this limited patronage which is alas true, you will easily believe that he has not more than enough to satisfy his *very numerous friends* in and out of the two Houses of Parliament. I am, with great respect, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

G. PRETYMAN.

DEAR SIR, *Great George Street, March* 17, 1787.

When I look at the date of your letter, I really feel ashamed and concerned that I have so long omitted to return you my sincere acknowledgments for your kind wishes and congratulations. Be assured, that no episcopal censures shall come from

me upon tobacco, great wigs, Greek learning, or Foxite politics; what my first Charge will contain I can by no means tell, but I am very confident that it will contain nothing disrespectful to the above subjects. I am very glad that Edward * goes on well; you were very kind in treating him as you did at Christmas. Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful friend and obedient servant, G. LINCOLN.

REV. SIR, *Buckden Palace, May* 20, 1801.

I received the favour of your letter, and also a copy of your Sermon, which you had the goodness to order your bookseller to send to me; I think myself greatly obliged by this mark of your attention. My time was so occupied in town that I could not profit by your kindness; but I have employed the first leisure, which my return into the country has afforded me, in reading the Sermon and the Notes. I beg leave to assure you, that I have derived great satisfaction from both. I was very glad to see the modern philanthropic system so justly exposed and reprobated by you, and at the same time explained and strongly enforced; you have marked the difference with uncommon perspicuity and precision. I will not venture to trouble you with observations upon the various matter contained in the Notes; but, perhaps you will allow me just to say, that I was particularly pleased with your defence of our Universities, and with what you have said upon the subject of gratitude—but above all, I must desire permission to express my warmest admiration of your just and useful statement of "the comparative mischief of atheism and superstition;" there appears to me great originality in the sentiments, and the writing is beautiful and nervous in the highest degree. I am, Reverend Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, G. LINCOLN.

REV. SIR, *Great George Street, July* 21, 1820.

I received your letter on my arrival in town on Monday night; and now take the earliest opportunity in my power of

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* Dr. Maltby.

offering you my best thanks for your obliging expressions relative to my removal to the See of Winchester. The manner in which this appointment was expected, and has since been received by persons whom I respect, has been highly gratifying to me. I can, with the greatest truth assure you, that ease is my only object in the change, as I shall probably lose considerably in point of income; but after more than three and thirty years, actively, I think I may say, spent in the most laborious diocese in the kingdom, I was reminded that a situation of less business was necessary for me; however, after all I shall feel most severely upon leaving Buckden. I am, Reverend Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, G. LINCOLN.

Dr. Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, April* 14, 1815.

I have no other apology to offer for the liberty which I am about to take, than my knowledge of your zeal for the promotion of the interests of literature. Mr. Bonney, Rector of King's Cliffe in Northamptonshire, and formerly of Christ's College, is employed upon a Life of Jeremy Taylor. He is of course busy in collecting information from every quarter, but knows not to whom to address himself with so great probability of acquiring valuable information as to yourself; as, however, he has not the honour of being personally known to you, he has requested me to introduce his intended work to your notice. One point he wishes particularly to ascertain, whether there be any truth in the report, that some unpublished manuscripts of Taylor still exist.

I have not lately received any intelligence of Dr. Davy. I am, dear Sir, with much respect, yours, J. KAYE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, January* 14, 1818.

Though the request which I am about to make is not quite so impudent as was that of Cicero to Licinius, yet I feel that in making it I am greatly trespassing on your kindness: the pupils of

our deceased friend Burney, resolved at a meeting, which took place last week, to put up a bust and tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey; when they were called upon to consider to whom they should apply for the inscription to be placed upon the tablet, the name of Dr. Parr burst spontaneously from the lips of all present. All were anxious that the excellencies of their much valued preceptor should be recorded by the pen of him who was able to record them best; they, therefore, commissioned me, as chairman of the meeting, to express their hope that you would accede to their wishes, and that you would pardon the presumption of the request, on account of the motive from which it proceeded. Believe me, my dear Sir, with sincere respect, yours, JOHN KAYE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Sandgate, Kent, August* 14, 1818.

Allow me to thank you for your communications, and to assure you that I am fully sensible of the kindness by which they are solicited. I have myself observed, that the best Latin authors, by the introduction of the infinitive mood, gave spirit and variety to their narration; but I had not ascertained the principle in which they introduced it with sufficient accuracy, and was, therefore, fearful of venturing upon the use of it in my own compositions. The instances which you have sent me place the matter in a very clear light, and will enable me, with a little care and practice, to make myself master of this peculiarity of the Latin idiom. The instance from Tacitus, Hist. lib. 2, par. 20, "modumque fortunæ a nullis magis exigere, quam quos in æquo videre," is very remarkable.

In consequence of my absence from Cambridge, I did not receive your letters till yesterday. I shall forward the note for the Provost immediately; and hope that the delay has not been of importance. Believe me, my dear Sir, with sincere respect, very truly yours, J. KAYE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, Nov.* 23, 1819.

Although I must have appeared slow in replying to your kind letter of September 8, I was not slow in attending to the

wish which it expressed. I immediately transmitted to Professor Stewart a copy of my Concio; but he happened at the time to have many pressing engagements on his hands, so that nearly a month elapsed before he acknowledged the receipt of it. I had previously a slight acquaintance with the Professor, having met him at Lord Lansdowne's; and I knew very intimately his brother-in-law, Dr. Millar, who held a living in Ayrshire, of which Lord Bute was the Patron. When a young man, Dr. Millar was very desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew, and with that view, in one of his visits to England, obtained an introduction to Dr. Kennicott, who received him with great kindness, and asked him many questions respecting the discipline and forms of the Scotch Church; having satisfied his curiosity, he concluded the conversation with the following remark: "At least, Sir, you must allow that yours is a snotty nosed Church."

When I last had the pleasure of seeing you, you mentioned to me the act kept in the Divinity-schools by Zackary Brooke, who abused Middleton in his thesis. I have lately met with two letters to Zackary Brooke on his defence of the Primitive Fathers; can you tell me the name of the author, and whether he is the same with the author of "Christianity not founded in Argument?" Believe me, my dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful servant,

JOHN KAYE.

MY DEAR SIR, 3, *Cork Street, July* 19, 1820.

I am in town for the purpose of kissing hands upon my appointment, but leave it to-morrow, so that I shall not have an opportunity of paying my respects to you in person. Allow me to thank you for your very kind note, and to express my hope that I shall not prove undeserving of the good opinion you are pleased to entertain of me. Believe me, my dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful servant,

J. BRISTOL (Elect).

Dr. J. Parsons, late Bishop of Peterborough, to Dr. Parr.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Ball. Coll. Aug.* 7, 1786.

Your very obliging note, which the Professor* was so good as to communicate to me, afforded me at once matter of the sincerest pleasure, as it served to convince me that you still condescend to honour so inconsiderable a person as myself with a place in your remembrance.

It was, eventually at least, the cause of mortification, as it strongly excited wishes which my present situation will not permit me to gratify. Indeed, Sir, if a lame leg, which now confines me to my room, had not rendered it impossible for me to accept your very kind and polite invitation, I should have thought myself peculiarly happy in so favourable an opportunity of escaping, for a week, from modern criticism, and the still more intolerable drudgery of typographical correction, to the hospitable abode of genius, of taste, of learning, and, what is of infinitely higher value, of benevolence and of virtue. Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, your most obliged and obedient humble servant, J. PARSONS.

DEAR SIR, *Ball. Coll. Jan.* 1, 1787.

I take shame to myself for having so long delayed to execute the commission which you entrusted to my care. The inquiries which you directed me to make are, however, at length finished, and, I hope, satisfactorily; though it required some little address to guard against the impertinence of those persons whose presence was necessary to procure me admission into the different libraries, and whose curiosity led them to inquire what was the object which I had in view.

In my former account there was one error, which I have since discovered, and will now correct. I there stated that the copy of Bellendenus in University College Library, de tribus luminibus, was the Paris edition of 1633. I now find that it is the Paris edition of 1634.

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* Professor White.

In the catalogues of Worcester, Pembroke, Oriel, Merton, Jesus, St. John's, Hertford, Lincoln, Trinity, Brasen Nose, Magdalen Hall, and Edmund Hall, there is no reference to any work of Bellendenus. Corpus has only his book de tribus luminibus, fol. Par. 1633. All Souls has both this edition and that of 1634, whose title runs thus, "Gulielmi Bellendeni, Scoti, Magistri supplicum libellorum augusti Regis Magnæ Britanniæ, de iii. luminibus Romanorum libri xvi. Par. 1634. apud Tussanum du Bray," &c.

In All Souls' Library I also find the following, "Gulielmi Bellendeni De Statu libri tres.

I. De statu prisci orbis in religione, re politica, et literis.

II. Ciceronis Princeps, sive de statu principis et imperii.

III. Ciceronis Consul, Senator, Senatusque Romanus; sive de statu reipublicæ, et urbis imperantis orbi. Primus nunc primum editus, cæteri, cum tractatu de processu et scriptoribus rei politicæ, ab autore aucti, et illustrati. Parisiis, 1615.

I will now transcribe the title-page of the Ciceronis princeps in the Bodleian: "Ciceronis princeps rationes et consilia bene gerendi firmandique imperii; ex iis repetita quæ ex Ciceronianis defluxere fontibus in libros xvi. de statu rerum Romanarum, qui nondum lucem acceperunt. Parisiis, apud Carolum Chappelain, via amygdalina, sub signo beatæ Mariæ. CIↃ IↃCIIX."

This, Sir, is the whole of the information which I have been able to obtain at the several Libraries, all of which have now been carefully examined. But, perhaps, it may not be improper to send you the following extract, which I made the other day, from page 193 of the first Vol. of the Supplement to the Bibliotheca librorum rariorum universalis, 4 vols. 8vo. Nuremberg, 1770. The Supplement consists of two volumes, Bellendeni (Guil.) Ciceronis Consul, Senator, Senatusque Romanus. Paris. 1612, 8vo.—de Statu Libri iii. videlicet, (1.) de statu prisci orbis in religione, re politica, et literis. (2.) Ciceronis princeps, seu de statu principis et imperii. (3.) Ciceronis Consul, Senator, &c. *Libri rari.* Widekind, p. 363.

In the Bibliotheca itself, Vol. I. p. 63, there is a reference only to Bellendenus de tribus luminibus, &c. Par. 1633.

I must now do the Professor the justice to say, that with

respect to regularity, and, I believe, economy, he is certainly much altered for the better. He has almost totally declined going out into company, and is constant in his attendance on Chapel and Hall. Abdollatiph is printing, though slowly. With respect to the Preface and Notes, I am not without great apprehensions, and, I suspect, that he spends more time on new, and perhaps impracticable projects, than in preparations for finishing that accursed book, which, if published, will, I fear do him, and Arabic literature, but little credit; and, if suffered to remain unpublished, must inevitably overwhelm him with disgrace and ruin.

And now, believe me, dear Sir, I do not use the language of unmeaning compliment, when I assure you that I am, with the warmest wishes for your happiness through the year on which we have just entered, and through a long succession of years, your most faithful and obedient servant, J. PARSONS.

DEAR SIR, *Balliol College, June* 25, 1787.

The Professor has given me the most solemn assurances that he has written to secure a place in the Critical Review; and that he has at last answered your letters satisfactorily. The book to which you allude came safe to hand; I am greatly obliged to you for so valuable a present, for most highly have I been delighted with the elegance of expression, the unrivalled fertility of allusion, and depth of erudition displayed in every page of the preface. Mr. White has communicated to me the papers which you sent him relative to this subject; the present month is, I fear, too far advanced, but I pledge myself to take care that an account of the work be drawn up and forwarded in due time for insertion next month.

This morning I called on Mr. Kett; he desires his best respects to you, and begs me to inform you, that he has delayed sending the papers about which you inquire, only because he intended to deliver them to you in person at Hatton. He promises, however, now to send you, as soon as possible, a transcript of Uri's manuscript preface, of the French letter, and of the state of his case. I have desired White to send me his copy of the Catalogue; and will, in a short time, trans-

mit to you a copy of the Delegates' preface, an account of the mechanical part of the work, and of the number of manuscripts, together with some specimens of the manner in which the work is executed. In the mean time I remain, with great respect, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant, J. PARSONS.

SIR, *All Saints', Colchester, Dec.* 5, 1798.

If I have too long delayed to acknowledge your obliging letter, you will not, I hope, think me insensible to the very kind and flattering sentiments it expresses in my favour; the truth is, that my time has, for the last fortnight, been much occupied, and it is not till since my return hither that I have enjoyed any thing like an hour's leisure.

Most sincerely do I thank you for your congratulations on an event of the utmost importance to my interests, and fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations. My advancement to so respectable a situation cannot but be highly gratifying to me, especially as it recalls me to Oxford, a place strongly endeared to me both by habit and by reflection; by the influence of early prejudice and the recollection of many valuable friendships, which my removal from it had necessarily interrupted. I am, Sir, very truly your most obliged and obedient servant, J. PARSONS.

DEAR SIR, *Balliol College, Dec.* 4, 1813.

On my return hither last night from our audit at Bristol, I found your obliging letter of November 23d lying on my table. I beg leave to assure you, therefore, that I now embrace the earliest opportunity in my power to thank you very sincerely for your kind congratulations and very friendly wishes on the occasion of my late promotion. I know not at present how soon I shall be sufficiently invested with my new character to give legal effect to any act of episcopal authority. I am thoroughly aware that the circumstances of the present moment render it peculiarly necessary, that the functions of my office should be suspended only for as short a period as possible; and

I am doing every thing, which depends on myself, to accelerate the completion of the business. In the mean time, I shall be happy to receive from you the necessary documents required by law on such occasions, and to give the earliest attention to the subject. I am, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful humble servant, J. PETERBOROUGH. E.

MY DEAR SIR, *Balliol College, Nov.* 15, 1817.

I thank you very sincerely for your very kind and obliging offer of a copy of Mr. O'Callaghan's work, which I have never yet had the good fortune to see, though I have more than once heard it spoken of in terms of approbation, exactly according with those employed in your letter.

You say nothing respecting your own health; I trust, therefore, that I may safely infer it to be at least tolerably good. I am too frequently annoyed by the attacks of my old enemy, and I awoke but yesterday morning with one hand completely disabled; luckily, however, it was the left hand. Believe me to be very truly, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful humble servant, J. PETERBOROUGH.

Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Norwich, Nov.* 2, 1812.

The verses delight me; in addition to an uncommon portion of classical taste, the "acer spiritus et vis" of a genuine Poet, breathe through every line.

A mind like yours will very readily believe, that the reception I met with in Ireland gave me a more heartfelt pleasure than that which the mere gratification of vanity can afford, because, "non plausum illum, sed judicium putat;" and I am the more disposed to think so in consequence of the sentiments which you are so good as to express upon the subject. If so just a cause, advocated by such men as Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, do not succeed at the next meeting of Parliament, I am at a loss to say whether my surprise or my vexation will be greater. Adieu!

Believe me, dear Sir, sincerely yours, H. NORWICH.

DEAR DR. PARR, *London, Feb.* 8, 1815.

I consider a request from you as equivalent to a command; and though an application from two Whigs to so incorrigible a Tory as Lord S——, is not likely to be received with any particular partiality, yet, he cannot but feel disposed to admire and encourage your praiseworthy zeal in the cause of literature, whatever opinion he may entertain of your still more laudable zeal in defence of civil and religious liberty. Convinced of this, I will not fail to mention the subject of your letter to him as soon as ever he comes to town. Adieu! Believe me with real respect and affection, yours, &c. &c.

H. NORWICH.

Dr. C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of Chester, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Chesterford, Nov.* 12, 1819.

Your letter dated October 28th having been directed to Chesterfield, did not reach me until yesterday; I need hardly say with how much pleasure I received so flattering a testimony of your good opinion. If the approbation of one real scholar and critic has been at all times an ample recompence for the labour which I have bestowed on the investigation of truth, whether in theology or classical literature, I must of course experience a more than ordinary degree of satisfaction, in receiving so honourable and so cordial an expression of commendation from the profoundest scholar, and most sagacious critic of the age.

With regard to my Dissertation, I aimed at no other praise than that of setting the question in a clear point of view, and of bringing forward some features of the case, which had been altogether unnoticed, or but slightly adverted to, by former writers.

Where so much of the discussion necessarily depends upon inductive reasoning, I would neither lay too great a stress upon the position itself, nor upon the arguments by which I have endeavoured to maintain it; especially as the decision does not

involve the great doctrine of our Lord's divinity, which must stand or fall by the testimony of the Christian Scriptures.

I have, it is true, incurred a deserved rebuke, by omitting to write for the purpose of requesting you to accept a copy of Matthiæ's Greek Grammar; I directed it to be sent to you, not only as a mark of respect from myself, but as a tribute due to the friendship with which you honoured my excellent and lamented brother; and of which I am assured that you still cherish the remembrance.

I shall accept, with peculiar satisfaction, the set of books which you have kindly selected for me, a present intrinsically valuable; and with reference to the character and sentiments of the donor, of very great price indeed.

Be assured, my dear Sir, that I shall on all occasions be proud to receive your friendly and impartial criticisms. No person, I believe, is more open to conviction than myself; nor more prompt to acknowledge an error. I am well aware that as it is not the lot of humanity to be exempt from failings, so it is not the part of real wisdom proudly to deny, or pertinaciously to defend them, when pointed out. Every succeeding year makes me more and more sensible how very little progress I have made in any department of learning, compared with the ground which still remains to be traversed; and this conviction, strengthened as it is by a deep and awful sense of the truth that our sufficiency is not of ourselves, renders me less confident in my own resources, and more accessible to the admonition and instruction of others. I trust, however, that you will do me the justice to believe, that there has never been a period of my life, since I aspired to the character of a scholar, in which I have been more ready to pay the humble tribute of my respect to the profound and varied erudition, the sagacious discrimination, and classical eloquence of Dr. Parr.

With the sincerest wishes for the continuance of your health and every comfort, and for the perpetuity of your good opinions, I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your much obliged and very respectful friend,

C. J. BLOMFIELD.

Dr. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

I should not be at peace with myself if I did not immediately return you my best thanks for your kind letters, and the ingenious criticisms they contain. I will now reply to them, as far as I am able to reply to them, without books.

I see that οὐδαμων Ἑλληνικων των δὴ πολλον μεζω got hold of you as it did of me. At bed, and on horseback, I have turned it over in my mind a thousand times. All that you say against the sense which Wesseling gives to πολλον is, in my opinion, perfectly right. I also think that πολλον μεζω cannot be separated. Your transposition of των is highly ingenious; and if the passage be not corrupt, it gives the only sense the words can bear. But still I must own that, in my opinion, non Herodotea sapit. I have read him with such attention, that I am pretty sure when a passage is genuine and when not, and no author, when uncorrupt, is more clear. Τωι δὴ I think did not come from the pen of Herodotus; and I would read, if you retain οὐδαμα, οὐδαμα ἐοντα πολυ μεζω, if οὐδαμων, οὐδαμων ἐχοντων πολυ μεζω· ἐχο. for οὐ is then the only alteration.

I must defer giving you my explanation of the passage till we meet. I cannot allow that any of the Commentators have understood and explained it. διεκπλοον ὑποφαναιν may mean a navigable aperture; but I cannot, without consulting the authorities, do more than thank you for them. But still ὑποφαυσαν πεντηκοντερων I have my doubts about. I wish you would often scribble such notes as you have done upon ἀνα κωχενη. How exactly does it correspond to the English, "Keep up the tension of the ropes." As Toup observed, nos Anapisemi, Græci sumus. I doubt whether κακα in Sec. CLII. can mean crimes, as well as physical evils. Your explanation is very ingenious, though I cannot but suspect that locum suum non habet. Videsis Thaliæ 38, Plane gemella sunt; ἱενονται, i. e. ἰοὐνται, cannot be from ἰαομαι: besides, ἀν should have a subjunctive. I would, therefore, read οὐδεν το παρεον τρωμα ἀν εὑρωνται, and refer you to Calliope, where you have nearly the same idea and construction. * * * * *

Your approbation is very gratifying. Laudari a laudatissimis, ought to be the highest object of literary ambition. I feel so much interested on the subject, that I heartily wish you could find time to discuss it.

Profound as may be your knowledge of the languages, I still think that Metaphysics is your fort. There is but one difficulty I cannot answer to my perfect satisfaction. It is this, Priestley says, "in a given state of mind the determination must be either *a* or *b*, otherwise we suppose an effect without a cause." But may it not be said that the power of volition is the exercise of a faculty with which the Deity has endowed us. Why is it more surprising that we should will, than that we should think or feel? I embrace the offer you hold out of frequently seeing you at Willingham. You must make it a half-way-house to Cambridge, where I shall always be happy to take you. I am this day setting off for Bath, where I shall stay till my house there is made ready to receive us. At that, and at all places, I shall be happy and proud to hear from you; and I am, dear sir, with great respect, your obliged and obedient humble servant, GEORGE LAW.

DEAR SIR, *Tenby, Sept.* 10, 1804.

When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Cambridge, in our conversation concerning Herodotus, I mentioned to you my having met with some passages in the Polymnior certainly difficult, possibly corrupt. In answer, you were so good as to desire me to point them out to you by letter when you were returned back again into Warwickshire. At your leisure I should of course be happy to have your opinion about them, or possibly they may, with less trouble to you, be the subject of a future conversation when I have the satisfaction of meeting you again at Cambridge. In S. CXLV. are these words, in quibus multum sudavi: *τα δε Γελωνος πρηγματα μεγαλα ἐλεγετο εἰναι, οὐδαμων Ἑλληνικων των οὐ πολλον μεϑω.* Here I rather incline to read *οὐδαμα*, the nominative case absolute, of which there are many instances in Herodotus. Certainly no sense can be made of the passage as it now is.

The description of the bridge of boats in S. XXXVI. gave me a good deal of trouble, but I think that I have made it out. I do not, however, wish to give you my explanation, so much as to be favoured with yours. The first difficulty is τον μεν ποντου, ἐπικαρσιας· του δε Ἑλλησποντου κατα ροον, and another, διεκπλουν δε ὑπο φανσιν. For the latter word I would read ὑπο φαλκιν. After troubling you with so crabbed a passage, it is but fair to refer you to a beautiful sentiment, beautifully expressed. It occurs in S. CLII. ἐπισταμαι δε τοσουτο.... αἰσχιστα πεποιηται. Here I do not see how the sentiment applies to the fact, and I therefore incline to think that the passage (of which there are many other instances in Herodotus) has been inserted in the wrong place.

In S. CCXXXVI. οὐδεν το παρεον τρωμα ἀνιευνται occasioned a good deal of doubt, nor is my mind yet made up about it. But I fear I am trespassing upon your kindness, and must forbear. I must, however, take this opportunity of repeating what I took the liberty of telling you at Cambridge, that I hope you are engaged in some work worthy of you. Much as you have done, we still expect from you the κτημα ἐς το ἀει.

I desired Faulder to send you my Commencement Sermon. From your flattering approbation I shall live mihi carior.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obliged and obedient humble servant, GEORGE LAW.

MY DEAR SIR, *Willingham, April* 18, 1811.

The very handsome manner in which you mention my father's publication cannot but be highly gratifying to myself and the family. You will oblige me by giving the book a place in your library, whether I chance to meet with another copy or not.

The delightful evening you gave us at Willingham makes us all rejoice in the prospect of seeing you again at the Installation. You must then let us have more of your company. You cannot give it where it will be more welcome.

On every account, public and private, I rejoiced most sincerely at the success of the Duke of Gloucester. It was a glo-

rious triumph. If we had failed, the independence of the University had been lost.

Next week I go to town for a month; and if you have any commission at a bookseller's, or elsewhere, I hope you will employ me.

Most happy, my dear Sir, shall I be at all times either to hear from, or to see you. Among the few pleasures of life, the greatest, if not the only real one, always excepting the consolations of religion, is an intercourse with the good and wise. Believe me, dear Dr. Parr, your obliged humble servant,

GEO. LAW.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. James's Square, July* 28, 1812.

Amid the late scenes of hurry and expence, I have, however, frequently been gratified and repaid by the kind and hearty congratulations of a friend. Of such a nature was your letter of the 22d; and with such feelings was it received by me. My promotion certainly has not been obtained, either by joining in the clamour of intolerance, or by flattering the vanity of the great. I have been known wherever my name was known, as a friend to liberty, civil and religious; and as a sincere well-wisher to the virtue and happiness of mankind. My advancement, therefore, I hail as a favourable omen; and whatever the object may be, at least the motives of his choice cannot but be creditable to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

The character which your partiality has drawn of me, is, I am sensible, over-coloured; but the effect of it will be to do good—it will make me still more desirous of deserving so honourable a testimony.

Your kind invitation holds out too pleasing a prospect of intellectual gratification to be declined immediately, and altogether. My route will lie in about a fortnight's time from Willingham to Chester; and should the deviation be not very considerable, it will give us all real pleasure to pay you a visit at Hatton.

I am, my dear Sir, very much yours.

GEO. H. CHESTER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Palace, Chester, July* 13, 1816.

I have no idea that my father ever made any collection of words not found in H. Stephens's Greek Thesaurus. If it be proper in a son to say what a father was not, I must, in truth, observe, that my father was not a profound Greek scholar. He had given his time and attention principally, if not solely, to divinity and metaphysics. Improbable, however, as the expectation appears, I will do all in my power to recover these papers, if they do exist. The Bishop of Elphin had all my father's books and MSS.; but the vessel which bore them from England was wrecked on the coast of Ireland. Many of the books were lost, though but few of the papers. Mr. Hackett of Boyle, in Roscommon, was my brother's executor, and I will immediately write to him and inquire whether any thing relating to Stephens's *Lexicon* was found among my brother's papers. Should that be the case, you may assure the editors that I shall have great pleasure in communicating the MSS. to them. I have often since regretted our not seeing you at Chester, when you were so near as at Liverpool. It is an opportunity which may not soon occur again.

I am now quite alone, or my family would all beg to be particularly remembered to you; and believe me, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours, GEO. H. CHESTER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Sarum, Dec.* 30, 1818.

I find my health and spirits much recruited by time and change of scene; and am spending my Christmas very quietly with my daughter and grandchildren. Your promise has recurred to my recollection, and I am anxious that you should fulfil it. I cannot feel perfectly easy when I have any reason to think that we differ in opinion on any point of doctrine. The sentiments expressed in my last sermon are, that we are placed in a state and capability of salvation solely through the intercession and death of Christ; but still, that we have no grounds to hope for eternal happiness, unless we obey the Commandments of God. To prove and illustrate this, is the main object of the sermon. I should, however, have thought it cowardly not to meet and answer every objection which grew out of the subject; and therefore I reconciled the difference be-

tween St. Paul and St. James, by a mode of reasoning totally different from that of the Bishop of Lincoln, but which, I am satisfied, is the true and only way of getting through the difficulty. I felt myself also called upon to notice the apparent discrepancy between the two apostles concerning the justification of Abraham. Now justification appears to me in every passage throughout the New Testament to include the idea of a remission of sins past. We are justified in the first instance solely through faith in Christ—but we do not continue in a state of justification, unless we bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Abraham was called by God, but continued in a justified state by offering up his son, &c.

This is the manner in which I reconcile the discrepancies on the subject of justification. Most ready shall I be to own my error, and adopt a different mode of interpretation, when convinced that I am in the wrong; and I shall look with anxiety for your promised criticisms. I would follow truth wherever it leads. Pray what think you of a new edition of my father's works? and if taken in hand, should it include *all* that he wrote?

I return to town next week, and, if I can in any way be of service to young Eyre, I will thank you to point it out. As you have forsworn London, it is fortunate that Leamington is on the road to Chester, or we should have no chance of meeting.

Your young friends, Henry and Anne, beg their kindest remembrances; and we all join in wishing that 1819 may bring every comfort with it to yourself and Mrs. Parr. Ever, my dear Sir, faithfully and affectionately yours,

GEO. H. CHESTER.

MY LEARNED AND GOOD FRIEND,

Langham Place, May 1, 1824.

I thank you and Mrs. Parr for your friendly wishes—of the sincerity of them I have no doubt. The benefit I may receive from my translation is a mere questionable point. But I must ever acknowledge the gracious manner in which His Majesty has offered me the Bishopric of Bath and Wells. It is, I hear, a delightful residence. I know you occasionally take journies,

and nothing is better for your health: I therefore beg, entreat, command; in short, would say or do any thing I can say or do, to induce you and Mrs. Parr to pay us a visit at Wells in the course of the summer or autumn. Ever, my dear Sir, your sincere friend, GEO. H. CHESTER.

Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford, to Dr. Parr.

The author of the Specimen, which accompanies this note, and begs Mr. Parr's acceptance, has not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mr. Parr; but knows him to be a most competent judge of any thing relating to the Greek language. The success of teaching boys Latin by the means of short exercises gave the author the hint, that a knowledge of Greek might be acquired, and the study of it facilitated, by a similar method. How far this introduction may answer the end proposed, it becomes not him to say; but Mr. Parr's opinion will have great weight with him, and would be considered as a favour. Mr. Parr will not refuse this request to one who is an enthusiast, and wholly devoted to Greek. A letter directed to A. B. to be left at the Post Office in Odiham, Hants, will reach the author, who wishes Mr. P. success at Colchester, equal to what he had near London.

REV. SIR, *Winton College, June* 25, 1777.

I know not how enough to apologise for the trouble I have given you; nor how enough to thank you, for the favour of your obliging letter. My motive to applying to you at all, was, because I esteemed you a very competent judge of the subject in question; my reason for doing it in such a manner, was, that I much feared how so imperfect a specimen would stand the test of an accurate examination by a discerning critic. You have been so candid in passing your judgment, and so kind, as well as judicious, in objecting to what is exceptionable, that I now think it incumbent on me to aknowledge my obligation to you,

subscribing my real name. The specimen was first drawn up for the use of my pupils at this school. You enter entirely into the idea I had in composing it. My object was to render it as short and clear as possible. With this view I omitted some trite rules, which, however, I shall insert. Adhering to this plan, I was obliged to be somewhat ambiguous in some of the prepositions, because I could not bring in the context to give a fuller explanation. Yet, I perceive, that many passages may be altered for the better. My method proposed was, to begin with the prepositions, because, that boys would at the same time learn the use of them, and also the declension of nouns: then follow the verbs, as next proper to be learnt; in which are designedly put many anomalous verbs, purposely that the grammar may be either referred to continually, or else gotten memoriter; after these come the syntax, the rules of which, are in such order (I believe) in general, that no *following* rule has an example under it which may not be made by the help of some *preceding* rule, and the rule itself immediately before the learner.

Such was my plan. The execution is not equal to my wishes; but bad as the introduction is, I flatter myself it may be of some use.

Of the first impression but few books remain. Mr. Burdon, of this place, would furnish you, perhaps, with a number sufficient for the present. I am, Sir, your very obliged, and humble servant,

G. J. HUNTINGFORD.

DEAR SIR, *Winton College, Nov. 5, 1784.*

Your last favour, so replete with kindness towards me, and so expressive of your sentiments respecting that only mode of raising up able men, the old system of education with all its hardyhood, found me in a state of recovery from bilious complaints.

I did not expect to have seen Dr. Beever's son till after the Christmas-vacation. His more early arrival was an agreeable event to me, as it produced a letter from a gentleman, who has been many years held in very high respect by me, though unknown in person. I still remember with gratitude, the judgment you passed on my Greek Exercise, to which judgment its

present existence is entirely owing. It had been intimated to me that you had received my unfortunate Monostrophics. Had I suspected they would have undergone so minute an examination, I most certainly should never have published them. Yet upon the whole, I am glad they were so examined, for I have learned from the critique some matters, in which, before, I was not well instructed. But had you and Mr. C. Burney known how many, and how heart-breaking disadvantages I had laboured under in the prosecution of my studies, you would have drawn a veil over some of the inaccuracies, and have held out a helping hand to me even more than you have done already. In truth, I stand much more in need of encouragement than of correction, however great the portion of the latter ought to be. In the Apology and second Collection of Monostrophics are some faults, which, "inter tot curas totque labores" I could not observe at the time of writing; and to confess, the truth, "certent cum cycnis ululæ," as soon as I may contend with you and Mr. Burney in critical learning of which I have none. Neither time nor circumstances have enabled me to read any but the best original authors in the common editions. There is one author for whom, perhaps, you have discovered my partiality; I mean Sophocles. It is with no small impatience that I look for your edition of that most excellent of the Greek dramatists. And now, Sir, give me leave to ask your opinion of a work, which I have thought would be useful to young men; it is, "A Selection and Translation of all the French Dissertations in the Mem. Acad. Inscript. &c. on Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, with occasional remarks."

The Greek tragedies will be the chief comfort of my life; and I should take pleasure in pointing out to young men whatever has been said or written, in order to illustrate those most precious remains of antiquity. But in a particular manner I wish to know if you object to the second part of my Greek Exercise, because the sentences are all taken from the Cyropædia. The manner in which that book was to be used was this;—the scholar should read it to the master, by which means there could be no possibility of referring to the original. I could also add some very substantial reasons for keeping the book in its present form; but what say you?

From the freedom and confidence with which this long letter is written to you, there will remain, I hope, no doubt with you how much you are regarded and respected by, dear Sir, yours faithfully, G. J. HUNTINGFORD.

DEAR SIR, *Winton College, March* 16, 1785.

I fully intended writing to you last night, before I received your second favour. I am sorry my silence should have been of so long continuance; for, indeed, your very partial and friendly letter of the 8th instant, deserved a more early acknowledgment. When you have heard my apology, I am sure you will acquit me of improper inattention. Within the course of a fortnight I have been employed on two Sermons, which required pains, and this inter vincla scholastica; but my chief attention has been to an object of very great consequence, on which, indeed, the happiness of my future life, in some measure, depended. You will rejoice to hear the event. I was elected Fellow of this College yesterday only; and I pray God Almighty may ever keep me disposed, as I am at present, to answer the noble ends of such institutions, by promoting literature, and good morals, and universal benevolence, and manly piety, to the utmost of my power. To a rational and sober mind no preferment could be more eligible. It is not abundant in income, for immoderate expence, but it will furnish a competence; and (what I feel sensibly) will set me above the reach of any "proud man's contumely;" a situation inestimable to one who wishes to be "greatly independent," as far as that term ought to be understood.

The business of a tutor here, is to inspect the exercises of the upper boys, but to be incessantly employed with the lower, in construing, exercise, &c. &c. all "delicious crumbs." The two senior classes do business in school only to the head master. The second master hears the greater number, but not all, of the lower classes.

Atque utinam e *nobis* unus, *nosterque* fuisses
Tu dilecte tuo (da blandum nomen) amico,

G. J. HUNTINGFORD.

P. S. I shall continue assistant till Christmas next. No friend

of yours shall be unnoticed by me. Did not Bellendenus intend writing three distinct histories? I cannot find the shadow of a reason for his title, nor can account for it by any other supposition. Of the 16 books we see, eight appear to be general, and eight particular on Cicero only. I turned over the book in the Bodleian Library. Cato was learning Greek at 60 years of age; considering I am but little more than half as old, I need not be ashamed of being taught very many useful points in Greek literature, by my literate and candid, and friendly reviewer. Adieu.

DEAR SIR, *Winton College, April* 17, 1785.

On Friday last Major Law brought a young man to school, who delivered to me a letter from you dated early in March. The best thanks of myself, Dr. Warton, and the Wiccamical Society are due to you, for the zeal which you not only express, but testify, for the honour of our college. The lad can construe Virgil and Greek Testament very well, but knows nothing of versification.

For the letter received about three weeks ago, I am particularly obliged to you. In the latter part of it you make me an offer which will be highly gratifying to me; I mean that you will send the epitaph you have written on Dr. Johnson. If you will do me the favour to transcribe it *fairly* and *legibly*, it will be to me a very acceptable present. You must pardon my being so express in my terms *fairly* and *legibly*; the imperfection of my sight forces me to beg of you some care in writing, for I have entirely lost some sentences in your letters. The many parts which I have been able to make out, give me reason to regret that a single tittle from you, should be to me illegible.

What is the word, the penultimate of which you wish me to mark? What are the three manuscripts you say are in Trin. Coll. Camb. Library? Whenever I can resume my Greek reading, I shall be glad to obey any commands from you; but amidst the number of exercises which I am obliged to inspect, I cannot find a moment for private study. I have not read a line of Greek since Christmas, to my sorrow be it

spoken. I wish very much to contribute a mite towards your edition of Sophocles, by drawing up what I would call, "Parallela Sophocles," i. e. all the similar phrases and modes of expression used by Sophocles, brought together in one conspectus and alphabetical order. What should you think of such an opusculum, if diligently executed? You will remind me perhaps of the "multa et preclara minantis," and, in truth, I conceive in my mind much more than time will suffer me to execute.

You give me hopes that I shall see you at Winton. Be assured you will find a man of few words, but of a heart warmly attached to you in your affectionate friend,

G. J. HUNTINGFORD.

DEAR SIR, *Salisbury, Jan.* 12, 1787.

Though Dr. Parr has been never long absent from my mind, since I had last the pleasure of seeing him, yet some proposals advertised by Mr. Headley recall to my thoughts, in a particular manner, his ingenious, learned, and worthy master. Knowing Mr. H. to be a man of genius and superior abilities, I have already subscribed to his work; but what accounts do you give of it? Is Mr. H. sufficiently conversant in provençal writings, old romances, and favourite authors of the middle centuries, to illustrate our ancient poets? The fund of erudition in Greek writings which he must have acquired from you will stand him in little stead. The advocates for Rowley were learned men; but their learning was not of the right sort for criticising on old English poetry. By the way, what a loss the world sustained in the death of Tyrwhitt! For diligence and accuracy, he had scarcely his equal. Chance led me to Windsor; and as I walked in the Chapel, upon seeing a grave just closing up, I asked whose it was; you may guess my astonishment and distress upon being told Mr. T. was buried there the preceding evening! The mention of one excellent scholar reminds me of another, Mr. Burney. Can you tell me where he is to be found? I have written three letters to him, directing two at Chiswick and one at Hammersmith; but as no answer has been returned, I conclude he has received neither of them. If you should be writing to him, be kind

enough to let him know that I have neither forgotten him, nor in the least degree diminished my respect for him as a scholar, or regard for him as a friend. I was hurt last winter that I could not be with him a single day; but, in truth, it was impracticable. In the interval between that and this season I have laboured hard at sermonizing; but, at length, am returned to my former employment in tuition; and can give up some leisure hours to my favourite pursuits:

——————Οὔτε γὰρ ὕπνος,
Οὔτ' ἔαρ ἐξαπίνας γλυκερώτερον, οὔτε μελίσσαις
Ἄνθεα, ὅσσον ἐμὶν Μοῦσαι φίλαι.

My situation is now at Salisbury. Sickness has thrown in my way Dr. Jacob, who married a niece of that great and good man, Dr. S. Clarke. The Doctor has kindly permitted me to look over the very first book in which Dr. C. made references for notes on the Iliad. It has entertained me exceedingly to see the original remarks of such a critic; they are written on the margin of Barnes' Homer. In what author is θυ in εὐθυμίᾳ made short? I wish to be informed. If you are a reader of moral philosophy you will be pleased with Bruce's "Elements of the Science of Ethics,"—a more scholar-like book than Paley's, but not so well calculated for general reading. Before your vacation is at an end, pray write to your respectful and affectionate friend, G. J. HUNTINGFORD.

Winton Coll. March 7, 1793.

In such estimation do I hold Hoogeveen's edition of Viger, and his Doctrina Particularum, that I shall most gladly promote the publication of the work you very kindly mention to me. Among other subscribers, therefore, be pleased to insert me, and the College of Winchester. You say nothing of prompt payment; but if any advance should be thought necessary, say only where you would have the money deposited, and it shall be sent immediately. And thus much for the encouragement of any work that is ingenious, and tending to illustrate Greek learning.

My opinion, however, as to the various speculations by which men of abstraction have conceived it possible to teach

the Greek language in shorter time than what is usually spent on that business, I do not apprehend any abbreviated or simplified systems to be of much utility to learners. No point is gained by the establishing of a few general rules, if the number of exceptions is thereby multiplied: on the contrary, the learner will better remember the greater number of general rules to which there must necessarily be fewer exceptions. As practice has convinced me of this, I am not for adopting either Lennep's Analogy, or the system of those grammarians who would reduce either declensions, conjugations, or tenses. All this I apply to learners. When rational grammar becomes the object of a proficient, then, of course, too much light cannot be thrown on his pursuit; nor can the grounds of language be too fully or subtilely explained.

But, after all, you and I have found the truth of Dr. Johnson's saying, "No one can be taught faster than he can learn;" and I believe we shall agree in thinking, that patient reading of Greek authors is the only effectual mode of knowing the Greek language.

All that hospitality can furnish will be ever at your command under my roof. But when you talk of reaping improvement from my criticism, it is Ἄνω τῶν ποταμῶν; the order of things is reversed; I know myself better than to think I can communicate any thing new to you, "Nostrorum Sermonum candide Judex." I am, with great rspect, dear Sir, your affectionate servant, G. J. H.

MY DEAR SIR, *Winton Coll. March* 19, 1800.

Your letter is that of a learned, experienced, and feeling mind. It is neither afraid nor ashamed to acknowledge human imperfection; it can impute an oversight to any cause but to ignorance; it can make allowance for the feelings of a mind much more intent on the main object, i. e. doing honour to a valuable man deceased, than on the metrical accuracy. I sincerely thank you for it.

The inscription is not sufficiently concise and simple for monumental purpose. I have sent for your CORRECTION what I conceive may be proper on that occasion.

I do not know that application will be made to me to draw

it; but in case I should be called on, I should wish you and your excellent friend, Burney, should see and approve what is inscribed. I have just told Burney, that to him, you, and Porson, I would actually go to school.

You are very partial in your good opinion, and very friendly in your good wishes towards me. To do as much good, and as little evil as possible, is certainly my object. As for learning and attainments I will assume as much as you please on one condition, viz. that you allow me to speak the honest truth, and say you and Burney have more. I am, with the greatest respect and regard, your sincere friend and servant,

G. J. H.

MY DEAR SIR, *Wint. Coll. Oct.* 18, 1813.

If not "in totidem verbis," yet at least in effect, it is said by Hurd, "Warburton did little when he was a Bishop; and for this reason, he had little to do." What experience could justify that observation, I know not. Sure I am the See of Gloucester creates for me such a succession of business that the "Villicus" of Columella (XI. II.) did not find more employment throughout the whole year than what falls to my share. Professional and official duties engage, and sometimes overwhelm me so much that little time indeed is left either for philological reading or social correspondence. Those luxuries are for the most part denied me. Were the case otherwise, you had long since been thanked for your favour of the 7th ult. into some particulars of which I shall now (if not cruelly interrupted) proceed to enter.

Very kind is your invitation to Hatton. I should be gratified if I could pass some days under your hospitable roof, and enjoy that "Sermonis delectationem," (Cic.) which must season your Συμπόσιον. In enumerating your guests you have indeed mentioned persons of most illustrious character; living or dead, they are all honoured by me; Burney and Routh it is impossible not to love.

Precisely to the purpose is the passage in Vegetius, who, in consequence of your citation, has been before me. By that you will illustrate the ἐξάλισας of Aristophanes. Your distinction between the simple and compound verb, and your

remark on the force of ἐξ, place the play on that word in a clear light. "You have rolled me out of my money." A similar play on δρόμους occurs just above. You quote Xenophon; was it a σφάλμα, "currente calamo?" or do you so pronounce?

A MS. copy of the epitaph intended for Dr. Warton's monument fell into my hands, like a Διοπετὲς Ἄγαλμα, I know not from what quarter. I was, however, instructed to forward it. I did so; but ventured not to insert any other word than "Qualecunque." That word produced this effect; Flaxman conceived its import cast some reflection on the execution of his work, and that it meant to say the monument was but an ordinary piece of sculpture. He was displeased till the sense of the expression was explained to him.

If to the inscription on Addison, written by Hurd, your letter alludes, I see in that many other points objectionable; but more particularly so the repetition of Addison's name, which is mentioned at the conclusion, though it had been inserted in the beginning. Nothing can betray want of just design and incapacity for skilful execution more strongly, than such inelegant resort to reiteration of that nature.

In the edition of Addison's works, published with Hurd's Annotations, I do not find a Latin Dissertation on the Roman Poets. Nor, in fact, do I find any such abundance of learned or curious notes as should stamp on the edition much value. It disappoints expectation. Not that I hold Hurd in high esteem.—Excepting his Lectures and Dialogues, none of his works are, according to my taste. There is in his other writings a Κακόζηλον, and a τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις καινὸν σπουδὸν; thence his thoughts are far-fetched and wire-drawn, and his manner of writing affected. On the fastidiousness of the man towards others, and on his sycophancy towards Warburton, I must not begin enlarging, for I should fill a large sheet on that subject.

Dr. Gabell is valuable as a scholar and a man; by his accuracy and discipline (for both are requisite, and he combines both) the rising generation, at this place, will be properly trained to sound erudition and rectitude of manners.

My nephew is much honoured and obliged by your notice of

him. I assure you, his mind is not an ἄκαρπινον πεδιον. He will turn to advantage any information communicated by you I am sensible of the kindness and benefit which he experiences from you, and feel in them additional reasons for subscribing myself, your obliged and respectful friend,

G. J. GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Gloucester, Sept.* 1, 1813.

Last night my nephew returned from Newbold Comyn. He mentioned how kind you had been to him; for which I thank you, but added, "you were somewhat displeased with me;" for which I cannot but express some concern to you. And what the cause of displeasure? A letter not answered. Now, my dear sir, I do perfectly well remember you were passing through Gloucester in haste, and you would not leave the place without a note of inquiry for my health, written with the usual warmth of your friendly heart; but I collected from it, you were gone hence, even before I had received your favour. So it was not in my power to thank you at Gloucester, and you did not intimate the place to which you were proceeding. In your note you hinted some intention of again examining the inscription in my hall. I did not reply to that hint, for this, which I trust you will pronounce to be a good reason, viz, because I concluded you knew I should receive you with cordiality WHENEVER, or WHEREVER you should honour me with a visit. As you have now before you all that passed in my mind, and as you will see in it nothing but what was respectful towards you, I flatter myself you will say

Νῦν δ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ παύω χόλον.

Having dispatched the serious part of my letter, I may be allowed to play a little.

You told me your object in coming to Gloucester was neither Ontology, nor Theology, but Campanology. The quiddities of Ontology, and the subtleties of Theology have, alas! produced too much jarring in the world. I hope your Campanology has given you "sweet bells" which no rude hand has "jangled out

of time." I love where "the merry bells ring round," and so did Milton before me; and pure minds are gratified with simplicity and harmony, whether in sight or sound; witness Homer and Sophocles, and Xenophon, my great masters in other days. Such an infinitude of concerns has arisen and interposed between the present time and academic years, that the retrospect is impeded. Yet do I distinctly see the day, though very remote, which brought me encouragement from Mr. Parr, who stimulated me to re-print what otherwise, I assure you, had never passed into a second edition, the "Greek Introduction." So, if the public have derived any elementary benefit from that work, they are considerably indebted to you; for had you discouraged me, the work had not been re-published. With me, "veteris stat gratia facti;" and under that impression, I have never ceased to hold you in high esteem.

I am, my dear Sir, with great respect and regard, your faithful and obliged, G. J. GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Winton College, April* 16, 1815.

I was yesterday favoured with a visit by the learned and amiable President of Magdalen College, Oxford. He communicated to me a circumstance which gave me concern. It was, that you had been seriously ill, and were yet in a state of considerable indisposition. In that sense of regard, which I have felt for you through a period of forty years, I could not be indifferent to such a representation when made; nor can I now omit making inquiries for you, and expressing sincere hopes for your convalescence. I am, my dear Sir, with great esteem and respect, your obliged and faithful G. J. GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Winton College, Jan.* 1, 1817.

A public paper this day announces your marriage. The language of sincerity is brief. I do most cordially congratulate you; and hope Mrs. Parr and you will for many years experi-

ence the utmost happiness, resulting from the endearments of unreserved confidence, mutual regard, and undiminished friendship. I am, my dear Sir, your ever faithful friend,

G. J. HEREFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Winton College, June* 4, 1818.

Seasonable and very acceptable was your approving letter. Painful is the exercise of authority for the exclusion of young men; but when, in the opinion of six Assessors, that measure was absolutely necessary for the welfare of society, it was my duty to abide by their judgment. Our favourite moral Poet and master Critic disregarded the censure of Pantilius, Demetrius, Fannius, Tigellius, when he could say:

"Plotius, et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,
Vulgius, et probet hæc Octavius."

The calumnies of the malevolent affect me not, so long as I have approbation from such men as Burgess, Routh, and Parr. I should have added Burney, but, alas! he is no more. I had for him great affection, and much lament his death. Where friendship and talent will combine in producing it, the epitaph cannot be otherwise than justly descriptive of him as a man and as a scholar. I am, my dear Sir, with much regard, your respectful and obliged

G. J. HEREFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *College, Winchester, Feb.* 28, 1825.

Mr. Whitter of Worthing has communicated to me the desirable and agreeable information of your being much recovered. I heard of your illness with concern; I learn your convalescence with pleasure. I devoutly wish every succeeding day may add to your health and strength, till you are again perfectly well.

If Mrs. Parr, to whom I beg my best respects, would be so obliging as to write, I should think it a great favour and honour conferred on me. I am, my dear Sir, with much esteem and respect, your sincere friend,

G. J. HEREFORD.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Copleston, now Bishop of Llandaff.

22, *Newman-street, May* 22, 1818.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR,

Your most friendly letter, directed to me at Hatton, was forwarded from thence to me in London, where I have been for more than a month, and where I yesterday received what I most highly value, the offer of presenting me with the *book* that you have lately published. Accept my most sincere and respectful thanks for the distinction which you have thus conferred upon me. I am eager to read what proceeds from a mind so richly furnished. Pray have the goodness to send me one very carefully packed up, and directed to me at Basil Montagu's, Esq. No. 22, Newman-street, Oxford-road, London.

Mr. Copleston, you well know the just, and, therefore, most fixed and exalted opinion I have of your taste, judgment, and erudition; and pardon me for saying that, in my most serious moments, I reflect with *deep* satisfaction on those moral qualities and habits which throw additional lustre on your literary attainments and intellectual powers. Believe me, with unfeigned regard and respect, dear Sir, your well-wisher, and obedient servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Copleston, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, Dec.* 20, 1816.

Just before your obliging letter arrived I had seen Dugald Stewart's Appendix, and was highly gratified by the tribute of respect he pays to you. Will you forgive me, however, if I venture to dissent from your proposed etymology. *Superum limen*, which Festus gives, seems to me more probable. That *limen* and not *limus* is the source I have little doubt. In rude times most ideas borrow their names from *homely* objects. Thus I find in the oldest writers *sublimis* means *standing erect*, not *soaring*, a sense which came in afterwards. See Cato de re rustica, capp. 70, 71. Culmen, from *culmus*, the thatch of the house, is another example of the same kind.

I observe all your examples of *sub* in composition, derived from ὑπο, denote motion, subjicio, subjecta, summitto, &c. Hence I am inclined to think that it means, in these cases, *from beneath*; like the well-known ὑπ' ἐκ θανατοιο φερονται. Not that I doubt of the frequent change of p into b, euphoniæ causâ; but the meaning of *these* words seems more obviously deducible from *sub* than from *super*.

Indeed, in my etymology of *sublimis*, such a change is supposed, and since the word grew up in a rude and primitive state of society, when the threshold was a kind of *barrier*, which must be *surmounted* on entering, a person in that act would appear to *rise*, and be *higher* than at other times. Hence *superare limen*, and hence, without having recourse to Festus's *superius limen* (for which I believe there is no authority), the word *sublimis* may still be derived from *super limen*. That it meant *standing* or *rising* on one's legs, before it meant *soaring*, is I think quite clear. Pardon, I beseech you, this impertinence, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever yours with sincere respect,

E. Copleston.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, July* 19, 1817.

I ought long ago to have acknowledged the pleasure and instruction I received from the last sheets you were so kind as to send in support of your etymology of *sublimis*. After the ample proof you have given, both from authority and analogy, even the spirit of controversy itself, were I capable of being actuated by it, would not lead me to say another word in behalf of my own crude hypothesis. I acknowledge, my dear Sir, that you have fairly beat me out of *doors*; that *limen* has no pretensions to kindred with *sublimis*; and what is more to your honour than mine, that, although you are triumphant with *limus*, you have not covered me with mire; which, according to ancient usage in such cases, you had a full right to do.

This delay on my part has not been without its use. It has led me, very recently, to peruse again your valuable philological remarks, for which I must again beg you to accept my best thanks. Will you forgive me if I venture to suggest that such stores as you possess, with a thorough and prompt command

over them, are a vast advantage to a philosophical mind; and if employed in the service of metaphysics, might be the means of elucidating many a difficulty in the highest department of philosophy. An attempt of this sort, made with some of the most important words used in reasoning, has long been a favourite project with me; but whether I shall ever possess industry, spirits, leisure, and health sufficient for it, is a matter of great uncertainty.

Accounts have reached me from various quarters of your good health and domestic happiness, in which be assured, my dear Sir, no one feels a truer interest than your sincere, and obedient humble servant, E. COPLESTON.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, Oct.* 13, 1817.

I am this moment returned from my summer excursion into Devonshire, and I hasten to answer your letter, which has, I fear, been waiting some days here. Thankful as I feel for the valuable dissertation you sent me, it would be an ill requital for so much kindness if I were to hesitate a moment in complying with the request you make. The papers shall be sent as soon as I receive your instructions as to the mode of conveyance. In the mean time let me repeat my own renunciation of the hypothesis I once ventured to send you on the subject.

Mr. Stewart has in my opinion tarnished his work by reflections on this University, perfectly uncalled for and unfounded! "The University that expelled Locke!" Such is the periphrasis by which Oxford is described—a description false, in fact, and insulting, because irrelevant to his purpose, if it were true. He was not even expelled *Christ Church*. He was *deprived of* his *studentship* by Court influence, because of his politics: and this, long before his great philosophical work appeared, although it is manifestly intended to convey to the world an impression, that Locke was expelled by the University of Oxford as a mark of disapprobation for his metaphysical writings. I own Mr. Stewart is the last Scotchman from whom I should have expected such a misrepresentation.

I remain, dear Sir, with the greatest respect and esteem, your obliged humble servant, E. COPLESTON.

Dr. Parr to Dr. Copleston.

DEAR DR. COPLESTON, *Hatton, Nov. 4, 1817.*

I thank you for your permission to let Dugald Stewart see the papers; and if you will have the goodness to send them in two or three parcels, upon two or three successive days, to the Right Hon. Hiley Addington, Secretary of State's Office, he will protect them with franks. The direction is D. Stewart, Esq. Kinneil House, Boness, North Britain. You state with your wonted precision the mistakes into which Dugald has fallen about the University of Oxford. Having been told of some correspondence between your enlightened Chancellor and D. Stewart, I wrote to the latter, and pointed out to him the full extent of his misconceptions; and I referred him to several books, in which the real facts are stated correctly. Locke was vilely treated by Charles the Second, by Dr. Fell, and probably by some contemporary canons of Christ Church.

I have told Dugald where he may find a very important extract from Fell's Letters. I told him also, that the book on the Human Understanding was not the cause, and in fact it had not been published at the time. I told him, too, that the University, as a body, had no concern in the transaction, and that the blame lies with the leading members of one college only. Scotchmen, you are aware, know none of our distinctions between colleges and the University, for with them the College of Aberdeen, or St. Andrew's, or Glasgow, or Edinburgh, is the same with the University of Aberdeen, &c. From the known candour and integrity of Dugald, I am confident that he will acknowledge and rectify all his mistakes.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the very greatest respect and regard, your friend and obedient servant,

P.S. Dugald told me, that Lord Grenville had written not to him, but, after all, to the late Mr. Horner.

Dear Sir, Locke's book upon the Understanding was not received favourably by the more orthodox ecclesiastics of the day. Your University did not pass any public decree against the book; but there are traces of confederacy to discourage the reading of it. We all know what was written by the Bishop of Worcester. Locke's most able antagonist was Lee,

a Cantab, whose book is worth your reading. Locke was afterwards attacked with great severity, for his theology as connected with his metaphysics, by Brown, Bishop of Cork, who wrote the Divine Analogy. The charge of heresy and impiety is urged more vehemently by Poiret, in a Latin book. But the University took no public measure against Locke, whose politics were perhaps not less offensive to them than his philosophical and religious opinions. You and I hate all lies. Alas, truth itself will have as much to deplore in the prejudices and angry passions of mankind.

Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR PARR, *Eman. Coll. Feb.* 9, 1766.

If your grief for a loss, which reason persuades us to forget at the very time it is forcing us to remember, begins to live only in reflection and sinks into a transient melancholy,—if all the duties of religion are paid, and all the claims of duty satisfied,—the friend may intrude on the prayers of the Christian, and epistolary correspondence declare what necessitated absence wishes. Armed, indeed, as you were, with precepts (which, as if conscious of their future assistance, you snatched amidst the menaces of authorized malignity), misfortune lost half its weight; and if sympathy can alleviate, if friendship can disarm affliction, the man who had Bennet and Archdale to commiserate him, is as far superior in ease to disconsolate virtue as to *disappointed malice*. To satisfy the inquiries of Cambridge friends, to clear truth from the clouds with which malignity and ignorance had joined to obscure it, to settle your affairs, and perform your commissions, was the task I accepted with pleasure, and, I may say, executed with fidelity. Nor had Archdale (for, notwithstanding the regard I have for him, or the respect he entertains for you, will I allow him a superiority in grief,) a more laborious or more affecting task. His troubles were at least alleviated by the melancholy pleasure of your attendance, of your participation; he could indulge the affliction I was denied to share, exhaust the arguments I was hindered from using, and boast the tears I was ashamed to manifest. The letters I received from him breathe all the

ardour of the friend, with the dignity of the scholar; and, if any thing will raise him in my opinion, it is the generous affection with which he partakes, the manly concern with which he describes, your sorrows. Cambridge employments, however dry and unentertaining, force themselves upon me so fast, that I cannot avoid making a digression about them; and perhaps the vanity in my character, which every one but myself discovers, leads me to tell you that I kept an act on Monday the 17th, and have written the Tripos verses for Thursday the 13th, besides my Thesis, which is made this year a serious affair, as the best of the pieces are to be printed. As you cannot get your affairs settled by the middle of this month, it will be of no importance for you to come here till after Easter, at which time I hope to see you, but my avocations, &c. &c. grow too cogent to permit my writing any thing more than my being yours affectionately,

W. BENNET.

Eman. Coll. Cambridge,

MY DEAR FRIEND, 11 *o'clock, P.M. March* 31, 1767.

Postscript, or rather Antescript.—Send me word when and how you shall come, as Powys and I intend to meet you, and that your room may be got ready.

The receipt of your last commanded my surprise, but not my pity; 100*l.* per annum is sufficient for a youth skilled to bear all the frowns of fortune, and all the temptations of luxury. To the growing wants of a family, indeed, it may not be so properly suited; but time, as it brings these necessities with it, brings with it too a capacity of satisfying them. By increasing in virtue you increase in patrons who know how to reward piety in others, better than to practise it themselves; the superfluous elegances of life were, I know, never your aim; and you cannot therefore lament not obtaining what you never laboured, never wished, to obtain. The necessities of it you can easily command, though you owe even that faculty to your present misfortunes, to a chance which settled you on a firmer basis than either novercal rapacity would have designed, or novercal malice left you. Were my father (and his years authorize me rather to expect it,) to be snatched off by accident, or under-

mined by disease, your friend's situation and fortune would be far less happy, far more precarious, than your own. He would be thrown behind in expence by the men, whom at present he condemns, and whom he looks down upon as mean; and in losing a far more indulgent, would lose a far more justly lamented parent. Not that I would insinuate your father to have been either deficient in tenderness, or careless of your interest. He was misled; but while I still boast—I would continue in the praises of a father, who, for affection and integrity, challenges all the world to equal him; but in me it would be invidious, to you offensive. It would be recalling grief in you, and anticipating it in myself; when your sorrows, I hope, may ever be forgot, and mine ever delayed.

As to what regards our friend Archdale, I am more and more convinced of his danger, if he is entered at ..... Whoever advises him to be of that society, will contribute to the loss of one of the finest geniuses that Harrow, England, or Europe can claim. Remember what I now foretell; that his fame here, and his happiness in future, will be neglected, endangered, lost, by the insinuation of an Eunuch, and the madness of a Debauchee. I know Archdale's weakness—I know his danger; if, therefore, you are tender of his character, and interested in his happiness; if you claim him as a companion, if you would look on him as a Christian; rouse yourself and raise him from a snare which his own ill fortune has thrown in his way. My paper and time admonish me to conclude, and carelessness ends with the usual follies of compliments to Harrow, and respects from Cambridge friends; of solicitations for your welfare, and informations of my own; and, finally, of again declaring the usual affection and regard of your sincere friend,

WM. BENNET.

We begin Lectures Wednesday the 9th of April, but you need not be here till a week after, as they intend to be a week longer in deep Algebra, which you need not mind.

MY DEAR PARR, *Emanuel College, Jan.* 29, 1769.

I must begin with the most important, but most disagreeable part of the letter. Two impediments have risen in the way of

sending the books; the first, that I cannot for my life read the name of the man by whom they are to be forwarded; but this might be discovered by other ways. The second is of more importance. I have locked them in my drawers at home, and brought the keys with me to Cambridge. This was one method of preserving them safe. I have taken it, and see the consequences. All that can be made of the matter is, that I must re-double my search after Tutsch and the Critica Vannus, till I join them to the imprisoned Jortins, Rutherforth's Clerum, and the two Orations, which are the books at present in custody.

Have you seen Burton's Commentariolus? What is your opinion of it? I need not ask about Sheridan's plan of education. He declares it loss of time to learn even the Greek Alphabet. You certainly will keep no terms with him, for he banishes *rods*. What can he mean by calling Hume an *impartial* historian? There were two or three other absurd things that struck me, though I honour some observations in his book, particularly the fine scheme of the boys pleading for each other; that must be a noble field for friendship, emulation, and honour. Our Somnium was supposed to be wrote by a man of Ben'et at the desire of his tutor; a silly attempt to recommend a nobleman, who never enters the University but to show his contempt of it. The blockhead deserves to have his *rostrum* pulled for his vanity or ignorance.

You desire to hear of our degrees. A man of Christ's, Parkinson, was senior wrangler. Joddrel was eleventh. Atkinson got the fifth junior optime. Neither Colson nor Dodsley had honours. There are several candidates for the medal. Our Town is going to be paved in the manner of London. Abuse it if you dare. I am going to learn Hebrew, as the examination approaches for fellowship; if elected, it will give me a good title for orders, and I will wait till that time, rather than have a title from a little shabby Curacy, where the Rector thinks he does me a favour to give me twenty pounds a year, and enquires into my character before he will honour me with admittance. I have too much delicacy, too much pride, for the low stations of the Church; and I have an ambition that will never let me rest in them.

Send me word, by all means, when the Governors meet; it used to be, if I recollect, in February. I will refresh your Vicar's memory with a letter about my exhibition. Ask Sumner too, if my presence is necessary; and thank him in my name for his Clerum. I am charmed with it. The Latin throughout is excellent; it extorted praise even from Hubbard. But sure, my friend, the account of the declension of learning at Athens (vide p. 16.), to say no worse of it, is strange. I see nothing of the inornata simplicitas, the frigida diligentia, the exsangue genus dicendi; nay, I see the direct contrary in all the writers of the later ages. What a style had Lucian? what had Longinus? The real eloquendi facultas, says Quintilian, was to be found in Menander. Nay, is not Demetrius Phalereus unanimously allowed to have corrupted the Greek eloquence, not by the penuria, et tenuitas verborum, but the direct contrary, by soft eloquent phrases, by words which Dionysius calls Λεῖα, καὶ μαλακὰ, καὶ παρθενωπά. Clear up this difficulty, if you can; for a difficulty it certainly is to Jones, as well as me. In every other respect the performance is inimitable.

Old Hetley is in College, and expects a Fellowship. Your old acquaintances, Powys, Sparrow, &c. &c. are turned, or turning Fellow-Commoners; and our Sizars are turning Pensioners. It is surprising what alteration a very few years make in college. You would be surrounded, if you visit us again, with strange faces and stranger characters; and would find, I assure you, full scope for your severest satire, in the debauchery of some, the impertinence of others, and the levity of all. Though most of them are to be bred to the gown they take a pride in forgetting what they owe to their characters. More provoking still, the Fellows have forgot it too. Believe me, my dear friend, with the sincerest regard, yours for ever,

W. Bennet.

MY DEAR SAM,

It gives me great pleasure to find by your last, that you have in some measure recovered your usual serenity of mind, and that your fortitude and your piety did not fail you in the trial. I received from a hand unknown to me a pair of gloves, which I

wear in memory of your loss; it gave me great concern that I could only merit them by my sorrow for our friend, and not by my attendance at Harrow. I might have alleviated your grief, though I should have increased my own; and in that I should have paid the duty which piety and which friendship required of me.

And so old Hetley has got Lord Herbert for his pupil, and is seated at Harrow! I am heartily glad of it, and hope in the summer to spend a week with you all; but I am angry at the Doctor for his rage about my picture, and at you for defending him. What, in the name of reason, would you have me do? As lecturer, as father, and as tutor, I am obliged to residence. There is no one to draw my picture in the town; it is impossible for me to go out of it. You both demand conditions which are not in my power, and then are angry because I cannot perform them. I hope next year to have better fortune.

You will not know which to admire most; my impudence, or my orthodoxy. I preached on Trinity Sunday at St. Mary's; the galleries were full; the Bishop of Carlisle there. The present attempt to call a meeting of the Clergy against subscriptions, fresh in every one's mind. In these circumstances I mounted the pulpit, two years before my time, and under all the disadvantages of my youth, and my curls. My sermon was that on Prayer, which we examined at Cambridge; but, into the objections against it, I worked in the arguments of those who oppose our established form of worship. I fell upon the Presbyterians; I attacked the Socinians; but, though forced upon this by the day, I took care to shew that I was sensible of the compulsion. I mentioned them with caution, and with candour; and separated the doctrines from the men. I disclaimed persecution; I advised liberality of sentiment; and, while I boldly declared my own opinion, I was ready to give every allowance to the opinions of another. You will observe however, that, by taking my party so openly, I have in a manner shut up every passage for my retreat; and must continue a Trinitarian from honour, as well as from principle. At the same time, I have reason to conclude that the sermon was not contemptible. When I turned to the galleries, I found every eye disposed to listen. The people in the pit looked

up to me with earnestness; and even the Doctors were all awake.

You will ask me what I study? Rectangles and sesquiplicate ratios. The advantage of having two pupils more makes me overlook the trouble of enforcing a science I hate; but it is not, as in Classics, where general knowledge will produce particular observations: and by studying one author, you study all. With me, a difficulty conquered, makes another difficulty to conquer; and the twentieth perusal of a demonstration requires equal strength of judgment, and equal accuracy of remark. Thus my inclination is sacrificed to my interest; and every pursuit, even those of Apollonius and Quadrille, suspended to teach blockheads what they cannot comprehend, and I do not approve. I am obliged to you for the anecdote about the King. It gave me great pleasure, and should teach you, I think, to enlarge your narrow views; and, instead of dropping into despondency because Saunders is stupid or malicious, to fix your aim on the mastership of Harrow at least, and not discourage your friends, who have desire and interest to serve you. He who is wanting to himself, will soon find others wanting to him; but, if the public voice points you out as a successor to Sumner, the Governors will not dare to refuse that to their clamours, which they would to your talents or your services. You know the meanness of these men; you know their injustice; and can you think to prevail on them by your silent merits? Rouse then, for shame; supported by Rushout, defended by Sumner, not unknown to your Prince; shew the Governors, not only that you deserve their notice, but that you expect it; and, as the first step, solicit by all means, and by all persons, that degree, which, while you want, forms the only objection to your hopes; and if you possess, will open a road not only to that, but every other honour.

I have not firmness enough, my friend; I must borrow some of you. A living of no great value is in the gift of the College. Holmes, a man of some faults, and but one merit (that of having a father once Fellow of our College), is a candidate. He is opposed by the Curate of the parish, a man of character, and distressed by a large family. You must know the side I had taken in my mind. I avoided Holmes when he called at my room; and, had I met him, should have refused my interest. I

know not if Mr. Hubbard suspected my intentions, but he met me in the court, and represented Holmes in so favourable a light, that I could not deny to him what I should have denied the petitioner himself. I look upon Harry in so new a light that, while I saw his prejudices, I could not help being drawn by them. Had he even then asked me for my vote, I doubt my compliance; but by leaving me to my own judgment, he gained it on his side, and I must prefer a man I dislike to poverty and to merit. Indeed I want firmness; I see virtue, and I honour her, but I shrink from the thorns in her path.

As I am your debtor you may keep the ten pounds in your hands, and I will carry it to account; and if I want money, which I very probably may at my return from Devonshire in September, I will come to Harrow and take three or four guineas, the rest is at your service. I want much to be at home, my father being, as I learn, in a declining way. May God send him happiness here, or take him to it hereafter! Yet, anxious as I am on this head, I cannot leave Cambridge this month. Judge from hence of my confinement, when even filial duty cannot break it. I am, with the greatest sincerity, your affectionate friend, W. Bennet.

MY DEAR SAM, *Eman. Coll. April* 18, 1770.

I am got among the *doubters*. You expected it from my attending Jebb's lectures. Yet what quires of paper from you will this confession draw on me! what arguments! what reproofs! I tremble at my own boldness. However new, and even erroneous, Jebb's notions may be, there is an humanity, an ingenuity in his observations that charms me. I cannot help admiring and loving him, even where I see he is wrong; and he silences me more by his openness and modesty than by his arguments. Some of his hypotheses are indeed very wild and strange. You would broil him on a gridiron, or flay him alive.

We have lost the best classic and most liberal thinker in our University, Cowper of Ben'et. He sat so long at his studies, that the posture gave rise to an abscess in his liver, and he fell a victim to learning. The Goddess has so few votaries here that she resolved to take the best offering we had, and she em-

ployed Apollonius Rhodius to strike the blow. I write the author again, Apollonius Rhodius. Cowper had laboured hard at an edition of him for several years, and applied so much to his favourite author that it cost him life. I shall make a bold push for his papers. Yet what omens! Melancthon did but think of a translation, and died. Hoeltzlinus owns he wrote the latter part of his Annotations, manu lassissima et corpore imbecillo, and died before he put the last hand to them. Cowper collates all the editions, makes a new translation, and follows his predecessors. One would think that by some unknown fate, or by some curse of his master, Callimachus, our poet was doomed to remain in obscurity. His enemies may say that the dullness of his verses bears some resemblance to the torpedo, and benumbs or kills whatever touches it.

You may have heard the push that Quin made for the medal. Our Master and Law voted for him. Goddard, remembering his affront, resolved he should not have it; and the Master of King's was never known to vote contrary to Goddard. This equality gave room for Powell's coming to push in a man of his College, of whom I say no more than that his theme began with "Natura fecit nullam distinctionem:" and one of his shortest verses was,

Corripiunt *venas* dira venena *doneci*.

I am, with the utmost fidelity and love, your sincere friend,

W. BENNET.

DEAR SAM, *Madingley, Sept.* 18, 1770.

I have received so many letters from you that I know not which to answer first. I have been scolded, courted, flattered, abused, and advised; but your last is intolerable. I could make your apologies appear as ridiculous to Sumner as my truisms. After a friendship of fourteen years you offer a favour with all the polite deference of a new acquaintance, and perplex me for reasons for doing what I had always resolved to do. You shall see the speech when it is finished: but know, to your utter confusion, that it is not yet begun; that I cannot set about it till I leave this family, and that I do not leave this family till the middle of October.

I hear, with a great deal of pleasure, that Jones is expected at Harrow, and though I cannot promise to meet him there so soon as you expect, or I wish, yet I will spend a week with you in November, perplexed as I am with the various duties of curate, tutor, and quadrille-player.

I do not wonder at your account of Farmer's ignorant pride, and could have wished you had answered rather than been silent. What do these fellows the Wadesons and the Farmers mean, in braving you so at the very mouth of your trenches, when one piece of artillery would put them to flight, or one brisk sally cut them in pieces? In good truth, my friend, it is some time since I began to distrust this tutor of ours. I despise the pomp of his learning; I doubt the goodness of his heart, and however he may be qualified to shine in the combination or the lecture-room (though, heaven knows, but little in the latter), he shrinks back before men of sense, and takes refuge in vanity instead of learning.

But do not think that the attack on one tutor is preparatory to the praise of another: I am no Socinian, I am no Arian, whatever the malice of others may have suggested, or your own suspicions allowed. And while I love Jebb as a man, while I defend him as a scholar, while I will assist him if injured, and vote for him if attacked, I can yet distinguish between him and his principles, between the license of ambition or novelty and the honest zeal of the well-meaning Christian. No, my friend, while the first chapter of St. John remains unsuspected, or at least unexplained, I never can be flattered or reasoned from my religion. I see the evidence of the Trinity with sufficient clearness, though I neither agree with the phrenzy of Waterland's zeal, understand the acuteness of Jones's reasoning, or admire the emptiness of Rutherford's dignity; and careless as I am in general of speculative points, I allow this doctrine to be the most essential, while I believe it to be the most true. I am, &c.

W. BENNET.

MY DEAR SAM, *Emanuel, Oct.* 24. 1771.

The revolutions of England, I protest to you, never were half so interesting to me as the revolutions of Harrow. But I am so far from the scene of action that I can only observe events

arising after each other without either regularity or cause. Little is to be gained from conversation anecdotes, and less from the perplexed accounts of the newspapers. My sorrow for the loss of our valuable friend, which I now feel in all its force, was lessened by the hopes of your success; those hopes were blasted in a moment by the efforts of ignorance and malice. The course you have now taken, though unexpected, was most eligible, and, though exposed to the censures of the ill-informed, preserves you from the dominion of a successful rival. Yet you are not, you cannot be unhappy. A confidence on your own piety and virtue, a reflection on your unparalleled influence among the boys, and a recollection that you are now in a way of life where abilities must ensure you success, are sufficient comforts for the loss of a Mastership which must have been dearly purchased by obligations to the avarice of a Palmer, or the malignity of an Hearne. I see, with some concern, that Harrow is ruined; but my local affections, strong as you know they are, give way without resistance to my friendship for you, and Stanmore becomes now the object of my wishes.

You may easily imagine, from the warm part I have always taken in your schemes, that I could be glad of particulars from your own mouth, and should not have waited for the summons had it been in my power to have obeyed it, but the office of Dean, which has succeeded to that of Lecturer, demands a closer attendance, and my pupils, who take their degrees at Christmas, begin to be more strict in their application. I am not, however, without hopes of seeing you, nay, I demand it, because it is necessary for your own interest. Your mandate is allowed by the University, and it is expected that you will come, as soon as your business will permit you, to proceed in your degree. I shall then have the pleasure of hearing the particulars of an affair in which I am so much interested, and of which I am so ignorant. Roderick, I hear, is the companion of your fortunes, and it raises him higher in my friendship.

You will mention to him my thanks for his letter; it gives me the only information I have had. You are obliged to old Hetley for a letter he has sent to Cambridge, which vindicates your conduct among the old gentlemen, to whom your first

attempt savoured too much of presumption, your last of open rebellion. Dr. Barnardiston has propagated your defence with pleasure.

Adieu, and believe me to be, whatever is your fortune, your affectionate and unalterable friend, W. BENNET.

DEAR SAM, *Cambridge, Oct. 4, 1775.*

I remember when we wrote to each other in the characters of the Greek Princes, I was happy in attacking the apologies with which your letters were filled, and it is perhaps by way of revenge that you have of late assaulted me so vehemently as to oblige me to fill my own in the same manner. You censure me for neglect; I deny the charge and confine myself to plain facts. I had set aside the summer for a long scheme to the West: in the course of this scheme there appeared a possibility of spending a day with you in my journey, I wrote immediately to prevent any accidental absence. As yet there does not appear any great reason for censure. I had certainly shown some desire of a visit; how strong that desire was, and what inconveniences I ran to indulge it, are not at present an object of inquiry. A very few days after sending this letter I went into Suffolk to concert with Leman the time of setting out, and, when all was settled, returned again to Cambridge with the intention of taking Stanmore in my way: this was about the 5th of August. On my arrival at Emanuel I found a letter from you, pleading a necessity of absence at the time of my visit, and entreating me, with a friendly earnestness, not to hasten, or at least not to delay it beyond a certain day, which, at the time of my opening the letter, was already past. As you were then absent, as the place of your abode was unknown, and your return both uncertain and distant, I had nothing left but to pursue my own scheme, and apologize to you at my return. I returned yesterday at one o'clock, and this is my apology.

But I must confess I feel a very high degree of love and reverence for the man who has been exalting my character, and assiduous for my interest, while he thought me inconstant

and unfriendly. I accept, with pleasure, of the young man you recommend for my pupil, especially as he will be likely to do me credit. My terms with a Pensioner are twenty guineas per annum; with a Fellow Commoner thirty: but the odd ten I am not solicitous about now my circumstances are improved by my Lord W.'s being my pupil, and you may engage him on what terms you please. The attendance on my side is an hour every day, besides the hour in the lecture-room, which will always be in a different author; but if he turns out well, and wishes to improve, he shall be master of my time, as C. Sutton is at present, who frequently reads with me three or four hours a day.

I return my own thanks and the Master's for the pains you take to increase our Society; indeed I feel the compliment very sensibly.

I shall certainly send you the Proctor's speech when finished; but it is not yet begun. It is to be spoken the first week in November, and I do not yet know the subject. It is so long since I have written any Latin, that I fear I shall lessen my character by showing it you, yet it is too much my interest to have it well done to stand on any punctilio. Bennet might be careless and ungrammatical, but the Tutor and the Proctor require more accuracy.

I have a letter from Jones, and am in great hopes of seeing him at Christmas. Why cannot you attend him? At least we are to see you at Easter. The cassock—the book—the staff—how can you stay away? I have been elected, presented, &c. and on Tuesday enter on my office. Adieu. I am without any "gradual disregard," but with the warmest and sincerest affection, yours,

WM. BENNET.

DEAR SAM, *Feb.* 24, 1777.

Amidst the letters you have written to the Burgesses of Colchester you might have thrust in one directed to me, unless you too, when you are busy, can neglect writing to your friends (severely as you have attacked me for the same fault); but I see my triumph, and am satisfied. Indeed, I dare not

assault you with all the violence you deserve, because I have numberless favours to ask almost in the same sentence: the first is, to desire you would put into good Latin the following sentiment,

"Since it is of advantage to the University that the most exact and rigorous impartiality should appear in our public examinations, placeat vobis that no Moderator be allowed, after the 10th of October next, to take under his care any young man who shall proceed to his degree that Christmas, and whoever offends shall incur the punishment of losing his annual stipend.

N. B. It must first be put into good English, for at present I can hardly understand it myself.

Secondly. If you can do it with convenience, or when you can do it with convenience, send me ten pounds. I expect daily to be called upon to pay your bill to the Master of about that sum, and have not above eight guineas of yours in my hands to discharge it.

Thirdly. Do, for the sake of our friendship, write my Thesis, and I will write my Clerum. I see plainly, if you do not, that I shall do both badly, for the assiduity of Lord W., the business of public lectures, &c., take up every moment of my time, nor could I have even written this if I had not supped alone on purpose. Mason improves much, and I admire and esteem him. My subject is: "They act absurdly who make the success of Christianity depend upon secondary causes, when its own merit, and the power of its Author, are sufficient to ensure its reception." Against Gibbon I know you are as busy as I am, but writing Latin is not disagreeable or troublesome to you; to me it is both. Ergo per amicitiam, &c.

Hearing nothing certain from you, and seeing advertisements still continued in the Colchester papers, I should have been very uneasy about your success, had not I received assurances from other quarters that the magnitude of your wig carried every thing before it, and that the election will be very soon, or has been already carried in your favour. The whole borough (it has been reported here) was alarmed at your arrival with prodigies of a most portentous nature. A birch rod, used but once this century, was found in a closet covered with blood. Shrieks

of "O dear, Sir," "O pray, Sir," were heard in the school-house, when no one was there. Forms of people were seen walking through the streets at midnight with their ——— and every boy, from six to sixteen, in the neighbouring counties, felt, at your entering the streets, a sudden and mysterious tingling in his ———.

Sub quocunque die, quocunque sub Ætheris axe
Mœret—et ignorat causas.———
Vox quoque per cathedras vulgo exaudita silentes
Ingens, et simulachra modis pallentia miris
Visa sub obscurum noctis, nec tempore eodem
Tristibus aut———
Aut virgis manare cruor cessavit, et alte
Per noctem resonare, pueris ululantibus, urbes.

Pray tell Jones, if you see him, that he has won his bet with Colston, on the marriage of Bentley, in a most decisive manner; a grandson of the Doctor's being at this present time a Pensioner of Trinity, the Doctor's son being well known by every one here, and his wife remembered. In the Biographia Britannica (if the evidence already given is not sufficient), will be found all the particulars of the marriage, &c. under the article "Bentley."

Adieu, deliver my compliments to Archdale, Paradise, &c.

Yours sincerely, W. BENNET.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Eman. Coll. March 22.*

The different articles of your letter require a long answer, but that I may not always give you reason to say that I grudge you my time, I will follow you regularly through every paragraph. We ought to produce a perfect composition between us, as you attend to the grammar only, and I to nothing but the general elegance: but there is this difference when we write alone, that you may be elegant if you will, but I cannot easily be accurate. I persevere in my opinion of your criticism on Warton. You may have written, as you say, five hundred other things with greater effort, but you are not to be told that the most laborious work is not always the most suc-

cessful.' It is in the *second* volume that he calls Johnson the English Juvenal; I should not have quoted from the first for the reason you mention.' And so you are not acquainted with Regner Lodbrog? you will find presently, when I translate his name, that he is a much more intimate friend of yours than you imagine. Regner was a Runic Prince, who, after he had conquered Citus, and subdued nations, like the Princes of the Peloponnese themselves, was taken prisoner by Ælla King of Northumberland, and thrown into a den filled with serpents. In that situation he composed (or rather his Scald or Bard for him) a spirited ode, consisting of exultation on his own victories, and insults over his enemy, whose character he attacks, and whose death he prophecies; and ends his last stanza with; "Ridens moriar." So much for the history of Regner.

I have not read Matthias's compositions, and had Gray written nothing but Runic Odes, he would not have stood so high in my idea. You say you dislike all the lyric works of this author; it is a matter of taste, and will not bear a dispute; but I think you ought not to say you like Pindar, while Gray's character is only given as your opinion. I wondered at your judgment, but I have no right to censure it. Johnson I *have* a right to censure, as unfair and malignant; unfair, because he descends to verbal criticisms on Gray, which he has not used to any one poet of all the numbers whose works he has reviewed; malignant, because he was so determined to asperse the poet's character, that he quoted by memory, to a friend of his, some lines of Gray (he disdained to read the original), which he quoted wrong, and then censured Gray for his own blunders. And is this the man who has the audacity to tell the world "he wishes to be pleased with Gray?" I always despised Johnson's taste; I would always have rather taken the opinion of a boy in your sixth form, on any classical beauty, than his ignorant and partial judgment; but I never before supposed him to be a rascal. At the same time no one has a higher veneration for his real merit; the strong moral sense of his Rambler, the sturdy poetry (a very different thing from the sublime) of his imitations of Juvenal, his admirable Critical Disquisitions (where labour, not taste is required), I have always been among the foremost to praise; but his envious, though impotent attack

on a dead man, will, I own, make me rejoice in seeing others, equally envious, attack him. And he is much more open to such assaults, for I cannot but think him (taking the consequences of his faults into consideration) the worst writer of English verse that ever polluted paper.

I now come to another head, on which we must differ. You threaten to leave our College; a subject, however, on which I hope you mean more than compliment, when you say you wait my permission; that permission would be so very contrary to my feelings and my interest, as to make it utterly impossible for it ever to be granted. I desire, by all the sway I have (if I have any sway, after a friendship of near thirty years) over your mind, that you would lay aside any idea of such a scheme. You have entirely mistaken both the master's behaviour, and my meaning; he only treated you as a man in love treats every body, and my objection was not to seeing you at Emanuel only, but any where in the University of Cambridge. What work of Heyne's is it you quote, Vol. II. p. 394. on Resignation? I now reply to Crispinus! We have no Norfolk men here at present that has, in my idea, any possible chance of succeeding as a Fellow.

Ever yours, W. BENNET.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Emanuel, Nov.* 20.

I returned about a week ago from a tour to the Continent, and have been employed since in removing the rubbish of accounts which have accumulated, as usual, during my absence. You, in the mean time, have been far more usefully employed in publishing your Sermons on Education, which, busy as I was, I seized and read. They do you great credit, and my sentiments on the matter having always been conformable to yours, it is no wonder I find much to praise, and nothing to censure. I wish you would complete your plan by taking a view of education in general, particularly of our larger schools, as well as our charity ones. Perhaps it would be an invidious, but it certainly would be an useful task. I know you will say that I give you only a cold and unmeaning approbation; at

least you did say so when I deserved the censure as little as I do at present, and the fear of that hinders me from expressing my wonder at the new sentiments you have adopted, in the undistinguishing commendations you give Balguy, the champion, in many respects, of the Church Establishment, and the warmth with which you recommend the Catechism to the notice of both young and old. Now don't play the part of the Archbishop of Grenada with me, as you have done before now, entice me to censure, and then pommel me without mercy. I blame a little, because I can praise more, and thank you for your open reproof of Priestley's illiberal and unchristian attacks on the Clergy of the Established Church; for your defence of learning and virtue against Rousseau's impracticable plan, and Mandeville's impudent cavils; and, above all, for your remarks on the manners and temper of boys, which I think the best part of the whole discourse.

Though my letter falls in a regular anti-climax from your sermon to Trafford's letter, and now to Bob Forster, the barber, yet I cannot refrain from telling you that Homer is in raptures with a silver shaving bason, which Bob's customers have subscribed half-a-crown a-piece to buy, and Homer is to deliver it to him with great ceremony. There is a very humourous coat of arms in the centre, made up of wash-balls, combs, &c. in the field; a vast lawyer's wig for the mantle; a barber's block surcharged with a bended razor, for the crest; and a motto which has great merit, "Radit iter liquidum."

Of your intended motions I can learn little; but wherever you may go, and on whatever you may be employed, no time or distance will diminish the affection I have for you, which has grown up with me from a boy, formed the purest source of pleasure in my manhood, and will long, I hope, be the comfort of my age, exclusive of the respect I feel for that learning and virtue, Qualis amorem quicunque alienus mereretur.

I am, my dear Parr, with my compliments to your family, your sincere friend, WM. BENNET.

DOCTOR OF LEARNING, *Emanuel, Monday night, Oct.* 20, 1788.

Your literary orders I have been employed all this day in executing, and am astonished at the precision of your memory. The passage to the preface to the third edition of Hallifax's three sermons, is in page the 9th, line the 18th; it is thus verbatim: "The most illustrious author of the age, among other more respectable opponents, had sometimes to contend with railers of so low estimation, as a Bate and a Bott; and it is honour enough for an adventurer in letters, to have so far excited the public notice as to have his answer, though that answer be no better and no brighter than a Blackall."

You see from the nature of the sentence there can be no quotation to any particular work of Bishop Warburton's, and there is none in any edition that I have seen; but a few lines farther is a long note of the abuse on Blackall (not quite undeserved) in the London Magazine for June 1772, which contained, it seems, strictures upon Blackall's pamphlet.

Having finished my English, I rise, in due climax, to my Greek. It is in the 25th dissertation of the third vol. of the Archæologia, in a letter from Mr. Tyrwhitt to Matthew Duane. The stone (of which an engraving is given) is one of three that were brought from Smyrna, and are now in the British Museum. Montfaucon has published the inscription; it is on a tomb-stone, but the lines are 8, not 4.

Τον πινυτον κατα παντα και εξοχον εν πολιηταις
Ανερα γηραληον τερματ' εχοντα βιου
Αιδεω νυχιοιο μελας υπεδεξατο κολπος
Ευσεβεων θ'οσιην ευνασεν ες κλισιην.
Μνημα δ' αποφθιμενοιο παρα τρηχειαν* αταρπον
Τουτο παις κεδνη τευξε συν ευνετιδι
Ξειν' ου δ'αεισας Δημοκλεος υιεα χαιρειν
Δημοκλεα στειχοις αβλαβες ιχνος εχων.

On αεισας Tyrwhitt observes very sensibly, that the expression literally translated means cùm cecineris salvere, and is hardly to be illustrated by any similar one, but may be ac-

* τρηχηαν in original.

counted for by supposing this salutation of the deceased to be usually performed in a kind of chant. By a like abuse of the same word poets and prophets are said *canere*, not because their poems or oracles were actually sung, but because they were generally pronounced with greater varieties of time and tone than can be admitted within the compass of what Aristotle, Poet. c. 4, calls "*την λεκτικην ἁρμονιαν*, the modulation of discourse." He refers also to Apollonius's Lexicon Homericum (no page) under *αειδε*; thus *αδε, ὑμνει, τινες δε εις το λεγειν μετεβαλον την λεξιν*, who quotes an unknown author, Tyrwhitt thinks Babrius, thus:

——— Ταυτα δ' Αισωπος
Ο Σαρδιηνος ειπεν, ὁντιν' οἱ Δελφοι
Αδοντα μυθον ου καλως εδεξαντο.
Αντι του λεγοντα· ὁ γαρ Αισωπος λογοποιος.

See also Strabo, edit. Casaub. l. i. p. 18.

I have finished my criticisms, and having executed your request, I proceed to make one, not in my own name only, but in that of the society. It is that you will honour us with your picture by Romney, which is strikingly like (I saw it in London), to be placed in our gallery. I do this by the desire of the Master and all the Fellows, and am serious in saying we shall look upon it as the greatest compliment we can receive. If you can give me your consent, I shall, with the utmost pleasure, direct Jones, when he has finished the plate, to pack up the original with the utmost care for us, and anticipate the triumph I shall have in shewing you as our member to all strangers. I remain, my dear Doctor, your very sincere friend,

W. Bennet.

What is the proper meaning of the sun, in Electra, being called *λυκοκτονος*? Knight, in his strange treatise on the Priapëia, thinks it may be "light extending," I suppose, from Bryant's Ammonian word *luc*, light, and *τεινω*. But could the K come that way? Would it not be *λυκοτονος*, or some such word? It appears to me very whimsical; yet what is wolf killing?

DEAR DOCTOR, *Emanuel College, Feb. 15*, 1789.

I have bought your book with eagerness, examined it with attention, and shall bind it with elegance; and though I have received so many personal favours from Dr. Hurd that I shall ever, as a man, esteem and respect him, yet, as a writer, his sneers have ever displeased me, and I am not sorry to see them attacked. Let me add, however, that he seems to think poorly of them himself by the neglect he has shown to them, which is a sort of virtual retraction, and ought in part to have disarmed the severity of your censure.

I will first tell you what I think wrong: I doubt if the offence given to you by Hurd could justify your attack. I know you will tell me,

> When sense or virtue an affront endures,
> Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours;

and that the poisoned arrows he shot from his dark corner at Jortin and Leland, justify your knocking him down with your Herculean club. But I suspect you have been misled by idle, perhaps untrue reports, that Hurd may have spoken lightly of your own performances. If such is the case, indeed, and the facts can be proved, I think you are fully authorized to take your revenge. This rests on a ground you know, and I do not, and therefore I say no more of it. Johnson shall speak for me, "respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation," &c. &c.

I do not like the phrase *prodigality* of cruelty; what is prodigal cruelty? but I suppose you have either authority for the phrase, or concealed allusion in it.

There looks somewhat of an inaccuracy in this sentence: "their titles indeed sometimes crept into the corner of a catalogue, and sometimes *skulking* upon the shelf of a collector;" you mean the pamphlets themselves were caught skulking. One can hardly say the titles were caught upon a shelf, and yet I believe it will do on a more diligent examination, but there is something in the sentence I do not quite like.

Who is the best Greek scholar in England? better than Bentley, too; yes, when *his* conjectures are verified by the discovery of fresh manuscripts, and the cleaning of old marbles.

Where does he lurk? in the Critical Review? This, my dear Doctor, is *prodigality* of praise. As far as my knowledge will go, no such character, the rival of Bentley, exists; aut, meâ sententiâ hic est Crassus noster, aut si quis pari fuerit ingenio pluraque quàm te et audierit, et lectitarit, et scripserit paulum tibi aliquid poterit addere.

I value this performance of yours the more because it has let me, and ought to let you, into a secret, viz. that your abilities in writing are never put out with more force than when you draw character. I look on those of Warburton and Leland as good, but upon Jortin's as containing some of the best sentences I ever saw in my life, in point either of discriminating thought, or animated yet chastised expression. Indeed, I think that the style of the whole work, as less stiff, is more excellent than any of your other compositions; but in characters, I repeat it, you are almost unrivalled. And now you know your forte, I hope, as Walsh says to Pope, you will lose no opportunity of exerting yourself in it.

I have received some entertainment from an extraneous circumstance. Steevens is concerned in the St. James's Chronicle; he hates Hurd, and he is afraid of you; from the first moment therefore your pamphlet had appeared that paper has lavished on it the highest praises, has exaggerated the prices at which Warburton's and Hurd's pamphlets sold before the re-printing; has observed the opportunity collectors now have of purchasing them reasonably with your excellent dedication; has triumphed on the sneers against the sneering Bishop; but what is very curious, he has drawn some of the paragraphs of the most bitter kind so much in Seale's manner, that the Lambeth Chaplain will be thrown into an agony of terror, and the Bishop, if he sees them, into an agony of rage. You will allow this to be perfectly *Stephanic*.

Dr Combe is, you know, candidate for some Lying-in Hospital, and therefore requires our good wishes and efforts.

You see what I told you of Lord W. is true, that if your friends were pushed he would leave them. Now do not burst upon me in a thunder of politics; I only mean that I acted by you honourably, and judged sagaciously. I wish heartily that the Regent may be in long enough to raise you to a place of

profit and honour; and longer, if it be of service to his country. I again return you thanks for the pleasure your work has afforded me, and shall be happy to see you (whatever your political tenets may be), either in your vernacular smiles, or your vernacular terrors. Our Master is in London, but I suppose he will be much gratified with the high rank you have given him among the critics. Adieu! Your's very affectionately, W. BENNET.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Aug.* 10, 1790.

I have to return you my sincere thanks for your very interesting and affectionate letter, by far the most pleasing I have received for many years even from you, and superior to all I ever received from other persons in the warmth of its sentiments as well as the elegance of its style. By having also confessed so honestly that in some periods of your life you have suspected me of jealousy, you have a further claim upon my gratitude by giving me an opportunity of justifying myself. For I appeal, in the most solemn manner, to the Searcher of all hearts, as I hope for his mercy hereafter, that I am not conscious of having entertained in any one moment of my life the least jealous or envious thought against you. Of what is it possible I could be jealous? You are infinitely my superior in classical learning, in theology, in philosophy. You were in possession of the public applause as a writer, in which I was so far from being a rival, that I never dared to appear as a candidate for honour. You stood forward for professional emoluments, to which (though Providence has now in its goodness placed them within my reach) I never aspired even in idea. It was well known in my College that I designed to wait for Loughborough or the Mastership, and had secured, by Cockayne's kindness, the living of Rushton (of £400 per annum) to have held with either of them. I had a little vanity in filling my College by my character as tutor, but it was a vanity which you gratified rather than interfered with, and which was indulged every year by an increase of reputation far more than I deserved, by the countenance of the Minister who recommended Rose's son and sent Dundas's to my care, and by pupils whom I received continually from different parts

of the kingdom where I had no reason to think my name had been known. I was fond also (for I am confessing to you all my weaknesses) of preaching on popular subjects to the *boys* of Cambridge. But this too was a field in which you had no ambition to gather laurels, and I cannot therefore conceive (unless I was a far worse man than I think I am) that I could have entertained an envious thought against you, or been uneasy because your reputation overshadowed mine. The charge was therefore unreasonable, and I am happy, under the solemn appeal I just now made, to convince you also that it was unjust. I hope the tenor of my conduct through life will be a further refutation, and that I shall ever prove myself what I am most sincerely, your affectionate and unalterable friend.

I laughed heartily at your trinity, which cannot long, I think, remain in unity, but am sensible of the high compliment of being mentioned with respect in such company.

The Minister's bow was perfectly right; I suppose you let him begin first. My wig is thought to be so episcopal, and yet so genteel, that the Bishop of Killala and the Archbishop of Cashel have both sent for it as copies for their own. You do not want to be told that they are the first men in understanding on the Irish Bench.

If you wish to have your questions about the manuscript fully answered, I shall delay my inquiries for some months till the Bishop of Waterford comes to town. He has examined it thoroughly, and he is, you know, not deficient in learning, with the impartiality, the benevolence, and the purity of a saint. Our Palermo Livy has turned out an imposition, and the boy who subscribed for them has been cheated by a different book.

You desire I would write of all matters that concern myself. First, then, I must be for three years very poor, for the expences of coming into an Irish See are very high, especially those that have a new house on them, which unfortunately is my case. Cork is about twenty-five hundred per annum, and I reckon I shall have above five thousand pounds to pay: so I must be reduced to live on the odd hundreds. About three-fourths of this payment is repaid on a translation. It happens fortunately for my pocket, though not for my private comfort,

that the Lord Lieutenant wishes me to continue as his private Secretary, by which means I am freed from the heavy expence of an establishment as long as he stays here. I am going in September to visit my diocese, to hold an ordination, and to confirm at all the principal towns. My patronage is very large, and in consequence I have many candidates for my favour. As soon as this Administration is over I have formed a plan for my future life, in which the care of my diocese, the duties of Parliamentary attendance, my love of rambling on horseback, and the pleasure of seeing my English friends, are all consulted.

I wish to follow your political advice from respect to you as well as my own inclination. Our counsels must be delicate as well as conciliatory in the strange state of the two kingdoms; but the storm will one day arise, or I am (what I hope I am) a false prophet, and it will blow wherever it listeth.

Adieu, my dear and early friend, and may I soon return the congratulations I have received, on your being exalted to the higher and safer honours of the English Bench.

Yours very truly and affectionately, WM. CORK.

DOCTOR DOCTRINÆ, *April* 4, 1791: *my Birth-Day.*

I am convinced, by your philological acuteness, that I was wrong in my hasty censure of Terence, and that the quid was interrogative, not indefinite; therefore I lower my mitre to the justice of your censure, and efficaci do manus scientiæ.

I enclose two fac-similes (though I am not convinced of the propriety of the plural), which will explain far more intelligibly than my pen the state of our disputed text. You will take all possible care of them, and return them to me when they have answered your purpose, for they belong to Bishop Newcome, were taken with great care in his presence, and are highly valued by him.

Bassett is very old, very poor, very infirm, and has four children. I cannot prevail on myself to ruin him and them; and I have put off the cause till the summer, that I may see the whole of his situation myself.

I am enraged at your complaint of my coldness in the letter

you received from me in the House of Lords, when, harrassed as I am during Parliament time, it required a serious exertion to write at all. Remember the office I hold, the unreasonable applications I must hear, the fatigue of my mind, and the weakness of my eyes.

I am very poor, for I have bought a Dublin house, and I have a large sum to pay for my bishoprick, so you must, I fear, give up for some months all hopes of your present of books. When I see you at Hatton you shall tell me the number you want.

Beware of Catharine you say enigmatically. I say, without an enigma, that I protest against the violence, injustice, and folly of plunging England into the miseries of war without provocation and without an object.

I have seen Bishop Cleaver's Sermons. He has said as much and as well as I expected on the subject; but I reject his idea with disdain, and if one chose to pursue his thought I could prove all the great dinners in Homer to be feasts upon sacrifices too.

Are my clergy Homousians do you ask, and what are you? You are a Parousian, for you have some notion of your own distinct from that of every other Theologian; and my clergy are Nothingousians, for they have no notion at all about the matter. What, do you think the voice of Priestley, loud as it is, has reached to Kilcomonocoge, Templemichaelduagh, or Curragranemore? not to mention the more ludicrous parish names of Kilmycow or Kilcock? We have an honest and regular clergy, but very far from a learned one.

I know not how Archdale writes verses now, not having heard of those to the Marchioness of B. He has spoken often and well in the House of Commons, though I doubt whether his prose, when the subject is considered, would receive more mercy from you than his poetry. I am sure his poetic subject was a bad one; for what virtue had Lady B.? Our Ode is written by some music-master, who sets his own verses to tune at a fixed salary, and no one minds either, which is some proof of our taste. I am doing wonders at Cork, rescuing the estate of the choir from the hands of rascals who plundered it. Instead of £100, which has been paid from it for the last sixteen

years, my first payment was £167, without raising the rent of a single creature. What do you think became of the surplus during the whole time? I talk of filing a Chancery bill to inform me.

I am, my dear Parr, your very affectionate friend,

WM. CORK.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Castle, November* 17.

You ask me if I have seen Burke much; I have, and without his father's genius, he has all the extravagance and violence of his father's enthusiasm. 'The history of his negotiation here is so very curious, that I will give you a few of the outlines, premising only, that I am in possession, from my situation, of particulars which I cannot mention, and which would tend to place his absurdities in a much stronger light. In consequence of the indulgence given to the Catholics in England, the Irish Catholics applied to Government here for similar marks of favour. We were well inclined to go as far as England had done, but as they had not obtained the right of voting with you, it seemed unreasonable to go farther, and *offer it* to them, if this country, where there numbers, superstition, attachment of foreign jurisdiction, and other reasons, rendered it a matter of very serious consideration. With this arrangement of Lord Westmoreland's administration, the Catholics here were perfectly contented; but you must understand, that this sect have what they call a Committee; but, in fact, a parliament, elected like ours by freeholders, and meeting in Dublin. The Committee is thus constituted; all Gentlemen of landed estates of a particular value have voices; the rest are nominated by the counties and boroughs, but as each member must be *resident in Dublin*, the Cork, Galway, and all other members are in fact *only Dublin tradesmen*, nominated by the Catholics of Cork and Galway; and as the gentlemen qualified to come are not above thirty, the majority of the parliament is composed of tradesmen only; and, like such persons, purse-proud, presumptuous, and ignorant. 'To this parliament Burke came as agent. He found it divided into two parties, the nobility, gentry, and higher clergy, submissive to Government, thankful for whatever

concessions the Legislature might think fit to give them; and looking upon this quiet conduct as the best mode of obtaining (what both parties aimed at) the perfect restoration of their rights; and the other party (forming, as I said, a great majority in the Committee), inclined to think that in the present state of Europe, it was the time to make a bold push for a share in the government, and a new constitution like that of France. Into the views of the latter young Burke hastily threw himself; talked to the Ministry here in the most insolent language of conventions and associations, fixed a day (a very short one) after which he would look on silence as a refusal; said openly that Mr. Dundas and the English cabinet intended to give the franchise; that the Catholics had only to be firm; and that if their utmost concessions were not granted, Ireland next year would be a scene of blood. His unguarded and overbearing language so alarmed the Protestants here, that instead of *granting every thing*, the Irish of every party (the most confidential Irish servants of the Crown not excepted) entered into a resolution to *grant nothing*. The Charlemonts, O'Neils, Brownlows, men, who had on no occasion voted with the Beresfords, the Speaker, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Chancellor, were now all in a body united and obstinate. We heard on all sides that they were an independent people, had a treasury and an army of their own, had nothing to do with the plans or politics of England, and would, in a matter of this consequence, think and act for themselves. How we steered the vessel amidst these opposite storms, it is not allowed me to say. We brought it safe into port. Temper and firmness, and the character of integrity, and not playing dirty Buckingham tricks, which even our enemies allow us, were of great service. Opportunities and the political good sense "Qui d'un instant perdu connoisoit tout le prix," did more; but if you knew, or I was at liberty to explain, half the sand and shelves of this Irish navigation, you would wonder at our success.

Burke has ruined the Catholic cause here most effectually. We should have done much more with a temperate man; now, I think it must be many years before anything is attempted.

Be silent on all these points, for though I have confined myself only to what might be proclaimed at Charing Cross, the

idea of my writing politics to you would be of great injury to me. God bless you, and believe me to be sincerely and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM CORK.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, Oct, 27, 1792.*

With this you will receive a note, payable at sight, for my Porson account. I thank you for your political hints, but as to the first subject of reformation, agistment tithe, you either use the words in a sense new to me, or you have been ill informed on the nature of the tithe itself. You say it is an oppression, and an oppression on the poorer Catholics, and you would abrogate that unjust resolution of the House of Commons, to which this oppression owes its rise. The history of the resolution is comprised in a few words. Ireland is a pasture country, and great part of the income of the Clergy arose, in consequence, from tithes on grass and cattle. By a very selfish principle, the great land-owners, who formed a majority of the Commons, determined not to pay these tithes any longer, and passed the resolution in question: "that every lawyer who pleaded on the side of the Clergy in such a cause was an enemy to his country;" nor was this all, for wherever the Clergy brought an action for such tithes, the Juries all over the kingdom threw out the Bills. Now, that this resolution is partial, unjust, and oppressive, I agree with you; but it is so only against the Clergy of the established Church. The Catholics, neither rich or poor, are at all affected by this resolution, or if affected, are considerable gainers; and the truth is, their success in this contest about tithes of pasture has been the cause of the clamour against all other tithes; and the various attacks on the Church, in the shape of barren land, hills, exemptions of potatoes, flax, &c. To erase this resolution, then, from the Journals of the House would be a matter of indifference as to the present question; and of pretty nearly the same difficulty as it would be to carry in your Parliament a motion to set aside all moduses of tithe through the kingdom, a question which I doubt if any Minister could gain, especially as no government or public concern would be served by it.

Your second point appears to me more judiciously taken up, and more clearly argued, for there you were on broad grounds, and not misled by the use of a local term; you would give the Catholics a limited right of voting, and power of holding certain defined places; and you guard, with great ingenuity, against the objection of admitting the principle of their right to vote, by admitting it so far only as it does not militate against other principles. But here, my good friend, you would be met by prejudices invincibly obstinate; I am clear it would be more easy to carry a Union with England than to give any further relaxation to Catholics. The Irish Parliament is not led, as yours is, by a number of individuals dependent on the Minister; we have no boroughs that return Members by Government influence; the great borough jobbers, or land owners, return a majority; it is by playing two of these against a third that any question at all is carried, and any Irish question (as this properly is, and concerning the internal Irish Government only) would unite all their interests; they would laugh at the threats of taking away their places, and would say, let us see who dares to go into them. This was once, in some trifling matter, attempted by the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and he was left in a minority of 17 against 240. In a word, the times require very nice political management; we have as yet succeeded well, though we are suspected of being full as much friends to the Catholics as we dare to be: while their seditious language, their avowed union with the republicans, *their Parliament* summoned to meet at Dublin to be a check upon ours, make it impossible for every friend of the Constitution not to view them with suspicion and dislike.

You say we have a precedent for indulgence in the repeal of the test, from which we have suffered no material inconvenience; it is true; and it may be added, that we have not conciliated a single dissenter: they are just as hostile to the Establishment as ever; and so let me add are the Catholics after the indulgencies of the last year: the "O si angulus iste qui nunc deformat agellum!" is to the full as applicable in politics as in property.

I am glad you call Mr. Grey's admission of the Manchester Jacobins into his association an *imprudent step*. When a man

tells me he means to alter the Constitution a little, and admits into his counsels men who mean to alter it a great deal, I trust to his actions and not to his words. I will laugh at all declarations, with such a comment as I did at that of the Parisians when they told their king, at the beginning of these hostilities, "He was in no danger but from the *excess of their loyalty*," on which their actions has been also a curious comment. Besides, I have another objection to these gentlemen; for Fayette, Barnave, Lameth, and the rest of that party designed only to alter *their* Constitution *to a certain point*; but when the mob got into power what became of them and their plan? I therefore congratulate, respect, and honour you for not being of their party in this instance; and remember what I say, that not the Church, or the King's friends only, but you will be personally a victim if any innovation *now* takes place. You have too much principle to go *all* lengths, and will be therefore as much persecuted as if you had not gone any.

Do you observe Cambon (who I believe is the Minister of Finance), on opening the budget the other day in the National Convention, mentioned, among other articles of future revenue, the abolition of the sum now paid to the ministers of the established worship, and a heavy assessment on such wealthy citizens as were not active enough in the cause of their country, and perhaps prayed in secret against it. This is the true spirit of republicanism. It was, as you well know, the constant practice at Athens, and it is most undefined and monstrous tyranny.

God bless you, and grant we may none of us see this tyranny established in a country in which, in spite of many and great defects, personal liberty and personal property are effectually secured. I remain, with great truth, your affectionate friend,

WM. CORK.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, Sept.* 12, 1794.

I return your proof-sheet with many thanks for your literary intelligence. Politics here take up my time so much that you must not expect books till I have more leisure, which I ought to have had before this time. The value of the Provostship is

£2200 or £2400 per ann. Ossory about £2100. Cloyne brings in £4000 clear, the gross income being £4366, with a splendid patronage of near £20,000 per ann. on which I include four livings of £1000 per ann. each, and one of £1800. Add to this a delightful retirement in a cheap country, where, with that property and that patronage, I may sit rewarding industry and virtue, and "read my history in the eyes of" my diocese. You see, therefore, I should not be a gainer in a view either to my interest or my peace: and in fact, had I not hoped to have kept Cloyne with the Provostship, I would not have been a candidate for the latter at all; but a struggle arose between two parties: an ill-packed and ill-principled coalition set on your side of the water, quarrel which should have the patronage of Ireland, and two men (Dr. Murray and myself), neither of us much interested in the event, are dragged forwards by our respective parties, who are trying each to spite and vex the other, neither to benefit us. I have sent you confidentially the real point of dispute, and assure you I am perfectly indifferent how it ends. The Duke of Portland takes advantage of his situation as Secretary of State to keep my recommendation back, and lay me open to all the abuse of his party: a party so foolish as well as violent as to think of turning out all the friends of Pitt here, though they call themselves friends of Pitt on the other side of the water, and throwing Ireland into confusion at the very time England has received more effectual support and the country was more quiet and flourishing, than was ever known at any other period.

Among other party tricks, an address by the fellows is sent to me, desiring me not to become their Provost; you may have seen it in the English papers; I shall therefore only observe slightly, that they rest their objections on four points; 1st, my being a Bishop; therefore, if I attend to my diocese I must neglect them; if I attend to them I must neglect my diocese. 2d, That the world must be offended at my taking the oath, as their statutes direct ten months' residence with them, and consequently out of my diocese. 3d, That it is impossible for me, being educated in another University, to understand their habits of study. 4th, That a man, not fellow, being appointed would be an irreparable injury to their fortunes and characters.

To all this it is easy to reply; 1st, that Bishops are frequently appointed in England to headships of colleges without any known injury either to religion or literature. 2d, That the ten months of residence in college, with which I swear to comply, has this clause, unless the presence of the Provost is dispensed with by the Archbishop of Dublin. 3d, That the statutes, being literally transcribed from those of Trinity in Cambridge, cannot be so impossible to be understood by a Cambridge man as the Fellows seem to think; and what are habits of study impossible for you or even for me to understand. As for the 4th, the Crown having reserved to itself the power of nominating an alien, and this in consequence of an express agreement on the side of the Fellows, to whom in return was granted the power of holding their fellowships for life, it is curious to make the exertion of that power a cause of grievance, nor easy to see how it occasions an injury either to the features or characters of the Fellows.

It is also remarkable, that while they exclaim against the appointment of a Bishop as contrary to the statutes, the majority of those who signed are married men; that is, hold their fellowships at this moment by express violation of the very statutes which they are so solicitous to preserve untouched.

I remain, my dear Doctor, yours very affectionately,

WM. CLOYNE.

I cannot learn yet about the fac simile. I am glad you have shaken hands with C. because I am always glad of peace.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, July* 16, 1795.

I am not without hopes of seeing your Church next year, and do not scruple to say, I would much rather see you in Warwickshire than in Dublin; for I am sure from what I know of the country, its party violence, the expence and danger of the journey, the dislike of the people to the English, and fifty others, &c. that the excursion would not be a pleasant one to you, till some years hence. You must not be angry, for I write my real sentiments. I wish to see you, but not here. No one smokes, talks Greek, or talks politics, unless they are on the same side, and I will go still further to say, that I am already often stared at with suspicion, when I say I have the honour to

be among your intimate friends; but it is an honour which I shall always avow, and with no small degree of pride, though they look upon you as a violent democrat, and invent lies of your publishing in conjunction with Priestley against both the Church and State, and they did (till I received your last) stagger me about the latter, though I laughed at the idea of the other. The amazement of every body at your having painted windows in your Church is quite entertaining. They all thought you had been a Presbyterian. I cannot yet get leave to go down to my new See, though I hear there is much to be done; but the Lord Lieutenant talks of going into the country himself soon, and then I shall take the opportunity. Pray send me the solution of the Gryphics of quod fuit esse. I remember a great deal of talk about it at Cambridge; my only guess is, that it means human life. I have desired a friend of mine, Dr. Beaufort, to pay £1. 1*s.* to Elmsley for Hoogeveen, and to say it was through you. I hope in a couple of years, if things here remain quiet, to begin saving money, and become a rich man, which you are already. Adieu! and believe me, my dear friend, to be, with great truth and affection, yours,

WM. CLOYNE.

No chance of Lord W. returning this year or two.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Feb.* 9, 1796.

I have been disappointed so often, and plagued so much in getting Drennon's books, that I determined to wait no longer for them, but to acknowledge and thank you for the Greek verses about Horsley; and to assure you, that I read them, as I always do your compositions, not only with satisfaction, but improvement. I dare not, however, shew them to any persons here. I have often told you we do not live like you in a country of cool speculation, but in a place where our passions are irritated, and our persons endangered. Opposition with you always professes its friendship for the Constitution; sometimes, too, it realizes its professions; but with us it openly avows rebellion and massacre.

However, therefore, we may dislike High Church tenets and High Churchmen (and there certainly never was a more abo-

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minable sentiment than that which has fallen under your censure) yet we are shy of condemning them openly. Even your friend Bishop Law finds it necessary to tell the Catholics of his diocese that his conduct will be always found conformable to the doctrines of that religion, which neither commands men to be slaves, nor allows them to be rebels.

You divert yourself with distinguishing, and defaming, and exposing what you call (with a great deal of reason) the shewiness and lubricity of my propositions. The words are very well chosen, and I must repeat, the opinion very just; but, my good friend, in what after all does your own long research end, but in the same sort of unreasoning, unphilosophical conviction; call it common sense, or what you please, on which I repose without any research at all. What difference is there after all between your conclusions upon both religion and politics, and my own; and yet the roads we take appear to diverge so much from each other, that I almost dread when we meet being overwhelmed by your violence, or crushed (without a metaphor), as I used to be at Harrow, by your strength.
Yours, very faithfully, WM. CLOYNE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Cloyne, June* 1, 1796.

I think you form your judgment very rashly upon our Irish politics, when you are for withdrawing your obedience from Government for its execution of a criminal, convicted fairly in the opinion of all men here, of an attempt to fire the city and cut our throats. Surely you must have received your information through some most extraordinary channel; and perhaps it may be worth your while to examine whether or no it can be depended upon. I assure you on the spot we form very different conclusions; and you English gentlemen, from the premier down to the mob, are not remarkable for accurate knowledge about Irish affairs. You observe, I do not dispute your capacity to form a judgment, but your ability to collect information.

On political matters, however, though I differ from you much, I differ without acrimony; and on other subjects I differ little; for I still insist upon it, that in our theological and in our literary speculations, though your knowledge is infinitely supe-

rior, your conclusions are generally the same. You, indeed, know every step of the ladder, its breadth, its thickness, and its exact distance from the top to the bottom, while I have scrambled up awkwardly, with my head always giddy, and my footing often insecure. You have also mounted higher, and you see, or appear to see, further; but the prospect is so obscured by mists, that after a certain distance every thing becomes indistinct, and the advantage of elevation produces little real benefit. I am, your very faithful friend,

WM. CLOYNE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Cloyne, July* 16, 1796.

I have been favoured with both your long letters; and on political subjects I say no more, but that it is as reasonable for you to dispute with me on the secrets of Irish Government, as it would be for me to differ from you about the meaning of a passage in Lycophron. Recollect a moment the sources from which your information is derived; you confess them yourself to be disaffected pamphlets; newspapers, profligate to a pitch which no Englishman can form an idea of, the conversation of ignorant persons, and an indictment at law; as if an indictment was ever supposed to discover *all* that is known. Compare to these scanty or corrupt channels of knowledge the opportunities I have had of reading intercepted letters, conversing with persons in the *confidence* of both parties, Anglicè spies, combining and confirming private depositions by public acts of the Republican leaders; and then come forward, if you dare, with your paradox that an obscure village in a foreign country, cut off from every pure source of information, is the only place for a person to judge upon these interesting aud complicated questions. But I have done; I cannot convince you; you most certainly will never convince me. On English politics I have never written a word to you, though I have opinions, I know not whether more just, but I am sure more important than yours; but on Irish subjects I ventured to inform you, because I know I am capable of giving information, because I am sure I am not a friend to bloody or arbitrary measures, and because I thought you wished to learn real facts, not to defend preconceived or party opinions. We certainly do differ widely in

wishing the Irish to be *αὐτονόμαι*; you wish for an event which, as an Hibernicanus and natione Anglus, I believe would produce endless wars to both; as a Protestant, I think it would exalt the most corrupt species of Christianity over a purer faith; and as a man, I know would deprive me of such domestic happiness as few others (I thank my God for it) have enjoyed; and would cast me out, if I escaped with life, a beggar, an exile, and a debtor. I am very glad, therefore, to find that you do not wish this dreadful event to happen *soon*. I make my daily prayers to Heaven that it may not happen till I am able to satisfy all demands upon me, and save a few hundred pounds to buy a cottage to shelter my head in. I shall give up the luxuries of life without a sigh, the pomp of it with real satisfaction; but it would much embitter my misfortunes if I supposed you could be so blinded by party as, for the sake of a wild political experiment, not to share them with me. And yet there are some expressions in the first long letter that would almost make me think you forgot my situation. Charles Fox talked much more in unison with my feelings, when he said the Irish Parliament should be supported against the Volunteers, i. e. the English against the Irish Interest, while there was a shilling in the pocket, or a drop of blood in the veins of any individual in England. As to what you talk of oppression of the lower orders, (the single privilege of sitting in Parliament excepted, and that only as far as it relates to the Catholics,) I know not of so much oppression as in England.

We have no Test Act; no prohibition of serving in our army; no tax bearing either on our manufacturers or our poor. We have only the cant of Republicans, as you have been talking of such things, and clamouring for a reform of Parliament, which I believe, in both kingdoms, would, in its consequences (heated as men's minds are at present), lead to a civil war, or at least to an overthrow of the Establishment. Here again we differ; but we should not be honest men if we did not act up to our principles. I do not blame you; I hope not to be blamed by you. As I shall probably not write seriously again on this subject, but only sportively, I have written more at length than usual, and I hope with all the respect due to your abilities and your virtue—Utinam esses nostri.

I subscribe readily to your two conditions of writing soon, and of paying for, or franking my letters. You need be under no concern about the size of your packets which come to the Bishop of Killala. Your postmaster was in an error, and whatsoever sum he charged was struck out at the General Post Office. The Bishop franks as Secretary for Ulster and Munster, a nominal office annexed to the private secretaryship, and is not limited by weight in any respect. As Bishop of Killala simply he could not frank in England at all, any more than the Bishop of Cloyne. The postmaster, therefore, by charging the letter only on the ground of its being over weight, shows he did not understand his business correctly; but his civility makes more than amends for his ignorance.

I have been much informed by your critical disquisition on the anus and ensis, which is very satisfactory as well as very learned, and acquiesce in your conclusion, though Catullus Gallicanus required some ingenuity to get over it.

I shall rejoice in seeing your Iambics on Baynes, and hope you will be so good as to send them. As to your criticisms on H.'s book upon accents, I should be astonished, if I could be astonished, at that man's impudence. He has long substituted derision for argument, and insults an adversary instead of refuting him. He knows few men can read, and fewer men judge in a dispute about accents; and we are most of us apt to think a man has reasoned well if he has talked boldly. You know H. is not a deep scholar, and we both know he is not an orthodox man. Law says (and when I repeat scandal I ought to name my author) that he is not a moral one, and I believe, with Wakefield, that if such a person ever gets to be the head of the Church, at which he evidently aims, it will be injured more by his violence and arbitrary disposition than by all the attacks of all the Dissenters.

I hope to acquaint the Primate, when I see him in the spring, with your disputes about the Epitaph; probabilis ought to be the word; and your opinion of the rank Johnson holds among our Poets, as well as of the phrase best fitted to discriminate that rank to classical ears, is perfectly correct and judicious.

Watson is worth fifty of Horsley, and though his title is certainly not well chosen, let us honour his integrity, and his

liberality, and his readiness to take the field. I love the good humour of his controversy—I love the use he makes of a knowledge by no means to be envied either for its depth or correctness. Differing in this much from my old friend and your antagonist, Hurd, who said of Watson's attack on Gibbon, in the usual sting of his sarcastic manner, "That he wished the defender of Christianity had been a little more in earnest."

I should be glad to be favoured with your Epitaph on Gibbon; it will require some attention. The interview with Bishop Hurd is well described, and I think the not dining proper, especially as combined with the resolution of dining at a future period.

You attack me in my criticism on your vindication, as if I had supposed you could be guilty of any thing incorrect about a matter of property. You have certainly mistaken me; for though I know not at this distance what I have written, I am sure what was written was the expression of my feelings at the time, and equally sure no such idea, at any time of my life, ever entered into my head. What I have said, I doubt not, signified my pleasure that this matter was cleared *to the satisfaction of the world.* We all owe it to the public to meet even the most distant and ill-grounded reflection of this sort. It was so impossible I could mean any thing else, that I would pledge my life such was the fair and real sense of the words. I suppose I wrote hastily that I was glad it was cleared up, or some such phrase.

My eyes (though stronger since I resigned my secretaryship) frequently prevent me from reading over again what has fallen from my pen. I have thus explained, as you desired me, seriously and fairly.

You ask me to explain, at length, the particulars of my situation at Cloyne. This place, which is a dirty Irish village, lies in a valley that seems evidently to have been formed in some distant age by the waters of Cork harbour in their way to the sea; a branch of that harbour still reaching a considerable way up the S. W. part of it, and the bay of Ballicotton encroaching on it towards the N. E. On every other part extends a chain of hills well cultivated, but without trees. In the middle of the valley, about three miles from the harbour

and as much from the sea, rises a small insulated hill, or rather hillock, on which lies the village, church, and house; and as this spot has a few tolerable trees about it, and is ornamented by a fine round tower, I do not wonder that an Irishman coming from Dublin through a naked country for a hundred and fifty miles, should think it a beautiful spot: or that an Englishman landing in Cork harbour, and comparing it with his own rich and well-dressed vallies, should wonder at Berkeley's liking it. The church is large, but not handsome, with one bell only, a very good organ, and its proper appurtenances of Vicars choral and singing boys. The Episcopal house is at the east end of the village, a large irregular building, having been altered and improved by different Bishops, but altogether a comfortable and handsome residence; the side next the village has a very close screen of shrubs and trees, and the three other sides look to a large garden and a farm of four hundred acres. This farm constitutes what is called the ..... lands, is generally close to the palace, and was intended for the corn and cattle consumed at the Bishop's table. The Bishop is therefore not allowed by act of Parliament to lease it out, but may let any part of it from year to year. I keep about fifty acres, enough to supply my stable with hay, and my dairy with milk, in my own hands; and these fifty acres compose three fields immediately contiguous to the house. The garden is large, four acres, consisting of four quarters, full of fruits, particularly strawberries and raspberries, which it was soon found his Lordship had a predilection for, and separated, as well as surrounded by shrubberies which contain some pretty winding walks, and one large one of nearly a quarter of a mile long, adorned for great part of its length by a hedge of myrtles six feet high, planted by Berkeley's own hand, and which had each of them a large ball of tar put to their roots: the evidence of this fact is beyond contradiction. At the end of the garden is what we call the Rock Shrubbery, a walk leading under young trees among sequestered crags of limestone, which hang many feet above our heads, and ending at the mouth of a cave of unknown length and depth, branching to a great distance under the earth, sanctified by a thousand wild traditions, and which, I have no doubt, sheltered

the first wild inhabitants of the town in its gloomy winding; and gave rise at last to the town itself, *cluain* being the Irish name for a cave, or place of retirement. Caves were, you know, till lately, places of retreat in the Scotch islands, to which the natives fled in the time of invasion; they were the fortresses of the first savages, and gave birth naturally to towns in their neighbourhood, as the Roman camps and Saxon castles did in England at a later period. I have inclosed this place, which is a favourite spot of mine, with a low wall, enlarged its limits, and planted it with shrubs which grow in this southern part of Ireland (where frost is unknown) to a luxuriance of which the tall myrtles I have mentioned may give you some idea. Here I always spend some part of every day; sometimes with the mistress of my affections, with her arm in mine. I plan little schemes of future amusement, and at other less playful hours,

Walk thoughtful on the quiet solemn shore,
Of that vast ocean I must sail so soon;
——————————And wait the wind
That silent wafts me to the world unknown.

On a Sunday too, the gates are always thrown open, that my Catholic neighbours may indulge themselves with a walk to the cave. A saint, I forget whether male or female, presides over its recesses:

Nemus, et nigra formidine collem,
Quis Deus incertum est, habitat Deus, Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse.

On all other days of the week no one ventures to intrude upon my retirement, not even the Prebendary in residence:

——————————pavet ipse sacerdos
Accessum, Dominumque timet deprendere luci.

At least so I found the rule established; but as I hate the insolence of wealth, I have been employing the carpenters some time past in making that sort of gate which cannot be left open for cattle, or shut against man.

Of Berkeley little is remembered, though his benevolence, I have no doubt, was very widely diffused. He made no improvement to the house, yet the part of it he inhabited wanted

it much, for it is now thought only good enough for the upper servants. My study is the room where he kept his apparatus for tar water. I wish he had planted instead of building—if, indeed, he built any thing, for I cannot find any tradition of it. Crowe, one of his predecessors, and Johnson, one of his successors, appear to have contributed most to the comfort of the place; but had there been a venerable oak or two nursed by the care of this excellent man, with how much respect should I have rested under its branches: and in no spot of earth do trees grow with more vigour. There is no chapel in the house; but a private door from the garden leads to the cathedral. The bell is in the round tower, the gift of Davies, Dean of Ross.

I have thus, I think, run through every thing relative to the situation of Cloyne. The neighbourhood is good; the barony of Imokilly, which surrounds it, particularly fertile. Two lords are near me, Shannon and Longueville, hostile to each other, but vying in civility to me. The common people getting rich, from the money spent by the large detachments of the army and navy occasionally detained in Cork harbour; and giving any price for fresh provisions. Protestants, comparatively, none. We are twenty English miles from Cork, which lies much further from its own harbour than we do. On the whole, if you survey this place with an English eye, you would find little to commend; but with an Irish one, nothing to blame.

I hope this letter, coming free under Bishop Porter's name, will satisfy you that he is not restrained by any laws concerning weight. Adieu; and believe me to be, under every circumstance, yours very sincerely, and affectionately,

WM. CLOYNE.

DEAR DOCTOR, *London, April 30, 1804.*

Your letter being directed to me at Bath, never reached me till a very few days ago; and though our opinions on politics are as widely different as ever, and the danger I have been in of personal ruin has particularly embittered my feelings on the subject, it appears to me that a great point has been gained by your answer. The very discussion of the causes of mutual com-

plaint may tend to conciliate our minds; too hastily, as I cannot but think, exasperated against each other.

You complain of my having made extracts from letters written to me in confidence. I never did it, but on that one particular occasion in order not to accuse you, but to justify myself to you; I could not *send back* your letters, for Government had stopped the post, a circumstance of which I dare say you are ignorant; and the General's despatches (which I saw) announced his resolution to give up the part of the country in which I live to the enemy. I could not, therefore, *keep* your letters. Now, surely this is a very plain and intelligible reason for my copying the passage in question, which I did, in such a manner, as no one could tell whose letter it was. What had party to do with this? If I intended to betray you, should I have burned your letters?

You mention, certainly with much delicacy, as another cause of complaint, that I have not offered to assist you in your professional pursuits. I declare to you upon my honour, that I looked upon a residence in Ireland, as too irreconcilable to your habits and feelings not to make such an offer bear the appearance of an insult. I had, besides, looked upon you as having better preferment, than it seems you have, in the English church, and by an Act of Parliament you must have resigned these livings for the Irish one, which, without attention to tythe proctors, and other matters much out of your line, as well as mine, would have produced nothing. I proved this in the case of Mr. Leman, who having no English preferment whatever, accepted a perfect sinecure, the Chancellorship of Cloyne; it is called £500, and never brought him in £200, and though I had got the present Archbishop of Dublin, then of Cashel, to consent to his living at Bath, where his health made it necessary for him, the succeeding Archbishop (Broderick) insisted on his coming to Ireland, and he has, in conseqence, been forced to resign it. Notwithstanding these facts I will confess I am not satisfied with myself. I ought to have made an offer of preferment to you, and the only excuse I can make for myself, is, that the time it was in my power was not long. The Crown nominated to all my livings, till January 1795, and in December 1796, Hoche appeared in Bantry, so

that I know not whether any thing possible for you to accept became vacant in that short interval.

You will not accuse me of having written this letter with much deliberation, for I have not taken off my pen from the time I began it. I am not conscious of ever having treated you with studied duplicity; and I seriously did mean in my last letter to satisfy and not to offend you. Let me hope that by my present very sincere, and well-intended address to you, I may dispel your doubts, and quiet your displeasure. I am sorry that, in the irritable state of my mind, arising from the certain ruin I apprehended at the time of the attack on Bantry, I charged you with principles or consequences, at least by inference which you disavow; but I should think you must allow, the sentence I quoted from your letter to me was not of a conciliatory nature, and it was very galling to find every measure to which, I believe under God, I owe my safety, thwarted by your friends; and O'Connor and the other men, I knew to be labouring to destroy my happiness, applauded, and, if I dare say so, encouraged by you. I could wish you would deny this charge, or confess that you were mistaken; it would be a great relief to my mind, and I should certainly be ready to make any apology you can desire for what you call my querulous and opprobrious mandate. It might deserve the former epithet, but not the latter. I thought myself much your inferior while I was writing it, and in no state of mind to insult any one. Matters are now much altered. I am independent in my circumstances; I am easy in my mind; and politics being set aside (on which I have full as good a right to form opinions for myself as you can have, and opportunities to acquire knowledge which you have never had), I am ready to concede, submit, forget, and subscribe to any terms you please, while I am allowed to subscribe myself, your sincere friend,

WM. CLOYNE.

DEAR PARR, *London, May* 11, 1804.

I write a few lines to say I am very happy to see your hand again, and with returning sentiments of friendship for me. I received also, three days ago, the second Edition of your Fast

Sermon, which I also thank you for. By the first edition being so soon sold off, there appears to be a just sense of your excellence in this mode of writing entertained by the public; and I shall be glad if you entertain thoughts of publishing a complete volume of your Discourses, for there are many subjects of political theology which you know more of, and are better capable of handling, than any one else. This you know was my opinion long ago; and the only objection I can see to the plan, is, that it would awake a nest of hornets, for whose noise, however, and even for such stings as they have, you probably care not much.

I fear the hopes of an union of talents, and a Ministry embracing the great men of all parties, which many of us had entertained within these few days, begin to fade; and, to tell you the truth, I heartily wish Pitt had refused to form an Administration, unless upon that broad basis.

I see a print of you in the shops, but which I should conclude not so like you as that from Romney's picture, which I have in Ireland, unless ten or fifteen years have altered you even more than they have me; and I am grown older in that time, as to my appearance, than you would easily credit.

I am, my dear Parr, with great esteem, your very sincere friend, WM. CLOYNE.

MY DEAR PARR, *Bath, Dec.* 4, 1804.

I hear the archbishopric is to be given either to Sutton or Pretyman, the former, at the late removal of Addington, not having come forward, as Pitt expected, to join in the attack; I still, however, think him likely to succeed. I hear also, with great surprise, Randolph mentioned for York. I hope your friend, Lady Oxford, has been sufficiently shocked with the total loss of liberty in France, to look upon Republican principles in their true light, as unfit to direct a *great* nation in any state of the *world*, and as tending, in the present state of it, to introduce the worst kind of slavery, unlimited submission to the will of a successful or favourite general; and I flatter myself that is the case, as you say her letter would delight, &c., though I confess I should also be delighted at learning the impression the curious scenes she has

visited must have made on a strong and well-informed mind. I reflect with great pleasure on the three days I passed at Hatton, and our confidential talk in the little smoking-room, where instruction, indeed, has often been conveyed in a most forcible manner. I read over Burke's epitaph with increasing admiration; it is by far the best you have ever written. Mention me with kindness to Mrs. Parr and your daughters; they are women of very superior minds; and believe me to be, my dear Parr, your sincere and affectionate friend,

WM. CLOYNE.

MY DEAR PARR, *Bath, Jan.* 10, 1805.

It is three weeks since I received your very kind and long letter, and it gave additional pleasure to me to find all your family joining in such warm professions of esteem and respect for me. I assure you the visit was highly gratifying to all my feelings, as well as supplying improvement of the most important kind. I need not say I should be delighted to repeat it; and my fondness for antiquity would be more indulged in the summer months by an excursion with you to Kenilworth, for Mrs. Cockayne tells me you are said, by the whole county, to understand those ruins more, and explain them better than any other person. At the same time, the expensive arrangement of a whole family, who are to be conducted for five hundred miles through the dissipation of the Capital, the difficulties of the Welch mountains, the bad inns and ill-broken horses of our Irish roads, and an interlude of sickness for sixty miles across the Channel, thrown in to diversify our distresses, will, I fear, take up so much of my time as to make it uncertain whether I can indulge myself in the hopes of a second visit. Your epitaph on Priestley was a delicate task, but I think, executed as you have conceived it, is more likely to have offended the violent spirits of his party than of ours, for we all allow him abilities of the highest class, and integrity above suspicion; and we even fear the effects of his doctrines, not so much under his management as in the hands of more violent and more ignorant partizans. I wish you would let some one write it out for me, for I want a collection of all the epitaphs you have composed. At the same time, though Priestley was

a good subject for your dexterity, I shall venture my reputation for taste, which you know I was always proud of, that no subsequent effort will ever exceed, and I think, indeed, never equal the epitaph on Burke. I have read it again and again with something above delight; with wonder and reverence; and think it a perfect composition. I join, of course, with you and your daughters in the cause of Sutton against Pretyman. I dislike the cold and supercilious manners of the latter; but I find the ministerial cry, at least that of the hangers on about the state coach, is turning strong for the former, and it is the fashion to say that the Church will not be *quite safe* under Sutton.

I know not whether Mrs. Wynne, who has every claim to my praise and esteem, is still with you; but if she is present when you read this, recall to her mind that she promised to assist me in my inquiries after the lost station of Varis, and that I have some questions to put to her which, at her return to Plas Newydd, I should be much obliged to her to answer. I want to know, 1st, The name of the field where the coins are found; 2nd, Its distance from Bodvary Church and from the River Chad; 3rd, Whether there are any entrenchments, banks of earth, or ditches on or near the spot; 4th, Whether there are traces of any ancient road to, or from it; 5th, Whether the coins have been found buried in urns, or scattered over the ground, the latter being the more certain evidence of a town; 6th, Whether the earth, or any portion of it near, is richer in its produce, or darker in its colour, than the general sort of the district; 7th, Whether any foundations, or bricks, or Roman pottery (which is easily distinguished from that of modern times by its brilliant red colour) have been at any time found. You will laugh at my anxiety and minuteness, but the discovery of a lost station to us Antiquaries is as a manuscript, the reading which throws light and meaning upon a difficult passage, would be to you. If Mrs. Wynne is not with you I shall trouble her with a letter on the subject. She may take what time she pleases to make inquiries, for the more she takes the more accurate her information will be. I condole with you for your friend Raine's disappointment. He is a profound scholar, and must and ought to come forward before long, and have

his share in the good things of the Church. The greatest fault of Pitt's administration has been his neglect of men of abilities. He should have said, if such a man deserves well of literature he deserves well of his country; if he is a friend he will be more attached, and if he is hostile I shall disarm his hostility. You entertain me by relating your clerk's blunder about the lessons, which, as you may easily conjecture, I never discovered. God bless you! I am, your's very sincerely,

WM. CLOYNE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Cloyne, July* 26, 1807.

I enclose you, as in honour and friendship bound, the five pounds towards your bells. Your first letter should have been answered instantly, but it came in the midst of my Visitation, and I had my pen in my hand for that purpose when the second arrived. Taylor's direction is to William Taylor, Esq., Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle. He carries any weight with his party. I am enraged at your friends, φίλοι ἀφίλοι, for their neglect, and fear, by the message from the house of Stow, nothing kind was intended. Lord Holland's conduct does him great credit, and, in the variable state of our politics, I shall not be surprised if, before long, he should be called to the King's Councils. In the mean time you are perfectly independent, and it is your country that is disgraced. What has Moss done that he is raised to the bench, when there was not a Prebendal stall for you. Go on with your literary works. Be amused, laborious, and happy. I rejoice in your mother-in-law's avarice defeating its own end. Tell Mrs. Wynne I esteem and honour her. We laugh here at your English party-cry of the Church being in danger by the late bill: it was much more in danger from other plans which Lords Grenville and Newport had in petto, and which they have the astonishing impudence to call benefits. Lord Buckingham has always been tampering with our Ecclesiastical constitution, and trying new-fangled experiments. It formed the only plausible objection to the Union, that our Church would be sacrificed when its attacks were made by persons who had no local knowledge of our defects or advantages. It was on this account we consented to the article which made our Church one with ....., flattering

ourselves with the hope that we might escape from such innovations, and not include the English church also. It is only seven years since the Union, and the minister comes forward with a plan to take away, under the name of regulation, the tithe of potatoes. I could bear this, though I think it an injury (for do not your clergy tithe oats and wheat, the food of your labouring poor), but I cannot bear to hear them call it a benefit, and boast of the service they shall render by it to the Protestant church. I would have a starling taught to repeat always in their ears: "Gentlemen, Ireland is not England; let us alone till you understand us more." God bless you, and believe me to be, my dear Parr, yours very sincerely,

W. CLOYNE.

MY DEAR PARR, *London, Jan.* 16, 1809.

I have been employed in reading over Warburton's Letters, which I had borrowed on a promise of quickly returning them. I hardly ever find reason to differ from you in your opinion of books, and in your character of this work I most heartily agree; to be sure in an 8vo. of more than 500 pages it is impossible not to see occasional marks of Warburton's strong and superior mind, but there are still more evident marks of his tyrannical temper. It appears, you see, by his own confession, that the only reason for his representing Jortin as the most mean and rancorous of mankind, was because he differed from his master, whether Julian might not have been killed by a Christian soldier in his army. Now surely if ever there was a question on which two learned men might differ without passion on either side, it was this simple matter of fact. I confess, though I knew this was one of the causes of complaint, I always thought it was part of a long connected chain of affronts and abuses, and I blush for human nature at finding my mistake. Another thing that disgusts me, is the contempt for the good things of the church, and the abuse of the givers and partakers of them, which the writers express so loudly, while they are snatching up themselves with a degree of voracity every crumb that falls from the minister's table. I am far from blaming either Warburton or Hurd for

taking the Preacherships and Prebends, and sinecures and bishopricks that in due time fell in their way. Would to Heaven these preferments were never worse bestowed, for they were both men of talents and (excuse a few human blots) men of virtue; but the affectation of despising those things, and abusing the Court that gave them, at the very time they were setting Mr. Allen, C. York, and Lord Mansfield to work to get their share of them, is most contemptible. On the whole, I have received much less entertainment than I expected from these letters, and no improvement; and this is what surprises me most, for Warburton in all his other works improved me, even though I disagreed with him on the doctrine he laboured to establish. Farewell, my dear friend, and believe me yours very faithfully, W. CLOYNE.

Your anecdote about the Kidderminster Preface is curious. I can anticipate its contents: much sneering, and little argument; with much about the *poor man's* mistake, and the *narrow walk* of literature he professes to cultivate, and the ignorance of these bad times, and the *fine* abilities of the writer of D. L.

MY DEAR PARR, *London, July* 3, 1809.

I have been very busy with your work on Mr. Fox, or rather with the more interesting part of it, the discourses on the propriety of amending our penal laws, which indeed, as it is so important a part of political economy, deserved, I think, to have had a treatise to itself, and probably would have had, if you had been conscious the subject would have grown so much under your hands. On the first of these points I do not very widely differ, and on the last I most heartily concur. But there are many subordinate questions open for discussion, and many allusions which I do not understand. I return you my sincere thanks for the present of the book; it made me think, and I shall go over it once more as soon as I have leisure. And I thank you still more for the handsome mention made of me in it, which, from the company with whose praise mine is joined, as well as the quarter from whence the praise comes, is particularly grateful to my feelings.

You should have heard from me before, as such a compliment merited, but I have been earnestly engaged in preparations for my journey to Ireland, and was anxious to fix, at the same time, the day on which you might expect me at Hatton; and this last circumstance, when you recollect whom I have to deal with, you may suppose was not easy to settle with precision. I think, however, I can now say with some certainty, that I shall be with you by five o'clock on Saturday, and hope to attend you to church on Sunday, and proceed on my journey the Wednesday following. I travel, as before, with only my own servant, not the young man that was at your house the last time, who was obliged to leave me much against my will, and more against his own, by a foolish quarrel with the housekeeper. I am, my dear Parr, your sincere friend,

W. CLOYNE.

DEAR PARR, *London, May* 17, 1819.

As soon as I can see the Archbishop of Canterbury in private, I will get his leave to look into the library at Lambeth for Bishop Lowth's Sermon, and have no doubt he will allow me to transcribe it for you. I never heard of it before. *I remember Markham's very well; and the passage you mention, which gave so much offence in its day. I suspect, however, this Sermon has long since gone to its proper place.*

What you observe of my going out of St. Mary's, is given with your usual accuracy of remembrance. I thought the discourse very ill composed, and very pompously delivered; and I suspect I gave my opinion with too much freedom; for Markham, whose behaviour was always stiff and uncourteous, threw a double portion of these unamiable qualities into the few conferences I ever had with him.

You have given me a most splendid account of your library; though in what part of the house at Hatton you can stow in safety ten thousand books, I cannot guess. It is some years since you led me from closet to closet through the bed-rooms up stairs, all filled to the top shelf with the best works of the best authors. I think I can very safely be surety for you to any amount.

A friend of yours, a Dr. Tuthill, applied to me the other day to preach a sermon for the Westminster Hospital; and called to my mind a fact I had forgotten, that I had given a promise two years ago, in consequence of your having expressed a wish to that effect, an argument to which I yielded without hesitation. I once heard Archbishop Newcombe preach a sermon on Whitsunday, not a bad one by any means; but I observed great caution about the personality.

God bless you; and remember me to Mr. Bartlam and Mrs. Parr. Yours very truly, WM. CLOYNE.

Lord Erskine to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have a thousand thanks to send you for your kind and friendly letter. The approbation of such an excellent judge of every accomplishment is a great prize; and I hope to be a candidate for it to better effect in a few months, when Gurney publishes the proceedings of which you have as yet but an imperfect sketch. Let me also thank Mrs. Parr for her partial judgment, and I hope that in a few months she will be a complete convert to reform of Parliament. God knows, the news of to-day might work a conversion of itself. All is lost in Flanders; and you may expect to hear in a few days complete and total rout and overthrow. I hope we shall meet soon in London. In the mean time, believe me to be, with great truth and esteem, your much obliged and very faithful servant,

T. ERSKINE.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Parr.

P. S. Our friend Sheridan has been a constant attendant on the trial, and gave most important evidence for Hardy.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 31, 1795.

I had the pleasure of your kind letter on my return to London from Norfolk. If our proposed Association *is followed up* it may make a mighty revolution in public sentiment; but perhaps it may call for more activity in many quarters than it may receive; great exertions, and funds to second them,

with discipline supported by self-interest, are fearful odds against voluntary assemblies of men with different views and various opinions. But if it does not succeed, certainly nothing will or can.

I went to-day to Ireland's from curiosity, having heard from several quarters that the new Shakspeare was a forgery, and having seen an advertisement from Malone upon the subject. All I can say is, that I am glad I am not the man who has undertaken to prove Mr. Malone's proposition; for I think I never saw such a body of evidence in my life to support the authenticity of any matter which rests upon high authority. I am quite sure a man would be laughed out of an English court of justice who attempted to maintain Malone's opinion in the teeth of every rule of probability acknowledged for ages as the standard for investigating truth. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Parr. I ever am, dear Sir, most sincerely, yours, T. ERSKINE.

Buchan Hill, near Crawley, Sussex, Dec. 7, 1821.

I cannot express to you, my dear Doctor Parr, how grieved I was that I had not the good fortune to be at home when you were so kind as to call upon me in London; more especially as I have heard since that you may not perhaps be expected again very soon; but if that should be so, I shall not fail to come to see you some day when the summer comes round. What dreadful times we live in for the cause of freedom in our country and in Europe, but the world is in quick progression, and we shall repent it hereafter, *when it is too late.*

I had my Romance of Armata handsomely bound to give you, but I am not sure that you had it: let me know; as it embodies all my political opinions upon the events of our own times.

I am amusing myself here with planting, and now and then go to London or to Brighton for a few days, as my stick happens to fall—when I take *the chance* of its falling to the north or to the south. If I were Alexander I should not so set up my stick at Petersburgh, *but would march in an instant to the south.* The day before yesterday (the 5th of December),

was the birth-day of a little son of mine, whom I named Hampden, after that truly great man; and having given some of my best old wine to my workmen and servants to drink his health, which they drank *in chorus*, I transcribe a Sonnet I wrote on the occasion, which ought not to meet with the eye of so fine a scholar, but your partiality for the author and for the cause of liberty, will blot out all faults.

Thy infant years, dear child, had passed unknown,
Nor wine had flowed throughout thy natal day,
But that thy name of Hampden fires the soul
Of Englishmen to drain the sparkling bowl;
Honest remembrance of his high renown,
In the great cause of law and liberty.

Should heaven prolong thy days to man's estate,
Follow his bright example—scorn to yield
To servile judgments. Boldly plead the claim
Of Britons' rights, and if the sacred flame
Of eloquence dies in corrupt debate,
Like Hampden urge their justice *in the field.*

Believe me to be always yours affectionately,

ERSKINE.

P. S. About a month ago I paid a visit to our friend Burdett at Ramsbury, who gave a ball to all his tenants. I wish all the landholders in England and in Ireland would follow his example. I spent two days most pleasantly—a finer family was never seen. Remember me most kindly, when you see them, to my good friends at Guy's Cliff.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *No.* 18, *York Buildings, New Road, Mary-le-bone, April* 22, 1823.

I was delighted at the Greek Committee last Saturday, to hear your name announced with pleasure to all as a member. We are going to call a public meeting.

I gave you, long ago, when you were in town, my letter to Liverpool on the subject of the Greeks, but I believe it was the second edition, and therefore you may not have seen the Preface to the 3d edition, or the Postscript to the Greek Com-

mittee in the 4th edition, published the other day. I have marked the concluding sentence of the Postscript; I could not help thinking of you when I was writing it, and I make myself sure that you will like it. Yours ever most faithfully and sincerely, ERSKINE.

P. S. The Preface to the 3d edition and the beginning of the Postscript are in one cover, and the remainder in the other. You will see by the pages how to marshal them.

Lord Holland, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Brompton Park, Feb.* 7, 1797.

Though I should undoubtedly seize any opportunity, with eagerness, of recalling myself to your recollection, yet I should feel some apology necessary for so abrupt a renewal of your acquaintance, were it not attended with what I conceive to be a real curiosity, no less than an ancient Greek book, which I am in hopes you never read. In the ruins of Herculaneum were found several hundred ancient manuscripts in scrolls, but so burnt that, to the eye of an inobservant person, they seem little more than ashes. An ingenious man invented a method of unrolling the scrolls, and at the same time preserving the letters. When at Portici I saw the process, which, however, I cannot accurately describe, and I feel it less incumbent upon me to attempt it, because I have been assured that the whole of the mechanical part of the business (to use my friend Canning's expression) was executed by the Nuns; and that the man I saw employed in unrolling the volumes and fixing the letters, was placed there for the amusement of strangers. It would be too ridiculous for me to give any opinion of the author at any rate, and still more so as I must confess that I never read above two of the columns. However, you will believe me sincere, when I lament that so much labour has been employed in unrolling column after column, upon music, when had they bestowed it upon the title pages of all the volumes they might, ere this, have not only discovered, but

made considerable progress in, the works of some of the most interesting authors of antiquity. It is not impossible, or even improbable, that many of the historians and poets mentioned with commendation by the ancients, or, perhaps, even the remaining works of authors now known and admired, may be among the volumes in the Museum of Portici; and if they pursue their present plan, a century may elapse before they ascertain the names of all the authors in the library. Had they began by making a catalogue of the manuscripts, we should at least have known what we had to expect.

Not knowing your direction I have sent the book to Bartlam, who will no doubt take the first opportunity of conveying it to you. I shall be proud to hear that you have done me the honour of accepting it, and that you consider it as a slight token of the great respect and admiration with which I am,

Dear Sir, ever yours, HOLLAND.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *Arundel Castle, Oct.* 7, 1806.

The Bishop of St. Asaph is dead, and if your revered uncle were living, I should not hesitate a moment in requesting his aid. Will your Lordship acquit me of presumption in looking up to you as the representative of his friendship to me? The See of Asaph is rarely given, in the first instance, to any person who is not previously on the bench. Will you pardon me for entreating you so far to interpose in my favour, that I may not be wholly overlooked in the Ecclesiastical arrangements which will be made on the appointment of a successor to Bishop Horsley?

I leave Arundel to-morrow, and shall be in Thornhaugh-street. I attend the funeral on Friday. Once more, my Lord, I entreat your forgiveness for the liberty I take, and to which I am encouraged by my habitual and well-founded confidence in your candour, and perhaps I may add, your personal good will to myself. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most respectful and obedient servant, S. PARR.

MY LORD, *Oct.* 9, 1806.

I have this moment, on returning from Arundel, received the honour of your Lordship's letter to me, and a copy of that which you wrote to Lord Grenville. I thank you, my Lord, from the very bottom of my soul. I long for an opportunity of paying my personal respects to you, and in the course of next week I will wait upon you, any day you may be pleased to appoint; and have the honour to be, your Lordship's most respectful and grateful servant, S. PARR.

MY LORD, *March* 28, 1807.

Your letter is destroyed, and the contents will never escape ἕρκος ὀδόντων. I am deaf, stupid, and restless with a stubborn cold, which the extremes of wet and heat, during my electioneering crusade, have much inflamed, and which certainly will terminate in an asthma, unless I am very careful. My attention is chiefly taken up with some metaphysical subjects. But I shall in all probability avail myself of the opportunity afforded me to make a tender of some hints, and especially, I shall keep in view, the prejudices and outrages of my clerical brethren.

I would recommend to our συνεργὸν Warburton's Alliance, particularly in his remarks on the *Test*, and a work on the Test Act is ascribed to Serjeant Heywood, and evidently carrying with it marks of contribution from laborious and sagacious enquirers; it is the only good book, written about sixteen years ago, when the question of the Test was debated in Parliament, and the Dissenters destroyed their own cause by metaphysical trash. It is called "The Rights of Protestant Dissenters to complete Toleration, By a Layman." And was printed by Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and Debrett, Piccadilly. I will send it to you if you cannot get it. Moreover, it will be worth while to get a defence of the Quebec Bill to establish Popery, written by Sir W. Meredith. I will tell you a curious story, which elucidates the shuffling and temporizing politics of the priesthood: My friend Dr. Ibbetson, a very

high Priest, appeared in convocation, and attempted to deliver a speech, in which he was to shew that the character of the King, as head of a Protestant Church, was inconsistent with the Bill for establishing Popery in North America. His courtly brethren brow-beat him, and the Bishops would not give him one of Secker's options. The whole story is entertaining, and may be pertinently introduced. It is called "A Speech in the Lower House of Convocation; by James Ibbetson, D.D. Archdeacon of St. Alban's," and was printed for White in Fleet-street. Pray get the edition; if you cannot, I will desire a friend, to whom it is now lent, to forward it to you.

I think you a little unfortunate in the choice of θ; what says Persius?

Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere theta.

And what Martial of an executioner, who knew the hand-writing of the judge?

Est operæ pretium discere theta novum.

It stood, you see, for θάνατος.

Pray, my Lord, let every thing be very *temperate*, and respectful to the King. The real import of the coronation oath, should be explained, and much light may be thrown upon the subject, by remarks on the union with an Anti-Episcopal Church in Scotland. That union went to establishment, and was subsequent to the coronation oath; but it will supply analogies for a more ample toleration in Ireland, after the union with that country. If, consistently with his oath to maintain the Church of England as by law established, the King can *establish* Presbyterianism in Scotland, surely he may, with equal consistency, *tolerate* Popery in Ireland. When William came over, our Churchmen had a very fresh and feeling recollection of their sufferings under the Puritans, and, during his reign, they would not have listened to any Ecclesiastical connection of the Crown with the Presbyterians. Pray let somebody look into Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and read what passed between the Doctors of the Sorbonne and Archbishop Wake, about the union of the Gallican and English Churches. When

I have but the leisure, I will send you some observations. I give no quarter to the Parsons, and my argument may be employed with great effect by the great talents of Mr Brougham. What strong weapons do we put into the hands of the French Infidels? If the freest people in Europe are unsafe in *tolerating* Popery, who shall blame the Philosopher for not permitting it to be established? The only answer is, that here, Protestantism is the alternative, and there, Philosophical Deism. But both parties assume the dangerous tendency of Popery to the interests of civil society; with distinctions and modifications this argument may be turned to good account.

I have to add my Cambridge news, that with my own eyes I saw no popery written in three places on our Senate House, as well as on the eastern walls of Clare Hall Chapel, and Trinity Hall College.—That the blustering Master of Trinity carried with him *only one vote* among the resident Fellows; and that Lord Henry would do well to avoid the mistakes committed lately by his London Committee, and to avail himself of College Registers kept by Tutors, which alone can explain the shifting and scattered residences of academical voters.

Many votes were lost by inattention to the College accounts of residences. Dr. Ramsden, whom Dr. Mansell of Trinity, by his intrigues, lately made Deputy Professor of Divinity, was the only resident Fellow that went with the Master of Trinity against two Trinity candidates. Pray tell this to Lord Henry.

I beg my best respects and best wishes to Lady Holland, and all your Lordship's family, and have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and much obliged friend and humble servant,

S. PARR.

MY LORD, *June* 1, 1807.

As many persons will be employed, it will be right to glean from all quarters. I inclose references to the *Alliance* by Warburton, 4th edition. All the passages referred to may be considered, and most of them will supply some observation; *perhaps* this subject of the Test may make a separate pamphlet, and only allusions to strong points should *be* admitted into the great work, which, in all probability, will turn more on

questions merely political. I think that much is to be made of the Canada and the Corsica Bills. If James the Second had been living, would such Bills have passed? No. If it was safe to *establish* the Roman Catholic Religion then, it is safe to tolerate it more largely in Ireland now, and in England too. If the Presbyterians were unexpectedly, and by a snare, included in the Test in the reign of Charles the Second, it is but fair that if relaxation is granted now to the Catholic, it should be granted to the Protestant Dissenter. I throw these things out carelessly and irregularly. Again, in *Barrow*, there is the *fullest* examination of the Pope's claims to temporal power. Shall I mark the passages, and then they may be contrasted with the present practices of the Pope, and the present avowed determination of English and Irish Catholics not to acknowledge his temporal power? My book will save time to other persons. I think Barrow will supply *useful* suggestions.

I quite agree with your Lordship on the excellence of Scævola. When the letters appeared in the Morning Chronicle, I wrote to Mr. Perry, and desired him to collect and re-publish them: they are re-published. Scævola's other two books are excellent. But I want a grave, statesmanlike, comprehensive statement, similar to that which the argumentative and eloquent Mr. Brougham wrote last year. I found a great impression made on the Tories by four letters, ascribed to Lord Hawkesbury. He might compose the first; the others are of a higher order of composition. They were addressed, some of them, to Lord Howick. Here the question will hinge, how came the Ministers to make the first entry in the Privy Council book? I say, because the question had already been brought before Parliament. You must shew, not me, but others, that they never came, nor intended to come down, clothed with the King's power to carry a Bill against the King's conscience.

I maintain they never did; and this is the heaviest charge brought against you—you certainly yielded enough. The only error, that is a great one, and an error Mr. Fox, from his sagacity, and after his experience, would not have committed, was, that upon the first—the very first appearance of *reluctance* or dissatisfaction in the King, you did not resign, and strip him of the benefit his cause derives from party, and dis-

cussions, and modifications, and concessions. This, my Lord, was a great mistake, and all the moderation and deference you shewed afterwards will not atone for it. I have received a parcel of very good papers, and shall distribute them properly; they anticipate almost every thing I had to say. My views have been turned by the furious harangues of my brethren towards the ecclesiastical parts of the question. I hope Lord Grenville now sees what sort of stuff makes Bishops and Priests—he and Lord Henry have had to learn a useful lesson in both Universities. I hope that Mr. Brougham will lash the Universities founded by Papists. Do we not swear to their statutes, enjoy their revenues, pray for them every day as men "Quorum beneficiis ad pietatem et literarum studia alimur?" When did the spirit of Protestantism furnish such buildings, such endowments—such ample provisions for learning and piety, and at this day, are not these wise academical regulations compatible with the improvement of Protestants in science? Do they not regulate the very place of education prepared for Protestant priests, lawyers, physicians, gentlemen, noblemen, statesmen, &c.? This is a spacious field; and here, in your greatest work of defence, the greatest effort ought to be made to put my academical brethren to open shame. Pray excuse this rambling.—Have you found Heywood's book? It anticipates me in some of my remarks on Warburton: see the changes of clerical opinion.

My Lord, when Warburton's book was first published the highflyers thought it too base, and they vindicated it under the name of an alliance between William and Warburton. When the Test question came on about seventeen years ago, it was turned to as a book of great authority. I have some polemical remarks on what Warburton says on the coincidence of truth and utility, as he plays the sophist; when I can get a scribe I will send them to you. They are too scholastic for any political purpose. Favour me with your Lordship's commands.

I never felt conviction so unclogged, or indignation so fierce as on the late business. I shall die before your return into power. But among my pupils I shall leave you a learned and honourable race of Whigs. My son-in-law in Denbighshire has fought a good fight. Malthy, my pupil, has been attacked by

Antisejanus Scott, in Huntingdonshire, and is going to press. Wilberforce, the ———, and all the methodists, will desert you; yet it has been said, that *here* was danger to the Church. And behold, they are loudest in the cry against Popery—and their leaders are in Parliament, and one of them is, in reality, our premier. I have the honour to be, &c.

S. PARR.

Lord Holland to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Holland House, May 25.*

Menage, under the article *Bouquin* an old book, derives it from the German word *Buch*, the original no doubt of our word *book*. But he adds, that it means an old book, like those *which come from Germany, and are good for nothing but squibs*, (a faire des fusées) and to prevent

Ne toga *cardyllis*, ne pænula desit olivis.

Now I am ashamed to say that I do not know what is the English of *Cardyllis*, nor indeed what is the sense of the whole line. Is Cardyllus a diminutive of *carduus*? and is toga the down of the thistle? and if it is, how can it supply the place of waste paper? and what covering, cloak or surtout (pænula) has an olive, which serves the same purpose as paper. Neither Facciolati, Stephanus, nor Du Cange is of any assistance to me on this occasion. Ever yours, VASSALL HOLLAND.

Sunning Hill, May 30.

"Ne toga cordylis, ne pænula desit olivis," is the first line of the first epigram in the 13th or 14th book of Martial; and Cordyla, or, as sometimes written, Cordulla, is (the dictionaries inform me) a small fish which was wrapped up in oiled paper like our red mullets. The whole difficulty arose from the carelessness or affectation, I know not which, of Menage, who chose to write it "cardyllis."

Your friend will not get your letter till to-morrow, as you will perceive by my date that I have left town for a few days.

Ever truly yours, VASSALL HOLLAND.

If you have any letters from my Uncle I should feel very much obliged to you to allow me to have copies of them, as I

have a great collection of his letters, and am anxious to preserve them, and several of his friends have given me the originals, or copies of those they had in their possession.

DEAR SIR,

In the marginal note to a Sermon of Barrow, on the text of "Keep thy heart with all diligence," I find the following lines.

Index ipse sui se totum explorat ad unguem.
Quid proceres, vanique ferat quid opinio vulgi
Securus.

Whence do they come? *Opinio*, as a dactyl, may possibly be classical and right. We Etonians should reckon it either prosaic or incorrect, or at least inadmissible; in short, my poor tutor, Langford, himself would have *marked* it, though perhaps he could not have given a reason for so doing, as indeed he was not very handy at giving a good one for any thing he did, or for any thing he left undone. Still he had from school instinct, or from long practice, learnt to feel something about language which was seldom wrong. "I banish that word"—"I condemn and execrate that phrase," were frequent expressions of his in looking over our exercises, and I must own I have seldom found that the words or phrases dismissed by that summary process ever turned out good subjects, though they have sometimes been screened from public justice by greater authorities than the under-master of Eton school.

I should like to know where the verses are.

Yours ever, VASSALL HOLLAND.

DEAR SIR, *Holland House, Dec. 5.*

I am quite ashamed of having so long deferred answering your letter, and expressing my satisfaction in being admitted to contribute to your painted window. Portugal and the King have set every body wild about politics, and one has hardly time to think, talk, or write about any thing else.

Mr. Adair, who has been here for some days, is come home in excellent health, and full of approbation, nay, of admiration of the Spanish Whigs. It is whimsical to observe that the

greatest assistance to the cause of a free press, and other objects connected with liberty, is afforded from the ecclesiastical deputies. I was intolerant enough to suppose that it was only in our own church that one could find men of Dr. Parr's liberal opinions, and God knows that is not very common even in our church; but there are passages in the canon Torrero's speech, which, for soundness of doctrine, and even for eloquence of expression, you would not be disposed to disclaim. Ever truly yours, VASSALL HOLLAND.

P. S. Lady Holland is very anxious to know whether you are likely to come to town, and joins with me in regretting that years have passed without our having had the satisfaction of having you under our roof.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *Dec.* 7, 1810.

I beg of you to accept my very thankful and respectful acknowledgments for your generous contribution for the restoration of my chancel windows; and I am sure that your Lordship will rejoice to hear, that by the kindness of yourself and other friends, I shall be enabled to make the glory of the second temple not inferior to the glory of the first. I was well aware that the burthen of Parliamentary, or Conventional business, would occupy your whole mind; and I was much pleased with your animated reply to Lord Harrowby. I have often observed, that the matchless sagacity of Mr. Sheridan is occasionally perverted by a propensity for display, or an affectation of singularity, or a lust of thwarting. Hence, I suppose, he did not vote in the second debate; and for his captious and unjust attack upon Sir F. Burdett in the first, I cannot find it in my heart quite to forgive him.

I have read some speeches in the assembly of the Cortes, which charm me, for they shew that principles most congenial to the natural sentiments of man, and most salutary to his several interests and moral character, have found their way in Spain, and are called into action by favourable opportunity. I have not seen the oration of which you speak, and which, I am sure, would delight me not the less, because it resembles

and surpasses what I should myself be not unlikely to deliver. On great subjects, and in trying situations, I dislike the fanaticism of priests and the dogmatism of philosophers. I think there is more wisdom, and I am sure there is more virtue in that moderation which teaches us to bear with the errors of others, while we hold fast our own well-considered and well-founded principles. Here, as a practical man, and not from any *priestly* partialities, I was glad that the political freedom of the press was not suddenly and indiscriminately extended to writings upon religion, which, after all, would be addressed to a people who, in the present state of things, would neither relish nor understand them. By degrees, however, they will be prepared for them, and then, say I, remove every restraint. I can assure you, my Lord, that the Church of England has at all times been adorned with liberal men. But indolence, or fear, led them to be silent. At this moment I could name many excellent ecclesiastics whose learning, whose magnanimity, and whose enlarged notions in church and state, would delight you. Some of these were my pupils, others my friends, and happy am I to say, that among the latter are two or three upon whom my example and my connection have had no unfavourable influence.

The safe return of Mr. Adair, after a most arduous and honourable career, is highly pleasing to me: he has never deserted, in thought or word, his own party, and yet his opponents dare not arraign his heart. Burke is not alive to rave at him, and one who is living shall not sneer at him with impunity, while I have ears, or eyes, or a tongue, or a pen.

I doubt very much whether I shall ever see the capital again; for after the rapid succession, and wide spread havoc of my domestic afflictions, I feel an inward sinking of soul, and a growing indifference to all worldly concerns. You know not, my Lord, how much I am gratified by Lady Holland's remembrance of me. Her various knowledge, her keen penetration, and her wit, never fail to make her Ladyship's society not only agreeable, but interesting to me. Present my best respects to Lady Holland and to Mr. Allen, and believe me, my Lord, your most faithful friend and obliged humble servant,

S. PARR.

MY LORD, *Feb.* 6, 1811.

After the late occurrences, I suppose that the Court of Carlton House will not assume quite the same character which might have belonged to it under a change of Administration, and of course I shall not give your Lordship any further trouble on the subject about which I solicited your advice and your aid. I think, with Sir Roger de Coverley, that much may be said on both sides, and perhaps I could myself say it more promptly and more forcibly than the worthy Knight. But, with my imperfect knowledge of facts, I shall not attempt to form any decisive judgment. Time is a wise and faithful expositor of actions, and possible it is, that before I am numbered with the dead, these perplexing changes may be clearly and fully solved. My dread is from the first powerful effect they may produce in public opinion, which hitherto has been favourable in a quarter where I anxiously wished it to be so. I shall content myself with being a hearer and an observer till events throw open such lights as may justify praise or censure. Do not suppose that I am so absurd or so indecorous as to have the smallest intention of eliciting any opinion from your Lordship, directly or indirectly. No, my Lord, no. What you and other men say in Parliament, and what therefore will be known to every reader of newspapers as well as myself, will be sufficient for me. Heaven forbid that there should be inconstancy, for it will disgust and alienate friends. I would yet more earnestly deprecate the influence of fear, for, in the present state of affairs, it will lead the triumphant party to multiply their encroachments, and forge the chains of perpetual thraldom for one who is hereafter to be the Sovereign. I sincerely wish him well. Pray give my best respects to Lady Holland, and permit me to subscribe myself your Lordship's most unfeigned well-wisher, and devoted humble servant,

S. PARR.

Lord Holland to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Pall Mall, Feb.* 15,

It was not till my return yesterday from Bedfordshire, whither I had been called by Lord Ossory's illness, that I learnt,

with any certainty that the Regent would hold levees, and that Tuesday was named for the first. Whenever you wish to go I shall feel proud to attend you; but, as the opportunities are likely to be frequent, you may consult your own convenience.

The Regent's conduct is certainly liable to some animadversion from Stoics in politics, and Purists in constitution; but those who have seen it near, and know its motives, must acknowledge it to be natural and even amiable. It is certainly likely to prove both fortunate and popular.

His conduct to the Whigs has, in my judgment, been not only sincere, but handsome in the extreme. I am equally certain that his intentions are good, but he is unquestionably in a situation exposed to the assaults of cunning and intrigue, and he is among cunning and intriguing men.

Lady Holland, as well as myself, is anxious that levee business, or something, should bring you to town, as it is a long while since I had the pleasure of assuring you in person of the sincere respect, esteem, and friendship, with which I am, dear Sir, your obliged, humble servant, VASSALL HOLLAND.

MY LORD, *Feb.* 18, 1811.

I entreat you to accept my sincere thanks for the kind letter which I had the honour of receiving from you last week. I have numberless doubts and difficulties on the subject about which I wrote to you, and for the present I have no thoughts of going to the Capital. I this week shall go to Bedford, and take up some little property which I bought to get a vote in that county. I shall then visit the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, and move onwards through Cambridge to Holkham.

In regard to some late occurrences, I have received some interesting intelligence from two considerable personages, whose politics are in harmony with your Lordship's, and who, like yourself and Mr. Fox, consider and anathematize as damnable heresies the tenets of Meno the Thessalian, and a certain representative of Meno in modern times, ἐπὶ τὸ κατεργάζεσθαι ὡς ἐπιθυμοῦσι, συντομωτάτην ὁδὸν φασὶ δεῖναι διὰ τοῦ ἐπιορκεῖν

τε, καὶ ψεύδεσθαι, καὶ ἐξαπατᾶν· τὰ δὲ ἁπλοῦν τε καὶ ἀληθὲς ἐνομίζετο τὸ αὐτὸ τῷ ἠλιθίῳ εἶναι. Στέργων δὲ φανερὸς μὲν ἦν οὐδένα. It is worth your Lordship's while to look at the character of Meno as drawn by Xenophon at the end of the second Book of the Anabasis. I happen to know three or four very busy and mischievous agents on a late occasion. And of three, E., P., HH., I must say indignantly, with an old writer, ὅτι μὲν ἦν ποθ' ὁ κέρκωψ, ἢ τὸ καλούμενον παιπάλημα, ἢ τὸ παλίμβολον; ἢ τὰ τοιαῦτα ῥήματα, οὐκ ἤδειν πρότερον νυνὶ δ' ἐξηγητὰς τούτων λαβὼν τῆς πάσης κακοηθείας μεμάθηκα. There is a fourth personage yet more exalted, and whose dexterity in Court intrigues has been quite as notorious, and nearly quite as mischievous, upon former occasions as well as upon a late one; and of him I would say, in consequence of what he has lately been doing, αὐτίκα μάλα τῶν ἐπὶ κακίᾳ διαβοήτων ἀκρότατος, ἀπεστερῆσθη ὑπὲρ τοὺς κέρκωπας, ὑπὲρ τὸν Εὐρύβατον, ἢ Φρύνωδακ, ἢ Ἀριστάδημον, ἢ Σώστρατον. There is a fifth and yet more formidable personage, ἣν τρέμομεν, λέγειν, as was said of the Eumenides.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, &c. &c.

S. PARR.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Dec.* 31, 1812.

I am happy in saying that most of the learned Ecclesiastics with whom I live in friendship are decidedly favourable to the claims of the Roman Catholics. Dr. Maltby wrote something, and wrote well. Dr. Knox is, I believe, on the same side. You do not seem to be aware that Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury, one of our very best scholars, has written yet more largely, and this you will find in the Notes upon the Sermon which he preached at Cambridge, at the Duke of Gloucester's Installation, and which has produced a long correspondence between him and Sir J. Coxe Hippisley. You know that I have taken a very decided part. Dr. Davy, whom we must now consider as an Ecclesiastic, is with us. Happy I was that my pupils and their pupils hastened to Cambridge upon a late occasion, and

voted as it became my children in grace and grand-children to vote. You know that Mr. Copleston of Oxford opposed the Petition there. You complain that these men do not exert themselves. I believe, my Lord, their exertions have not been quite so zealous as those of the High Church party; but I had the happiness to know that what I wrote has made a strong impression, and added to the number of my sins in the view of my Ecclesiastical superiors. Dr. Maltby's book touched upon the subject incidentally, and had less effect because it came forth on the eve of an election. But he is very firm, and, in the University, very active; and sets all clamour at defiance. Dampier, when Bishop of Rochester, was brutally rude to Knox at a public visitation of the Clergy; and Priests, like Kings, never forget, or forgive. Butler has been converted by me from a Tory into a Whig, both in Church and State. He is not rich. He is somewhat connected with a Tory Bishop; but he preserves his independence, and no Ecclesiastic in this Kingdom is more entitled to the good opinion of those who hold your Uncle's principles. The Bishop of Norwich can defend himself; but he cannot annoy his Episcopal opponents. There are points upon which Ecclesiastics only can speak with effect; and the House of Peers affords no such combatant. Had I been there, I should have fixed my reputation upon my exertions in this great and good cause. But I am on the shelf, and must live and die a mere country Parson. There will be more clerical meetings in a short time. But I am convinced that no meeting on my side of the question would be of any use; otherwise, I would call one, and take the lead. But the numbers would be few, and my opposition would inflame the zeal, and fill the ranks of the High Church party. In this county I could not muster more than seven voters, and upon two of them I have some doubts, from their perilous situation. I have again and again weighed the propriety and usefulness of appealing to the Clergy, but they are quite deaf to argument. I think you may fairly say, in the House of Lords, that of the learned Clergy who have written, the majority is with you. In truth, no scholar of eminence has written on the other side. The Bishop of Lincoln is a very sensible man, but is not usually ranked among our scholars, and he is peculiarly active against

the Roman Catholics. My Lord of Durham is a Sciolist, and if I were in the House, I should almost flay him alive. Pray get his book, and trounce him. He has given, to a very shallow man, one Le M. a living of £2,000. per annum, for writing against the Roman Catholics. The mischief has been done by Milner, who is both a jesuit and a bigot, and a persecutor in spirit, and who terrifies all the leading Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics in Ireland. He preserves his own power by separating the priesthood and the laity; and that power he prefers to the general merits of the cause. For obvious reasons of delicacy I shall not state my serious and fixed opinion upon the wrong system, which the Whigs were likely to pursue, in promoting Clergymen. I have heard much upon the subject from considerate men, and I confess to your Lordship, fairly, that I believe such a man as myself not likely to stand high in the favour of * * * * * or * * * * * * *. In your Uncle and in your Lordship I had observers who understood, and friends who would have trusted me; and I say the same of Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Bedford. But there are other persons besides * * * * * and * * * * * *, who, forgetting the peculiar character of the times, would have had some jealousy of clever and independent men; and would have employed their influence in promoting relatives, tutors, &c. &c. The Ministers in Mr. Pitt's time, and since, have directly, by the weight of the Crown, or indirectly, by the patronage of the Lord Chancellor and the Bishops, pursued a different plan, so far as promoting their adherents is concerned; and so it happens that they had nothing to fear from the magnanimity of their favourites, and have turned even the comparative slenderness of their abilities to very good account. They have done, and will continue to do, enough in the way of encouragement to the High Church Clergy. And this sort of patronage leaves them much to bestow on their own families. My friends speak their real mind; they have to encounter clamour and ill will; but they have very languid expectations of preferment—from men, whose principles they approve, and whose character they respect. In all probability I shall be in my grave before any one of them gets even a prebend, and you know very well the unexampled and low state of the Episcopal

Bench in point of literary character, as you also know the temporizing spirit and almost unequalled power of the present Archbishop, and his very active coadjutor in the See of London. I find I have written more than I intended, and therefore I shall only add that Orator Crowe and Sidney Smith are men of whose concurrence the friends of the Roman Catholics may justly boast. When I come to town in the Spring I shall hope to have a little good-humoured chit chat with Mr. Fox about his studies. I am grieved to hear that Canning has enlisted that Titanian Hero, Bobus Smith, among his auxiliaries, and lately, with some fierceness, I have told my mind to this tremendous champion. Sir J. Mackintosh is coming into Parliament, but I hear nothing of the side he means to take.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Feb.* 19, 1813.

When you and I talk of Clergymen who have not signed the Anti-Catholic Petition, they must appear to us "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." I have been inquiring what passed in my own neighbourhood, and you will see from it the peril of any attempt to call together a host of opponents. Mr. Willes, whose polished manners, cultivated understanding, and exquisite wit are well known to Sir J. Mackintosh, and who adds the weight of a considerable fortune to an independent mind, has not put his signature; and in the general course of his politics he is a follower of your Uncle. Mr. Williams of Wellsbourne, a collateral relation of Bishop Burnet, and nephew to West, the friend and correspondent of Gray, is among our worthies. His son, a very good scholar, and Fellow of Merton, acts up to the example of his father, and speaks upon the subject with all the warm feelings of an enlightened and uncorrupted young man. In Willes and the two Williamses we may boast of very able, as well as very steady auxiliaries. Mr. Kendall, the oppressed and injured Master of Lord Leicester's Hospital in Warwick, has not signed. Mr. Boudier, a popular Preacher in the great Church at Warwick, and a worthy man, was absent

when the Petition came to Warwick. For prudential reasons, he may consider this as an escape; but I could have trusted him under any circumstances. Here, for the present, must end my list. I believe that in the neighbourhood of Coventry two of my acquaintances have not signed; I have some fear about a third, not because he is ministerial, or intolerant, but because he seems to have some confused notions of danger to the Church. I am quite sure that this county will not supply half a dozen more Clergymen than those to whom I have adverted. I some time ago met Lord Morpeth at Chatsworth, and I was delighted with his manners, temper, learning, taste, and sagacity. The Duke has all the noble properties of an English patriot and an English prince. John Bartlam judges, feels, talks, and acts precisely as it becomes a pupil and a friend of mine to do. He is drinking his tea, and desires to be most respectfully remembered to your Lordship.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Feb.* 28, 1813.

I hope not to trespass too much upon your attention at this busy time by troubling you with a line or two. Yesterday I received a letter from the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, Sir R. Phillips, who lives in Tavistock-square. I had given him some reason to expect that I should let my letter to the Archdeacon be inserted in his Magazine, which, as your Lordship knows, has a very high character, and a very extensive circulation. I am puzzled with these opening words in his answer, "your admirable compositions reached me the day before yesterday." Now, as he does not mention your Lordship's name, and as I have not had the honour of hearing from you on the subject, I know not whether I am to suppose that the paper which I sent to you has been transferred to him; and I am the more vexed, because I wish to be governed by your Lordship's directions about the publication of it in the periodical work just now mentioned.

I congratulate the Catholics on the inimitable and invincible speeches of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Plunkett. Will your Lord-

ship have the goodness to tell me the name of the Prelate to whom Sir R. Heron alludes? I must get the Episcopal Book. I am grieved that Bobus has joined the standard of Canning; but I think him one of the greatest and most honourable of men. I hear that the Prince Regent incautiously and indecorously drinks, for one of his toasts, success to the East India Company. You and I know that a good cause is sometimes wafted into port, and sometimes wrecked upon shoals and rocks in the tempestuous war of words. But if the story be true, it shews that the directors are skilful in their European, as well as their oriental policy, and that, knowing the temper and the inclination of the parties with whom they are to negociate for peace or war, they have had recourse to the old fashioned and irresistible tactics which teach men to fight and to conquer as Philip of Macedon used to do, Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

MY LORD, 1815.

I most cordially condemn the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, and perhaps, in point of policy, we might in this country have secured his person more effectually.

As to the proceedings in France, I view them with horror. It is the last act in the accursed drama which began at Vienna in the partition conspiracy.

I pant not only for the political and military defeat, but the personal and exemplary punishment of all the leading offenders, whether imperial, or royal, or noble. I was delighted with your Greek, but I love your moral feelings and moral principles far more. May heaven preserve you and reward you! When your kind letter came I was visiting Johnny Bartlam, and we often mentioned your honoured name. I received the letter on Friday night, and I answer it by the first London post.

Accept, my Lord, my very respectful and hearty acknowledgments for your great kindness in procuring me the book de Stylo inscriptionum, and the collection of Inscriptions, written by Morcellus.

I think that on looking into the book you will find more

judicious criticisms, and latinity clear and flowing; and in a degree more than common, classically pure.

Among the other miseries of war, and especially such a war, and such settings up and puttings down of government, there must be a temporary check to intellectual improvement.

I rejoice to see some vestiges of reluctance in Louis XVIII. to have his country dismembered. As to the other Bourbons, I have little hope from them: one is said to have energy, but it is a very equivocal word in the present troublesome state of things. Strange scenes will be opened when you meet in Parliament; and my hope is, that as the fear of Napoleon is nearly gone by, there will be a gradual return of good sense, and, I add, self preservation; for if the system now going on should continue and prosper, there is an end of independence in every state.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

S. PARR.

MY LORD, *May 5*, 1819.

In point of fact, the Pope acquired most of his temporal power by his spiritual, and by his spiritual he in part preserved and enlarged it. In after times, Ecclesiastics would have struggled for his temporal, as auxiliary to his spiritual influence; and in other times, the belief of the one must have facilitated the belief of the other. It is otherwise now, among ourselves. Certainly from the belief of our doctrine we may infer the probability that another is believed. He that admits adoration of Saints, will be prepared to admit the seven Sacraments; and he that admits the most incredible of all, Transubstantiation, strange to tell, will abandon last what you and I should reject first. Be assured that after the Reformation many Protestants, to some extent, were very, very, very unwilling to give up Transubstantiation. They held wary and ambiguous language nearly for a century. But how can English Protestants quarrel so fiercely with a Papist about Transubstiation, when he is *not* hostile to the Lutherans, who hold out to you what is equally incredible, and what is equally at variance with our Church doctrines, *Consubstantiation*. This anomaly deserves notice. If I had a scribe I would state my opinion upon the *causes*

which lead me to embrace stoutly the most mysterious doctrines. The fact is notorious. As to Eldon, regard not his voluntas, or his noluntas, and remember noluntas is an old word used by Cicero, and recalled by St. Austin. Force upon him Milton as an ally, but pray observe, Milton, who hated the discipline, was not far removed from the tenets of the English Church. Locke, who cared little for the discipline, stood far away from the doctrines, and yet to this republican, heretical expositor, we all appeal, at this day, on St. Paul's Epistles. He is our best guide. In regard to Locke, the political and notorious extravagance of his day led him to reflect on the folly and guilt of intolerance. The *personal* insult he received from a Popish high-flier and obsequious College, increased his antipathy. He fled for shelter to a country where Arminius, Episcopius, Limborch, Le Clerc, and Grotius had pleaded for toleration. He admitted establishments, but resisted the rigour of hierarchy, and hierarchy was then the dictum of the Romanists, aye, and the contests of Ecclesiastics at last was between papal and domestic hierarchy. I once might have carried his civil discipline as far as he does. Passive obedience was the word among the English Clergy, but when their own ecclesiastic power was in danger the King resisted. The old Papal Barons have done more for freedom than ever was directly intended by Protestant Churchmen. I should like to grapple with Eldon about *Hobbes* and *Atterbury*, the grand supporters of monarchy. Hobbes a suspected Atheist; Atterbury nearly a convicted rebel. I have often wondered that so little has been said in your House about the Gallican Church; it is a grand topic. Mosheim has much upon it. If you look into a common but useful book, Busching's Geography, you will see much to your purpose.

The debate I see will be fierce. The Anti-Catholics have gone to the east and west, to the north and south, for recruits. Pray work Eldon on his new and faithful allies, the *Methodists*. They hate the Catholics intensely: they have joined in the cry. I should chastise Eldon on this subject, and the Bishops *too*. They consider, and are right in considering, the chief danger as coming from Methodists within the walls of the Church. Much good may they find from their new confederates. I have

no scribe, so you must excuse my scrawl. Have you read *Antar*, by Mr. Hamilton. It charms me. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

The *ulcer* in our cause is the establishment of Jesuits. I am, with D'Alembert, on the right to suppress them. You cannot heal this sore otherwise. If an enemy to the Catholics, I would establish Jesuits in order to *alarm*. If you are not quite at home in *detail* on the Gallican Church rights, cast your eye over Busching.

MY LORD, *July* 24, 1819.

As the enclosed Letter is intended for our enlightened friend, Mr. Whishaw, and relates to my correspondence with Sir S. Romilly, I trust that you will have the goodness to let it be forwarded by the two-penny post. I rejoice at the dissolution of partnership between the Ministry and the Bank. But I wish every Member of Parliament to read Samuel Turner's very sensible Letter to Mr. Peel. My anger is boiling against the Æde-Christians, and their old crafty leader, Cyril Jackson. You may have heard that the other day there was an equality of votes for the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn. There must be a new election; and I dread the power of Peel, and the intrigues of Jackson. Lloyd, of Christ Church, is a good scholar and a worthy man; and I was much pleased to hear of his Eton prejudices against the Westminsters at the recitation of one of their Prologues. We shall have a false quantity, says he. None came. The recitation went on, and his comrades teazed him. Oh, quoth Lloyd, come it will at last, and at last it did come in the word propitius. Lloyd triumphed. My Lord, it is a very treacherous word, and if you look into Holdsworth's Muscipula, one of our best Latin poems, you will find that Holdsworth, who was a Wykehamist, and a scholar, and a man of exquisite taste, has fallen into the same mistake. I fear that you cannot help Lloyd's competitor, Edward Maltby, who is a scholar of a very high class, and a studious, reflecting theologian, and steady Whig in Church and State. He is supported by Lord Erskine, and Bentham, and Pigott, and Hargrave, and other excellent men. But he has to contend with ministerialists, and bigots, and hierarchs, headed by Peel,

and prompted by Jackson. Have you any influence with Counsellor Mills; and are you unshackled with the obligations which bind one Æde Christian to fight for another in every cause, good or bad?

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

MY LORD, *June* 11, 1822.

I congratulate you upon your victory over the Bishop of ——————; I know him deeply, and he has more than once smarted under my lash. You were right in charging him with an ignoratio elenchi, as the case stood before the House. Yet the Bishop has a right to examine, and the distinction lies in this, In points of faith, the only rule is the thirty-nine articles; for the Prayer-book is a question of discipline. The Prayer-book is confirmed by Parliament, and makes a part of the law; it cannot be altered without Parliament. We subscribe it—we consent to it—we subscribe ex animo to the use of the Book of Common Prayer. But what does ex animo mean? My Lord, it means not any *opinion* but consent to practical use. If I say ex animo loqui, or ex animo dicere, *then I give an* opinion; but ex animo, when joined to words or wishing, then it means *readily, heartily;* and therefore, when I consent willingly to ex animo, the meaning is, I subscribe readily. And Dr. Nicholls, a very orthodox divine, tells us this distinction ought to be understood, and the want of it may occasion some unreasonable scruples in conscientious men; and keep some of the best men from entering into holy orders. The declaration of King James the First requires that "no man thereafter should put his own sense or comment to be the meaning of the article, but should take it in the literal and grammatical sense." What is that sense? The Civilians give us two kinds, the sensus grammaticalis ab origine, and the sensus grammaticalis popularis. The former is inapplicable because words change their original sense; the latter is applicable, and he who subscribes in that sense, which can be known only to himself, makes sufficiently lawful subscription, and is exempt from further inquiry. Now if a candidate is forbidden to use his own interpretation, so a Bishop lies under the same interdict; but

Marsh transgressed that interdict by his written questions, and therefore there was no force in his plea, that the questions arose out of the articles.

The Bishop requires subscription, and the candidate subscribes according to the sensus popularis. And both must be content with general declaration. It is plain from history that many of the articles were drawn up as articles of peace, though such a principle is not expressly avowed, or I should rather say, is studiously avoided, by Churchmen. Dr. Clarke, when he took his degree at Cambridge, said to Professor James, "I subscribe to the articles as articles of peace. The Professor wisely evaded the difficulty, and said, "I require subscription only." This is a curious fact. Marsh says, "I have a right to examine candidates after their faith;" true, but the exercise of that right is limited—he is to be satisfied with their faith as it is manifested by the mere act of subscription. Well, have you no other right to examine? Yes. What is the right? It is to examine the proficiency of the candidate in *learning*. Here his power is considerable: this examination is usually conducted by the chaplain. Pray look at the form. The Archdeacon or his deputy presenting the candidate, says, "Reverend Father in God, I present unto you these persons present to be admitted deacons."—The Bishop. "Take heed that the persons whom ye present unto us be apt and meet, for their *learning and Godly conversation*, to exercise their ministry duly, to the honour of God and the edifying of the Church." The Archdeacon shall answer: "I have enquired of them, and also examined them, and think them *so* to be."

You see, my Lord, not a word is said about the faith of the candidate as right or wrong in his interpretation of the articles. The inquiry is about his learning and Godly conversation. The same words are used in the ordination of Priests. My Lord, I must intreat you and Lord John Russell to go to book. Pray examine the Preface to Dr. Nicholls upon the form of ordaining, and read many of the notes. Even a Bishop is presented as a godly and well-learned man; but I intreat you to read Nicholls, and I also intreat you to read and to study the Confessional written by Archdeacon Blackburn; you and Lord John will find abundance of matter. My Lord, if Marsh be right,

all other Bishops are wrong by neglecting their duty. I shall like to have my books at hand, and to converse two or three mornings with you and Lord John Russell. Marsh will persevere, but change his form; I know that the Bishops are not pleased with him, though in all probability they will vote for him. Their silence was properly noticed in your house. I wish Lord Eldon to be chastised. My scribe is gone to breakfast, and so I take up my pen. Soon you will have an anti-Catholic petition from the Clergy of Derby. The Archdeacon of Derby had an interview with me last Sunday for the *purpose* of telling me, that he has not *put his name* to it. Who is he? The very, very, very learned Samuel Butler of Shrewsbury.

I shall soon be under the sod; but if the Whigs ever get into power, let them remember Dr. Edward Maltby, Dr. Samuel Butler, and Mr. Tate of Richmond: they would adorn the Episcopal Bench.

I shall soon have occasion to ask you a very *great* favour—not for myself, but for the child of a most worthy and injured friend. I must state the case when I get a proper auxiliary who can write legibly. It is a very great favour, and I am so much interested in the business, that I must extend my application to the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Coke of Norfolk.

Pray have the goodness to present my best compliments to Lady Holland. You will have again to contend with Marsh—pray collect matter. I am no bigot; but I do firmly maintain, that the result of arguing in your Lordship will be creditable to the *Church*—indeed it will, and that too amidst a great diversity of opinion—every circumstance will bear hard upon Marsh. You may eulogize Marsh's acuteness as a polemic, but you should not be so profuse in your praises upon his *learning*. I hear that he, from his officiousness and querulousness, is on bad terms with his Clergy; they will rejoice at his disgrace.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

If I were to write books, could the Bishop cite me into the Ecclesiastical Court? No. If I wrote an ——— book, could he? No. Each would appeal to the article.

MY LORD, *Hatton, June* 14, 1822.

The numerous instances in which I have been honoured by your courtesy and your friendship, form the only apology I have to make for submitting to your consideration a case in which my heart is deeply interested. Many have been the struggles between my delicacy to yourself and my anxiety to alleviate the distresses of a man, who for many years was my neighbour, and with whose late worthy father I lived upon terms of great intimacy: his name is William Parkes; he is the eldest son of an elder brother, who was at the head of a large and once prosperous manufactory at Warwick. Some unexpected losses in trade, and some ungracious, and I must now add, unjust conduct which he met with from ———, who was his partner, and who ought to have been his protector, compelled him two or three years ago to separate himself from the concern. He retired into the country, and supposed, that after the sale of some private property at Warwick he should have an annual income of three hundred pounds; and by habits of economy, that income would have supported him and his family till an opportunity should arise for him to engage again in business in some other place; but all his hopes are blasted. Contrary to his expectation, he finds himself answerable for some bonds which his late father had signed at a time when the prosperous state of affairs would have enabled him to discharge them. I know that within these thirteen or fourteen years the property of the family was nearly forty thousand pounds. In consequence of various causes, a bankruptcy, which ——— must have long foreseen, has taken place; and my friend, whose integrity is inflexible, finds himself reduced to absolute penury. He has six children. His wife is adorned with every accomplishment and every virtue which can endear and even consecrate the character of a female. When I reflect upon the domestic excellencies of both parents, I almost lose sight of the constitutional principles upon which the father has uniformly acted. The miseries under which he labours are aggravated by a similar misfortune to his only brother, and the loss of eleven hundred pounds to an amiable sister-in-law. It is proper for me to state, that the feelings of

the creditors, like my own, are unfeigned compassion for the sufferings of my friend, and sincere conviction of his honesty. His well-wishers are day and night anxiously employed in looking after some provision for his offspring. May I then be permitted by you Lordship to express my earnest hope that you can obtain for his eldest boy, who is about nine years old, a situation in the Charter-house school?

I am well aware, my Lord, of the magnitude of the service, which I now implore with an aching heart. I trust that you will forgive me for thus laying open my sorrow, and the rest I leave to your long known and justly valued benevolence.

Lord Grey, I believe, is an elector at the Charter-House. But my personal intercourse with his Lordship has entirely ceased for seventeen years; and it never was such as to justify me in asking from him any favour.

I must again advert to the subject on which I wrote to you the other day. I agree with your Lordship in resisting entirely the principle of a right to examine candidates by the test of any interpretation which any individual Bishop may be pleased to put on the meaning of the thirty-nine articles. The precedent is most dangerous, and the number of interpretations might be in their differences equal to the number of Bishops; and the interpretation which any Bishop adopts this year, may differ from that which may appear to him the most probable next year. But you must not, without some qualifications, oppose the right of a Bishop to examine a candidate. The question is to what extent and upon what points the examination is to go. I maintain that it goes to the *learning* of the candidate, when he comes for ordination; and we must all along suppose that no complaint lies against his moral character, for if such a complaint be well-founded, no learning however profound, no tenets however orthodox, will justify the Bishop in ordaining the candidate. The case stands thus. The faith of the candidate is to be ascertained by a certificate from three clergymen, that to the best of their belief he has neither taught nor holden any opinion which *impugns* the doctrine or discipline of the Established Church; by the candidate's own subscription to the thirty-nine articles; and by the declaration of his consent, ex animo, to use the Liturgy as fixed by

the law. Beyond these three points no Bishop has any concern with the faith of a candidate. But he may examine the proficiency of a candidate in his learning, or he may direct his chaplain so to examine, and the chaplain, you see, bears his testimony to the learning and godly conversation of the candidate. Godly conversation is a vague term, and implies only the absence of profaneness, or infidelity, or immorality. Learning is a more definite term. If a candidate betrays great inattention to the most common points of theology, great ignorance of the Greek Testament, great incapacity to express his thoughts in Latin or English, then the want of learning will authorize the Bishop to reject him. Again, the Bishop may choose some subject connected or unconnected with the Articles, and command the candidate to write upon it. If the candidate should write absurdly, or very ungrammatically, the Bishop may reject him; if he writes very ingeniously and very correctly, and at the same time manifests a deliberate intention to impugn the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England, then the Bishop may well say, that the unsoundness of his faith is not expiated by his erudition. In the opinion of the Bishop there may be some errors in the candidate's notions; but such errors do not amount to heterodoxy. There may be errors in his latinity, and such errors may be venial; there may be errors in his English style; and upon all these errors the Bishop must be left to the direction of his own conscience in calculating their amount. None of them may include heresy; and against heresy there is, legally, no other provision than the certificate of the three clergymen, the candidate's subscription to the Articles, and his consent, ex animo, to conform to the Liturgy. If, after being ordained, he by preaching or by publication impugns those Articles, or does not conform to that Liturgy, the remedy is prosecution in the Ecclesiastical Court. You see the power of the Bishop is considerable, but it neither directly nor indirectly gives the Bishop a right to propose his own interpretation of the Articles as the measure of faith in a candidate. The conduct of the Bishop of Peterborough is a gross and illegal innovation.

As to the interpretation of the words ex animo, I am inclined to think that few Bishops and few candidates ever reflected

upon the distinction which I have mentioned, and it is quite sufficient for any candidate to comply with the formula in which the words occur. If a Bishop asks me for my interpretation I will give none. I never heard that such a question was asked. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

It is proper for me to state, that in a case so interesting and so afflictive to my mind, I have ventured to make to the Duke of Bedford and to Mr. Coke of Norfolk the same application which I am now making to your Lordship.

MY LORD, *August* 1, 1822.

As my male auxiliary is, together with myself, employed in arranging letters, which have been accumulating for fifty seven years, which relate to various subjects of taste, verbal criticism, ethics, politics, theology, metaphysics, and the business of private life, and which, in number, considerably exceed eight thousand, I am very anxious for the completion of this Herculean task, and therefore cannot send an answer fraught with Greek words before Sunday next. Then, my Lord, I shall write to you *meo modo, et more.* I shall send you abundance of information upon the verb about which you are a little puzzled, and you see plainly that I must have a scribe who can manage Greek characters. There seems to me not only propriety but even felicity in your choice of a motto, and yet I agree with your Lordship in thinking that it is rather too long. This, however, is a slight defect, and it will be amply compensated by the adaptation of the motto to your subject. All I have to say now is, that you must insert an *ν*. The word is not *ισχαίνω*, but *ισχναίνω*. I shall hereafter explain to you the difference.

In regard to the word Christianly, I should myself sometimes use it, for I have more than once felt the want of such a word. Seneca, the Rhetor, whose writings, though often obscure, are well worth reading, but are seldom or never read, speaks of calcata et antiqua verba. Now I rank Christianly among the antiqua, not the calcata. I take it for granted that your Lordship's Chaplain, in his grave visitations, has provided the book of Common Prayer for your Lordship's noble library.

There, my Lord, in the matrimonial service, and in the prayer which is appointed to be read before women are past child-bearing, you may find the following words: "We beseech thee assist with thy blessing these two persons, that they may both be fruitful in procreation of children, and also live together so long in godly love and honesty, that they may see their children *Christianly* and virtuously brought up, to thy praise and honour."

I have a confused remembrance of having met the word in some of our old Divines, and at all events I shall boldly use it where I meant strongly to express the moral excellence of any action. Here perhaps I ought to deprecate the wrath of Mr. Allen, who, if he be a disciple of Professor Brown, could tell me that we ought not to talk of actions but of agents: actions he would allow, were physical entities; but agents are the subjects of which moral properties are to be predicated. Be it so; and if you please substitute agents for actions in my Letter.

I thank you, my Lord, for communicating the compliments and good wishes of Mr. Jekyll, and when you see him again, pray have the goodness to make my acknowledgments to him, and be *sure* to tell him that in my judgment he has a much better claim than Asinius Pollio to be called *Vir omnium horarum*. The phrase is delightful to me; and the persons to whom it is applicable would have been welcomed by your amiable and illustrious Uncle. All well-educated men discern and applaud in Mr. Jekyll, Lepore tinctos, Attico sales. But to your Lordship's mind, as well as to my own, there appear in the conversation of Mr. Jekyll other properties of higher value, and my female amanuensis shall try to express them legibly.

Effusi sine felle joci, nec mane timenda
Libertas, et nil quod tacuisse velis.

I beg of you to present my very best compliments to Lady Holland, to Mr. Fox, and to Mr. Allen, and I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Sept.* 14, 1822.

I thank you for your kind and interesting Letter. I want to write to Lord Erskine, and beg of you to give me his direction.

I think that Lord Lansdowne can show you Markham's sermon. The father of the Marquis attacked and silenced Markham in the House. You can get nothing from your noble predecessors; but I think that if your Lordship would take the trouble of writing to Strahan he would look up a copy.

I unequivocally and entirely approve of an English Inscription for Mr. Fox in preference to a Latin one. Let none be used in the Abbey; but I exhort and supplicate the Committee not to put upon the grave-stone merely, Charles James Fox. It is rather too proud. The Cantabs have put upon the statute of Pitt the word "Pitt," and are open to ridicule; and the fact is, they were unable to put together a good Latin Inscription. Pitt standing alone is arrogant or unintelligible. They might have given his titles, and they would have made an intelligible inscription, as among them would have been his relation with the University as High Steward. In the Abbey I hope you will say, in the old way, "Here lie the remains of the Right Honourable C. J. Fox, who died so and so, aged so and so." But let us not lose what has been written by Lord Grey and Sir James Mackintosh. Take Lord Grey's, have it inscribed upon a plain marble stone, put the stone at the east end of St. Paul's Covent Garden, and state that Mr. Fox was so many years member for Westminster, and thus you will justify the choice of place. Again, take the inscription written by Sir James, put it on a plain marble slab, state that Mr. Fox lived at St. Anne's Hill, and place the monument in the parish Church. Now, my Lord, you know my opinion and my wishes. There will be no room for jealousy, and there will be little expense. I ought to add, that in each monument, you should state Westminster Abbey as the place of Mr. Fox's interment.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

We must all be amused about Canning and his friends and foes. One of our Baronets has for a motto "non vox sed votum." We must invert the words for Canning "non votum sed vox." If I had a male scribe I should entertain you and Lord Lansdowne with a fine passage from the speech of Æschines de Corona.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Feb.* 13, 1823.

I always rejoice to see your hand-writing, and the more so, as I have proof of your not being tormented with cheragra, and I must now warn you, as I some time ago did a gouty Bishop, not to make a false quantity, and write or pronounce chiragra, for the antepenultimate then would be long, and this blunder is found in some of the common editions of Horace. Justa chiragra should be cheragra, from χερὸς, poetice, genitive of χεὶρ, and so Martial:

Cum nihil patrono porrigit, hæc cheragra est.

You and I have learned from a very intelligent instructor what is the office of a Critic when he is discharging the sacred duties of a friend, and therefore I shall not apologise for delivering freely my opinion upon the six verses. In the first place they are obscure, for they do not tell us who was the Regina, or who was the Tyrannus, and your taste will point out to you that we are not to fetch our solution from any preceding statement in prose; at least this would be very clumsy if done, and if this is not done the verses are unintelligible. I think you cannot say parat huc ire, unless you had previously said whence Catharine came, and then perhaps ire would be justifiable. You want some word to imply that she retreated or retired. Again, is it likely that Harry would have accused his first wife of superstition? I think not. For when he set about the divorce he was very imperfectly estranged from the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and he progressively quarrelled with the superstitions when they stood in the way of his rapacity, his ambition, and his libidinousness. History will not bear out your statement in point of time. Moreover, my Lord, the blindness cured by the well was literal bodily blindness; the blindness which Harry charges upon Catharine was mental blindness; and here we have confusion in the literal and the metaphorical sense of the word cæcæ. If you say that Harry meant to play upon the word contemptuously, I will admit the fact, but I hold that Harry expressed his meaning very awkwardly. My mind is particularly perplexed by the abrupt transition from Harry's speech to the question which is proposed to him by the writer of the inscription: that inscription first

speaks of Harry in the third person, and then he is suddenly addressed in the second person. Here, my Lord, I do not find what Hume beautifully calls, the smooth transition of the imagination. I am dissatisfied with the last line on account of the epithet improba. You would not deliberately say improba avaritia et cæca. I know what was passing in your mind when you wished to apply the property of blindness to moral actions as well as to physical infirmities, but there seems to me a very great want of art in the expression of your thoughts: do not, however, despair. Try this form and that, and a third and a fourth, but never lose sight of the great difficulty there is in combining blindness literal with blindness metaphorical. To be sure, if we admit Harry's reproach upon blind superstition as curable by the well, we may with equal propriety admit that love and avarice might have been cured by it; but I cannot bring my mind to be satisfied with Harry's taunt. There is something of an Eton boy's botch in the Ni fallor; but this is of little consequence. You will excuse my freedom. I hate Committees, as I told you. If the matter were to be settled by your Lordship, Lord Grey, Mackintosh, Allen, and myself, things would go on well. Perhaps I should be obliged now and then to fight single-handed against a formidable host of gigantic opponents, and I should say with old Hesiod:

ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι.

Pray, my Lord, let me entreat you, in your correction of the Marriage-Bill, to attend to one circumstance which has been but little noticed. It is said, that minors shall not marry by licence without the consent of their guardians. It often happens that parents appoint no guardians, and in this case the Lord Chancellor is guardian. In the middle classes many persons under age unconsciously may be in this situation; and as they have no occasion to appeal to a guardian, no inconvenience arises. But many persons in the middle classes will wish to be married by licence. They may live at a great distance from the capital—they may find it inconvenient and expensive to apply for the consent of the Chancellor, and there is no provision made for them in the present Act. Pray let this be considered. Again; hundreds of Clergymen have, like myself,

administered the oath, and are liable to a fine. I therefore think that in your amended Bill there should be some retrospective protection for Ecclesiastics who have unwillingly exposed themselves to a penalty, and it is strange to me that this danger was not foreseen in either House of Parliament. Again; may I take the liberty of expressing my wish, that the Legislature would introduce a clause, containing an abridgment of the regulations and directions, for the Clergy to read, what will be understood by themselves and their hearers.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

N. B. In Greek we have χειράγρα—in Latin we both in prose and verse should always say, "cheragra."

Lord Holland, to Dr. Parr.

Friday.

I have but one moment, my dear Sir, to thank you for your criticism, which far excels the trifle on which it is employed. Your objections to the Latinity and the obscurity are quite conclusive. I had hoped to dispel the latter by naming Catharine; but the thought is in itself a false conceit, and the sudden change of the third to the second person, as you justly observe, perplexes the reader. I feel, too, that the epithet *improba* is a botch. The confusion of the literal and metaphorical meaning of blindness is no doubt in bad taste, and moreover, far-fetched. Yet, as the inscription was intended to be formed upon the model of a punning epigram of the low ages, rather than on that of pure classical poetry, I should not reject it on that score, if it were happily and clearly expressed.

The inconvenience to persons of a middle class wishing to be married, and having no guardian but the Chancellor, is no doubt a great one; but it is not one created by the Bill of last year. Their marriages till last year, if solemnized without the consent of the Chancellor, were actually null and void; and the only change made by the present law is subjecting the parties marrying without such consent to penalties, instead of inflicting on them the greatest of punishments in the dissolution of their legal union, and the illegitimacy of their offspring. I think the Clergy who have unwittingly violated the law, should be pro-

tected by a provision in the new Bill, though practically speaking I believe they run no risk. I do not clearly understand your wish for a clause containing "an abridgement of the regulations, and directions for the Clergy." If it relates to reading the Bill in Church, I believe it is intended to repeal that clause. It is curious enough that the dissatisfaction at the late Marriage Act has been directed to those parts of it which preserve, revive, or enforce the provisions of the old Act, and not to those which repeal and alter it; though the Chancellor and others represented that part of the measure which they stigmatized as retrospective to be so monstrous in its principle, and so unjust in its consequences! Truth is, I have an hereditary aversion to the old Act, and feel no small triumph in its disgrace and discomfiture. Yours ever truly,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

Lady Holland begs me to add her best compliments and remembrances.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *Feb.* 14, 1823.

Knowing your literary attainments, your intellectual powers, and your qualification for the nobler and more arduous duties of social life, I have felt towards you, as did Cornelius towards Catullus. Solebam tuas esse aliquid putare nugas. You sent me, what you funnily call your nonsense, in Latin verse. I gave you an opportunity of making reprisals upon my nonsense in English hypercriticism, and now you may take occasion to make further reprisals.

Prefixed to Duker's edition of Thucydides, there is a letter worth your reading from Harry Stephens to Camerario. My female auxiliary shall transcribe a part. I must in my own scrawl insert the Greek, and if it puzzles you, you must search the book, which certainly is in your library.

Scripta jam erat epistola, quum versuum quorundam recordatus sum quos a me nuper inter equitandum lusos in hunc auctorem, mittendos ad te, tuumque de illis judicium expectandum censui.

Superioribus petitionibus hanc novam addam, ut tu, qui et φιλιππόταος et ἱπποκώταος——haberis, ad deligendum mihi aliquem Bucephalum omnem illam tuam conferas solertiam, ut ego, invectus equo μεγαλῷ, κ. τ. λ.

Pangam versus. Interim hos accipe, &c. &c.

Now let me apply the story. I had been confined for more than nine weeks, so as not to ride on horseback till yesterday, and like Harry Stephens, I am no jockey, but your verses ran in my head; and as I jogged on I made in my mind some lines which you shall read presently. I do not understand the site of the well, but I should recommend two inscriptions, one in Latin prose stating the reputed properties of the well, and the fact that Queen Catharine of Arragon retired to this spot when separated from her husband; and I should recommend two or three well-chosen epithets of praise upon Catharine, and two or three poignant reproaches upon her brutal consort. This, my Lord, we must suppose to be read first, and the tale thus far will be better told in prose than verse. Then you may put your own verses altered, or a new set written by yourself, or the following which occurred to me, and which you have my permission to criticise, to alter, to adopt, or to reject.

Sola et tristis iter quando huc Catharina parabat,
Dux tibi ad has lymphas jure superstitio.
Henricus dixit cæcis prodesse putatur,
Fons et tu cæcos mentis habes oculos.
Respondit Catharina, pari hæc tibi jure medela est,
Cæcus amor tuus est, cæca et avaritia,
Impietas cæca, et regnandi cæca libido—
Vix poterit morbos fons superare tuos.

Instead of the last line we might say,

Tot mala fons unus vix superare potest.

Now I shall pester you with a little comment. In the second line I had put est after superstitio; and pray observe, that where est ends a line, not only a short, but a long vowel sometimes precedes. It is true that words ending in *o* do not often precede est. But there are instances sufficient to justify me.

Hæc ego dum stulte meditor (quæ vestra *libido est*).

Penelope to Ulysses.

Again,

Officio merces plenior ista *suo est.*

Acontius to Cydippe.

So far we are safe as to metre; but as the fifth line ends with medela est, I think that in the compass of a few lines it were better to avoid two instances, and to let the verb be understood, as it is understood in this line,

Tu tibi dux comiti; tu comes ipsa duci.

Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

Do not be alarmed when I speak of the eyes of the mind, I have good classical authority for the expression. Cicero, in the Orator, says, "mentis oculis videre."

Ovid, Metamorphosium, Lib. 15, says,

Mente Deos adiit; et, quæ natura negabat
Visibus humanis, *oculis* ea *pectoris* hausit.

This is said of Pythagoras; and your Lordship's sagacity cannot fail to observe that pectus, which in English is applied to feeling, may in Latin be applied to the understanding; and so Horace says,

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore.

You know also that cordatiores is used of men of sense, not men of feeling; and thus Q. Ennius,

Egregie cordatus homo latus Æliu' Sextus.

And again, Lucretius, Lib. 5, says,

Ingenio qui præstabant, et *corde* vigebant.

You know better than I do the meaning of the Spanish word Cuerdo. It is worth your Lordship's while to buy a Charge delivered by Magee, now Archbishop of Dublin, to the Clergy of Raphoe. He is very superior to Marsh in acuteness, vigour, and eloquence; and in page 31 of that Charge he stoutly maintains opinions which are opposite to those of Marsh upon the rights of individual Bishops to interpret the Articles their own way. The authority of Magee is deservedly great; and in the House of Lords his words might be quoted with great advantage by any assailant of Marsh. You may

get the Charge from Cadell in the Strand. Ah! my Lord, I from my books could send you a host of witnesses against this. I will tease you no more. Remember, the verses are merely anteschediastic. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

S. PARR.

MY LORD, *March* 16, 1823.

I have no scribe, and so you must take the will and the endeavour for the deed.

Johnny Bartlam was not only my oldest friend, but my adopted son, and if deprived of grandchildren I should have made him my heir. He was acute, though not profound; he retained his Latin after losing much of the Greek, which I had taught him while he visited with your Lordship, George Canning, and other distinguished members of Christ Church; he had a very correct taste, and wrote better English than any of his clerical brethren in Warwickshire. For several years he had seldom or never seen your Lordship; but he spoke of you with unfeigned regard and respect: he was neither ambitious nor intolerant; and though in danger of corruption from Oxford examples, and his connection with the Hertford family, he remained to the last a steady undaunted Whig in Church and State. His naughty politics prevented the late Marquis not only from giving him preferment, but even from making him a King's Chaplain. He was a cold-hearted ingrate, for John in private life had often served him. The present Marquis, to his credit, esteemed him avowedly, and actually promised him to sue for his promotion.

The new edition of Burnet is honourable to the University. I think Onslow's Notes the best. Many years ago I read the Autograph of Lord Dartmouth. Swift is vicious and unjust, and few of his remarks are sagacious. Burnet will rise in public esteem. As to the Preface, it is worthy of the learned, wise, upright, candid writer. Routh is a Jacobite, but a Constitutionalist; he is *not* a Ministerialist; he is really a lover of civil liberty: his prejudices hinder him from being an advocate of toleration. But he is a most virtuous man, and loves his country, and never acts or talks from secular motives of hope

or fear. The perspicuity and ease of the composition was to me delightful. I have not seen the rescued work de Republicâ. As to the [illegible] I shall continue ἐπέχειν till I read [illegible] who, after religion, excels in modern latinity. But some of his former publications give me a high opinion of his critical acumen: he has in several instances ascribed to Cicero what Cicero never wrote. I say of this as Bentley once said on another Ciceronian, in his famous letter to Mills on some Latin terminations of words evidently Greek, Ciceronem ita scripsisse, &c. &c.

Pray, my Lord, read without delay Markland on the Epistles to Brutus; and some spurious Orations. You will see how early forgeries began, and how numerous they were in the time of Asconius. Add, if you please, the speech for Marcellus, which Wolfius, I think, properly rejects. Add further, the speech against Piso, in which I see many interpolations. It is infamous of the book de Republicâ, that a word of Cicero on such a subject was likely to be transcribed, and thus preserved.

I am far from well, but my heart glows in the cause of the ——— and Greece.

You do not tell me whether you are to write a line or two of Latin for the well near——

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

I am for Wellesley *versus* the Orangemen; for Canning *versus* Peel; and I continue to say of Londonderry,

Hoc solum fecit nobile, quod periit.

Lord Holland, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Ampthill Park, May* 22, 1823.

I have not read the work de Republicâ, nor attended to the evidence of its authenticity. It is, however, generally received as a composition of Cicero, and must be a work of antiquity if, as I am told, it was discovered and decyphered under a deed or manuscript of the middle ages. I am not quite sure that I have rightly decyphered another manuscript, not of equal antiquity, but of full as much value to me. You reject the

oration pro Marcello. Other scholars have told me that it is spurious. I have been so little in the habit of reading Cicero critically of late years, that I can form no judgment of the soundness of that opinion; and, indeed, I am at best so poor a critic in Latin, that even if I did form one, it would not be worth much. I must however, acknowledge, that I am sorry if it be not Cicero's, as there is scarcely a passage in his Orations which pleases me more than that celebrated eulogium of clemency, *nihil sibi ex istâ laude* centurio, nihil præfectus, nihil cohors, nihil turma decerpit, ipsa rerum humanarum domina Fortuna se in societatem istius gloriæ non offert. I think I remember, when reading Polybius at College, finding the same thought, though very differently, and not near so eloquently expressed, in that historian. I have no news, nor shall I hear any till Monday, when I expect to be in the House of Lords; but the silence of the French gives me some hopes that their difficulties in Spain are felt to be great and insurmountable.

Lady Holland sends her best compliments, and I am, dear Sir, ever truly, your obliged and sincere friend, ——

VASSALL HOLLAND.

Lord John Townshend, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feltham-place, April* 11, 1790.

I have but just time to write a few hasty words to thank you for the very kind terms in which you have honoured me with your approbation, and to assure you of the heartfelt satisfaction you have given me by your determination on a subject which I am sensible is of the utmost importance.

I should regret the not having leisure at present to express the sense I have of your conduct on this occasion more at large, but that I feel it is not in my power to make any commendations equal to your merits; and your delicacy might be offended if I ventured to commend you according to the extent of my wishes. We are highly indebted to you for your application to Mr. Barry Robertson, and for the effects of it. Is Mr. Robert-

son apprised of the importance of his giving a *single vote* to Mr. D——r, or can you suggest this to him?

I believe you had a very imperfect list sent you. A more correct one has since been made out, which I have desired Sir Thos. Dundas to send to you.

I entirely agree with you respecting the infinite importance of the University contest, and most anxiously hope that no other election will interfere so as to make your attendance at Cambridge inconvenient. I have not yet spoken to the D—— of Portland and others on this subject, but have no doubt our friends will be of the same opinion with us.

Your presence at Cambridge will not only have the effect of powerfully contributing to Mr. Dundas's success, but also that of supporting the credit of our party, and of confirming the hopes of our future interest in that place.

I enclose your letter according to your desire. Lady John is much obliged by your kind remembrance of her, and desires me to present her best compliments. I am, dear Sir, with the truest respect and esteem, your faithful and obliged humble servant, J. TOWNSHEND.

We go on wonderfully well in our canvass. I can never quite bring myself to believe we are sure of a victory, but the contest will assuredly be a very near one. Mr. Dundas will, I am clear, poll above *three hundred votes*, out of which number he will probably have near *two hundred single*. It is, indeed, more than probable that he may poll three hundred and fifty votes; in which case he has a very fair chance of carrying his election, allowing even for all the foul play that is likely to be practised against him.

MY DEAR SIR, *Balls, May 26*, 1811.

Most entirely agreeing with you in the propriety of shewing his Royal Highness the letter you received from Dr. Maltby, which, as you truly observe, contains a most just and luminous view of the late contest in all its important bearings; I have this day inclosed it to the Duke, informing him that it was by your wish, and at your suggestion, that I have done so.

I am to apologise to you for not having sent it sooner, and for not having answered your obliging letter by return of post; but my poor daughter was so ill at the time I got your favour, that I could think of nothing else but her. Thank God, she has rallied surprisingly within these last two days, and her amendment has put us all again in tolerable spirits.

Inclosed, I send you a facetious note I received some time ago from my friend Batten, who (though a Tory *by connection*, not so, I think in principle) is an entertaining good-humoured man; and, as you probably know, a scholar of very pure and classical taste. He happened to dine here in company with Malthus, Dealtry, and some others of our intelligent neighbours, and we all puzzled our heads for an hour or more in the vain attempt to make out the words of one passage in a letter of yours to me, which did really seem to defy the art of man to decypher.

We were all unwilling that any thing that came from you should perish in the desert air, and we went to it, and to it again, but all in vain. Amongst other guesses of the word, Lucumo, I believe, was suggested, but then the other words in the sentence were so obscure, and the context so mysterious, that we gave up all for lost; the Spartan King never occurring to us; Batten, however, upon the hint of Lucumo, unravelled the whole.

I find in Propertius,

Prima *Galeritas* posuit prætoria Lucmo
per Lync. pro Lucumo.

What sort of a cap, helmet, peruke, or caxon, was worn by the ancient Lucumo, we cannot tell, but I would wager great odds, that the head-covering worn by our modern Lucumo, is infinitely more regular and striking; and ——— you know, was justly vain of it; and most graciously turned himself round more than once to give *its full effect* to the House of Peers.

I remember hearing Lord Erskine say that, the wig was a fearful nondescript; having no sort of resemblance to the divine's, the lawyer's, or the physician's wig, or to any wig that

could be produced. Nay, said he, had he worn any other than this very identical nondescript wig that he wears, the ways of Providence had been defeated.

I am happy in the thoughts of having the pleasure of a sight of you at the Installation, and have mentioned to the Duke of Gloucester your intention of coming there, which I know will please him highly. I hope that you and I shall be able to steal away some evening from the *grand doings*, in order to enjoy a quiet pipe with Dr. Barnes and Dr. Davy; and if Dr. Maltby should be there, you will be kind enough to give me an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with your *amiable*, as every body tells me, as well as most respectable and learned friend.

Lady John is most truly sensible of all you say so good naturedly and kindly about her, and I need not add, is flattered by it in the extreme. She desires me to express her acknowledgments, and to assure you of her respectful regards. If you would but come and see us here, you would make us very happy; and my intelligent and pleasant neighbours of the E. I. College would come greedily here to meet you. I am ever, my dear Sir, with the highest esteem, faithfully yours,

J. TOWNSHEND.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bath, February 27*, 1812.

I franked your letter to Dr. Maltby the following day after I received it, and accompanied it with a few words expressive of my respect for a person whose character I so truly esteem, and at the same time my condolence on the present disastrous prospect of public affairs, made still more so by the unaccountable, and ——— conduct of the ———. I wish, my dear Sir, that you and I were here together over our pipes, and I could have the pleasure of hearing you criticise his letter.

"Perhaps Lord Grey may think it proper to communicate this to Lord Grenville."

This must have been Perceval's. Surely it could not be the ———'s writing.

The result of Mr. Bankes' motion must afford the ——— a good specimen of his *new* friends. He must doubt either their strength or their sincerity, and probably both.

You will see by the Morning Chronicle, that the ——— has told Sheridan and Adam, and I am told, many others, even in stronger terms, and authorised them to declare that the Catholic Question, by the general consent of the Cabinet, was no longer to be considered as a government question, no longer to be *so fought*; but that Perceval must defend his own individual opinions.

The Courier, you will observe, denies this construction flatly, and with every appearance of *authority*; and I am told Perceval does the same, disclaiming vehemently any retractation on his part, of the system to be preserved by his Administration. Here then is the ——— and his new friends at issue again; pledged to opposite statements on a matter of fact. Surely this cannot last long.

Every body, I think, must be agreed as to the propriety of the answer from Lords Grey and Grenville, which was temperate, as well as most firm, manly, and decided. Excepting only those country louts and Tories, who will, of course, revive, if they can, the old cry against the aristocracy and the party; determination to have every thing their own way, and such nonsense. This is stuff and nonsense, but give me leave to say to you, what I have just been saying to the Duke of Devonshire, who is beginning an important career, and will not, I hope, take any freedom amiss. There is a great deal of nonsense talked by those who wish to separate us Whigs still more than we are (already, I think, too much so) from the people. Here the loss of our excellent friend (that greatest of men), Mr. Fox, is felt to be irreparable. The public voice has, of late, been either silent, or unreasonably, and perhaps mischievously, clamourous. In his time it was not so; and why? Because by *him* it was always attended to. In him they saw their friend; and though I think and know that many others now, and most especially Lord Grey, are also their friends, it is a fact and a melancholy truth, that the people are by no means convinced of it. They *do not* see him and the rest in

that light, and has it not been a little owing to something of a supercilious and unbending pertinacity on their part? I fear it has. The last paper of Cobbett's (of Saturday Feb. 22,) contains much sound observation and correct judgment on this topic. And I only wonder, as he has certainly no predilection for us Whigs, why he has given us such good advice, for more wholesome and friendly counsel, it seems to me, he could not possibly have given us.

I had many other topics on which I could wish to write to you, to learn your sentiments, but it will make this too long a letter. Besides, I am scarcely able to write a line more, my health is so very indifferent, being but just recovering a little from a most severe attack of gout, which they tell me, however, is to do me infinite service hereafter. I wanted particularly to ask your sentiments about the Auxiliary Bible Society, on which subject I find I am compelled to differ with my two friends Dr. Barnes and Dr. Marsh; but the latter seems, I confess, to have conceived an unwarrantable prejudice on this subject; and Mr. Vansittart's reply to him appears to me perfectly satisfactory.

The good to be done by the most extensive circulation of the Scripture is undeniable. The evil to be apprehended by a misapplication of the means, seems to me very problematical. I wish Lady John and myself could come to see you at Hatton, but it is impossible. But you may possibly come to us. I told Dr. Maltby that it might be on the cards, and that I hoped he would meet you. Ever truly your obliged and faithful,

J. TOWNSHEND.

MY DEAR SIR, *Balls, April, 30,* 1813.

I regret much it was not in my power to meet you at the Do of Gloucester's dinner; a pleasure I should not willingly have denied myself. But it was not practicable. I took the liberty of sending you a message by Mr. Wishaw, which I hope was delivered to you.

How long will your stay be in town? Unless you should be

environed with business and engagements, the E. I. College will not readily forgive you, nor shall I, if you don't contrive to spare us a day or two. I could wish you were here to-day, as I think the party coming to dine at Balls would not be unpleasant to you. Lord and Lady Cowper, both very agreeable people, William Lambe, Batten, who is a lively man, and a scholar (and highly flattered by *your having once called him so*), and my particular and most amiable friend Malthus.

"Ος περὶ μὲν βουλὴν Δαναῶν, περὶ δ' ἐστι μάχεσθαι, as probably you will have seen in print before this, his letter to Lord —— being published, and I hope in your hands; I shall be much disappointed if you are not pleased with it. Lord —— censure of the College was surely hasty and inconsiderate, and many of his objections founded on evident misapprehension.

Malthus's reply is very able, clear, and convincing, as well as manly, temperate, judicious, and gentlemanlike. I am going to Cambridge next week with Mr. Tennant, to celebrate his Inauguration; and most heartily do I congratulate you on his success with regard to the Professorship. His antagonist, Mr. Cummery, is, I hear, a very deserving good sort of man, and a good Whig, though he voted for the Duke of Rutland, and I can't say I am very ready to excuse such Whigs. Mr. Cummery's friends found that Tennant would certainly carry the election by a majority of more than two to one, and very prudently and properly advised him to retire from the contest. It would have been really a disgrace to the University, if Mr. Tennant had been defeated. This is another instance where the reputation and credit of the place has been preserved against powerful interests and formidable combinations, for we had *again* Rutland, I am sorry to add Cavendishes, Bishops of Ely and Lincoln, &c. &c. all up in arms against us.

From Cambridge I shall come to town about the 10th or 11th, when I shall pay my respects to you, but you must tell me where to find you. I shall direct this, being ignorant of your abode, under cover to my relation Capt. Boyle, begging him to send it to Basil Montagu's, forgetting, as I always do, whether he lives in Berners-street, or Newman-street, or Wardour-street, and I am afraid of a mistake.

Poor Gen. Fitzpatrick! His death must be felt with much regret by you, as it is deeply lamented by me. But in truth it was no misfortune to himself, for he was so shattered and broken in constitution, that even if he could have recovered from the last attack, life could no longer be a blessing to him. Lady John begs to be kindly remembered; and I remain, dear Sir, with respect and esteem, your faithful and obliged servant, J. TOWNSHEND.

In a letter from the Master of Peterhouse, yesterday, he says, "the word ἡλιοστέρης is applied to any woman's hat somewhere, but I know not where." To which I replied, that if *he* did not, how the deuce should I, but that I would *ask you*.

It was the subject of umbrellas that produced this. Some one had said the umbrella was as old as Cleopatra.

Interque signa (turpe) militaria
Sol aspicit *conopeum*.

Dr. Barnes shook his head, as you may imagine, at this quotation.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Balls, Oct. 25*, 1815.

I send you a copy of my letter to our friend, Dr. Butler, (written from my bed yesterday, and I am afraid, therefore, very confused,) but I hope it will fully satisfy him that there has been nothing like the indecorum to the University in the late proceedings which he apprehended. No steps taken but such as the evident necessity of the case rendered indispensable. Steps that were not undertaken by me, nor even recommended by me, but by persons less interested in the event, competent and important judges.

My gout is in my head to day, and I find myself unequal to the task of continuing my correspondence with Dr. Butler, but I hope to-morrow or next day, to be able to write again to him.

He seems to be little aware of the nature and circumstances of former University contests, of which I will take leave to inform him more fully. If early solicitations were to be justi-

fied by former precedents, there are plenty. Neither does Dr. Butler seem to be aware that Pitt (who was not of age in the year 1779, and therefore could not offer himself at that vacancy, *although he had begun his canvass* some time before), *did stand* the following year in 1780, being then only just of age, and was defeated. Dr. Butler seems by mistake to have imagined that Pitt was as much as 24 years old when he *started* for Cambridge. He was young indeed, shamefully young to be Prime Minister at that age; but I never remember that the circumstance of his youth was urged against him when he was canvassing for Cambridge, even before he was of age, in 1779. He came with no particular reputation to College—never distinguished himself in the University as a scholar, and as an Academic was totally unknown, except to a few noisy riotous Fellow-Commoners, to whom he used to lay down the law in the coffee-houses.

Lord Hyde (the Government candidate) was but just of age, I think not 22, when he first announced his intentions to offer himself at the first vacancy, which was soon expected to take place by the death of the old Duke of Rutland, then reported to be given over by his physicians in the year 1776 or 1777. The independent interest did me the honour to fix upon me for his opponent; and the following year (although I was scarcely of age), such kind and active zeal was exerted in my behalf, that, though Mr. Mansfield beat me by 7 votes in 1779, I came in triumphantly the following year at the general election. Lord Palmerston, I should also observe, had not taken his degree at Pitt's death, and was but just in time to qualify himself for a candidate. These particulars and some others I am anxious to state to Dr. Butler. Believe me to be, dear Dr. Parr, with highest respect and gratitude, your faithful and obedient servant,

J. TOWNSHEND.

Dr. Parr, to Lord John Townshend.

MY LORD, *Sept. 5*, 1818.

Though I reasonably and firmly looked to my own security, yet I have uneasy feelings from two sources—one is the general

and sincere desire I have to comply with your Lordship's requests; the second is my sympathy with your parental sorrows, my respect for the memory of your son's talents and virtues, and my conviction of the loss which has been sustained by his family, his friends, his University, and I may add, his country. Now, my Lord, I shall deal with you plainly.

First, will you promise to inform Mr. Tatham and the two ingenious Cantabs, of my reluctance to interpose in the Epitaphs written by two of those persons, and criticised and amended by the third? Secondly, will you communicate to each of them the motives of delicacy and respect which produced such reluctance? Thirdly, will you give me under their own writing a direct and decisive proof that they would not be in the slightest degree offended if, in conformity to your Lordship's request, I should venture hereafter upon such interposition? Fourthly, will you bonâ fide and entirely take upon yourself responsibility for my acquiescence, and peradventure, co-operation? Finally, my Lord, will you consider that copy of the Epitaph, which I may send you, as proper to be adopted implicitly in the form which I may give it, and to be protected from criticism and from correction of every kind and in every quarter?- Upon these conditions conjointly, I am prepared for doing what your Lordship wishes to be done, and what perhaps upon the whole it were better to do than to leave undone. I give you notice that it is not much. Now, if you will answer this letter explicitly, and according to your own good pleasure, you will or will not send me the inscriptions for the third time. You must see plainly my readiness and my anxiety to remove from your mind all uneasy feelings upon a subject so important and even sacred. If Lady John knew my habitual good will towards her, and my rooted good opinion of her head and heart, she would accept the tender of my best respects and best wishes.

S. PARR.

Lord John Townshend, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Brighton, Jan.* 17, 1819.

I take the opportunity of a frank from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who, as the Prince Regent's Secretary, has the privilege

of franking to any weight (*and than whom no Prince had ever a more judicious, faithful, or affectionate servant.*—Ed.), to send you the specimen I received from Mr. Chantrey's letter-cutter. It seems to me to be very correctly done, though I am not quite sure whether *the stops* are placed *as high* as you may wish.

I am glad you decide for Fox instead of Foxio. It pleases me much better. The ending with the two words "ponendum curaverunt," engraven at full, gets rid of all the difficulties respecting the double P, and is to my mind infinitely the best termination of the inscription.

Be so good as to return the copy to me as *soon as you can*, directed, under cover, to the Right Hon. Sir B. Bloomfield, &c. &c. Pavilion, Brighton. Lady John and I most assuredly will not fail to drink your health in a bumper on Tuesday the 26th instant, and believe me no one will do so with more heart and sincerity than we shall. If there are any good Whigs in Brighton I shall invite them to join us. There was once a time when your health would have been drank in bumpers at *the Pavilion*, where, by the way, to my great surprise, I was invited to dinner some days ago. I say to my surprise, because, though it was at one time a fashion with the ——— to be civil to Lord Holland and all of Fox's nearest connections, ——————— uniformly and invariably *cut me*, as the phrase is, in a most marked manner, as one who followed Lord Grey, our friend Mr. Coke, and others, in what he was pleased to call a *total aberration* from Fox's principles and conduct; as one, in short, who was personally hostile to him, one who was not

"Dignum mente domoque."

He received me, however, as if I had been a constant inmate for years past, addressed his whole conversation to me, and talked of nothing but Fox and old scenes, and I must do him the justice to say, was very agreeable and entertaining, as you know he always can be when he chooses.* They say he don't like his Ministers, and certainly he will find great difficulty in retaining them, if he is ever so much bent upon it.

Pray have you read Madame de Staël's book on the French Revolution? If you have, I hope you admire it as much as I do. She appears to me to be a most wonderful woman indeed!

Lady John sends her best regards, and believe me ever, my dear Sir, most respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN TOWNSHEND.

MY DEAR SIR, *Balls, June* 13, 1823.

A letter I have just received from my friend, the Master of Peterhouse, informs me that "Dr. Parr and his lady are to do him the honour of dining at P. H. Lodge on Saturday." If I were quite free from gout, most certainly I would use the freedom of requesting that I might be allowed to join the party; a request which I am sure Dr. Barnes would cheerfully grant. Indeed, I could claim it as a right, the Master having long since (as he frequently reminds me) made over one half of Peterhouse Lodge to me, though we have never yet signed a formal legal instrument to that effect.

My purpose, however, in troubling you, my dear Sir, with a letter, is to say how happy it would make Lady John and me if you could make it consistent with other arrangements to honour me with your company at Balls. Lady John has never had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Parr, and would be highly gratified with this opportunity of being made known to her; and perhaps you could prevail on your worthy host, the Master of Caius, to accompany you. I wish I could hold out the inducement of Malthus's society, which I know is very agreeable to you; but he, and, I believe, all the Professors, have taken their flight for the vacation. But I will endeavour to get Sir James Mackintosh from town.

"I beg to be respectfully remembered to Mrs. Parr, and kindly remembered to your host; and remain, dear Sir, faithfully and sincerely your obliged and obedient servant,

J. TOWNSHEND.

Mr. Justice Holroyd, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Worcester, March* 9, 1816.

I much regretted that I was so wholly occupied, from the time that my late appointment took place, in business that related to

it, and in preparations for the Circuit that was so very soon to follow, as to have been prevented from answering, before I left town, the very kind congratulations as well of yourself as of numerous other friends. And my occupations on the Circuit since have not left me a moment's leisure to return you my best thanks for your kindness, and the compliments you are pleased to bestow upon me till this instant. I shall be most happy if, with my utmost endeavours, I shall be able to realize the qualifications you have supposed me to possess, so as to render me equal to the discharge of the arduous duties of my station. I am extremely obliged by your good wishes and kind invitation. It will probably be a considerable period before I shall have the option allowed me of coming the Midland Circuit; and the uncertain business and requisite arrangements of the Circuit render it always too precarious to venture upon any previous engagements, however gratifying the fulfilment of them might be.

I am, my dear Sir, with my best wishes for your long continued health and happiness, and with the greatest respect, most truly yours, G. S. Holroyd.

Chief Baron Richards, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Great Ormond-street, April* 13, 1816.

I received the honour of your letter at Warwick on Wednesday, just as I was stepping into the carriage in a state of fatigue, which the painful and melancholy occupation of that morning may, perhaps, justify in some degree. I am persuaded that it will induce your kind heart to forgive me for not writing to you. You will have heard that the young man has been reprieved. Indeed, the instant the verdict was brought in, I wrote reprieved in my note book for fear of any accident to myself; and before you quitted the Court I added, from the same caution, "to be imprisoned in gaol for one year."

The High Sheriff desired me to confine the young man in the gaol rather than in the House of Correction, because he is very useful in the school, and the gaoler particularly wished to

retain him on that account, and also on account of his general good conduct.

Mr. Arundel wrote a strong letter of recommendation.

I hope you will think the proposed punishment not very severe. My duty obliges me to be just, and I endeavour to discharge that duty honestly. If there is a line prescribed, I cannot deviate from it; but where the law allows, what is called, *discretion* to a judge, it is extremely difficult for him to satisfy even his own mind, and scarcely possible to please any other person. But I have done in this case, as in all others, as well as I can. I have always considered, in all instances where a judge has *a discretion*, that mercy is a component part of justice. But I feel often, and very poignantly, my miserable deficiencies in the application of the rule.

I sincerely hope that your health is re-established. Mr. Bayley had written and given directions to send a note to you, to inform you of my being obliged to quit Warwick on Wednesday. He omitted to send it, because he learned that you were prevented from coming. He desired me to present his best respects to you, and his best thanks for your particular attentions to him. He was delighted with your book; but I had not time to look into it. I knew, formerly, several gentlemen who knew the pugilistic doctors, and had the curiosity, when I was young at Oxford, to read all their controversies, and those of their adherents in the Bodleian. Bayley's telling some of the passages, brought back many amusing recollections before me.

Ten thousand thanks for your kindness to me. I am, my dear Sir, your much obliged, &c. &c. R. RICHARDS.

I wrote the two other sides yesterday; but, it being holiday time, I could not get a frank—and I have sent all round to the M. P.'s to day, but in vain.

This is the letter of a learned judge, an honest man, and a benevolent christian. I received it April 15. S. PARR.

Mr. Baron Vaughan, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Warwick, Friday Night.*

After a trial of eleven hours, the murderer has been acquitted by a very merciful Judge and Jury. I have the clearest moral persuasion of his guilt, although I was his counsel.

As I find myself liberated from my prison much sooner than I expected, I shall take my flight to town at a very early hour in the morning. I cannot, however, prevail upon myself to leave this place without intreating you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for your proffered hospitality and kindness, and to express the concern I sincerely felt on hearing of your indisposition. I trust that your valuable life will be long preserved, and that I shall have many opportunities afforded to me of redeeming the character I have lost, by playing the truant so frequently from Hatton, and of assuring you that I am ever, with the truest esteem, yours faithfully and respectfully,

J. VAUGHAN.

Judge Balguy was Parr's intimate friend at Harrow and at College; but their friendship did not continue when Parr was resident at Hatton, and Mr. Balguy went the Midland Circuit.

Judge Balguy, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Eman. Coll., Cambridge, Feb.* 14, 1767.

I once more venture to intrude upon the patience of my friend, employed as he is on more important subjects, but who, nevertheless, pleases to say he is fond of my correspondence. The communication of our sentiments by letter, however agreeable, has been interrupted, on my part, by the still more agreeable expectation of a personal meeting. I have been in town since you heard from me last to initiate myself in the elements

(if I may thus term it) of my new commenced study. I went, I assure you, with a fixed resolution of making an excursion to Harrow; but, partly from the shortness of my stay, and partly from the severity of the weather during that stay, I have stolen to my calm retreat at Cambridge, still, to enjoy in idea, what ought to have been the business of memory and recollection. I cannot say of myself that I was remarkably idle while I was in London, nor that my thoughts were entirely dissipated with its allurements; I own that I partook in some degree of its pleasures, but not so deeply as to agree with my friend Hetley (from whom I have this minute received a letter) in affirming, from my own experience, that they satiate and that they cloy. I saw Garrick incomparable in the character of Macbeth; had you been there, my friend, the amusement would have been so too. I am sure I am obliged to the Clergyman at Staines, both in writing to me, and in giving me an account of his situation; there is such a genuine openness, such an unreserved and characteristical sincerity in his compositions, that methinks I am hearing him express his thoughts, rather than seeing them expressed. I shall take care to answer his favour in due time with thanks. The interval is short in which you must salute me as a member of the same college with yourself; this is the last time that I shall frequent these known, these sedentary walks of retirement and soliloquy. I am going to enter upon a more public sphere of life; I am going to expose myself more to the observation and to the caprices of a world influenced, generally, by opinion rather than conviction; a world as ill-natured in the interpreting error, as itself is frequent in the committing it. But these disadvantages impress no fear upon a mind which has tasted, which has experienced, in some measure, the deceits, the infidelity of man in general, as well as the joys of particular friendships. I enter upon my new scene with a resolution of being a lawyer in the true sense of the word, if possible, and of being an orator, if nature and study can make me one. I have the happiness to have a father who spares no expense to gratify an ambition thus laudably, as he thinks, directed. If I do succeed, it will be one of my greatest satisfactions, that I may be enabled to be sometime useful to my friends. Excuse my openness—you are my friend."

I have only been in college two days, from which you may infer my incapacity in giving you much Cambridge news. Colston has kept a third opponency in the schools with a perquam, and my equally particular friend Hall with an optime. Atkinson has a piece upon his hands.

The general respects of your friends, I am desired by each, respectively to offer, in the number of which, and with the utmost sincerity, I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear Parr,

Yours unfeignedly, JOHN BALGUY.

P. S. Pray write when you find it convenient, and inform me of many particulars relative to yourself.

Dr. Parr, to Judge Leycester.

SIR,

When the letter with which you have lately favoured me came to my hand I was absent. Upon reading the contents of it, I could not help wishing that the accuracy usually found in professional men, and the delicacy usually observed towards strangers, had induced you to apply your observations to Philopatris Varvicensis, rather than to address them to me by name. I notice, however, this slight impropriety without meaning to condemn it severely; and in answering the remarks which you have been pleased to communicate, I shall admit, hypothetically, that Philopatris is not a different person from Dr. Parr. You profess yourself a friend to Mr. Justice Burton: I neither am nor have any reason to be his enemy; and these circumstances I consider as very favourable to the discussion of what is doubtful to either of us, and the adjustment of what may be offensive to you or to myself. After stating fairly that I had not ventured to answer for the correctness of a newspaper, you immediately assume that I had not inquired whether it was correct or not. Permit me, Sir, to inform you that I made more inquiries about the speech and the speaker than are generally made by writers upon similar occasions. I read the Evening Mail of January 17th, again and again; I

sent to London for another newspaper in which the speech was contained without one material variation from the article which appeared in the Evening Mail. I looked again and again into subsequent numbers of the daily papers, and saw no correction of Mr. Burton's speech. I conversed again and again upon the subject with some of my neighbours who take in the Evening Mail, and I never heard from them that any correction of the said speech had found its way into this paper. Now I could not suppose that Mr. Burton was inattentive to the public representations of the statements he had given of what passed at Chester; and, with all deference to his judgment, I must take the liberty of saying that, if he knew of an error he would have done an act of justice to himself, and have shewn a becoming respect to public opinion, by causing it to be corrected.

Of Mr. Burton himself I have spoken in terms of general respect; and, though the measures stated to have been taken by him at Chester excited in my mind very strong disapprobation, yet, upon turning to the book, I find that I only used the words, "concern and surprise." Concern at the opposition he made to Sir S. Romilly's motion, and surprise at one of the reasons he assigned for it. The newspapers told me that four of the boys tried at Chester were convicted; two of them capitally: that the two boys capitally convicted suffered judgment; that the good effects were manifest in the prevention of similar confederacies ever since; that from this circumstance Mr. Justice Burton was persuaded that, if the present Bill passed, it would be considered by such criminals as a proclamation of impunity: that, if he were induced to remit the capital punishment in such cases, "it must be for some other, little short of capital, such as transportation for life," &c. Now in that part of the new statute which I have quoted in pp. 377, and 378, it appears that in the commutation of punishments an offender is liable to be transported beyond the seas for life, as well as for such term, not less than seven years, as the Judge or Court shall determine, or to imprisonment, or to imprisonment and hard labour only, for a term not exceeding three years. I selected transportation for life and the solitude of a prison,

as circumstances which ought to protect the Bill from being considered as a proclamation of impunity.

Such, Sir, is my present opinion; and surely when Mr. Justice Burton, at Chester, substituted, as he now seems to have done, transportation for life instead of capital punishment, he did not consider himself as granting any thing like impunity to the offenders, nor is it possible for him to believe that the expectation of perpetual transportation under the new law would operate upon the minds of bad men like a proclamation of impunity. In his own views of commutation, as represented in the newspapers, transportation for life is described as a punishment little short of capital; and if it should please his Majesty to mitigate such a sentence into transportation for seven or fourteen years, with or without hard labour, still it must be remembered that this mitigation is suggested at the very time when Mr. Justice Burton complains of the Bill as a proclamation of impunity, and endeavours to prevent the bad effects of such a proclamation, by proposing transportation for life, or for fourteen years, or for seven. You tell me that "I shall find the expression applied by Mr. Justice Burton to a transportation for years, you think for seven years, and *certainly not for life*: and that it clearly appears so from the very words of the speech as I have myself quoted them." I shall not take upon myself to controvert your account of the manner in which the expression was actually applied by the venerable Judge; but, as you have confidently referred me to the speech I have quoted from the newspaper, I must beg leave to affirm most peremptorily, that in that speech not the smallest vestige can be found of the distinction which you ascribe to it.

Permit me, Sir, to ask you whether you were serious when you wrote the following words: "If by the blockhead, however stupid, you meant to refer it to Mr. Burton, or to associate him with that idea," &c. What, Sir, have you read in the book imputed to me, or what have you heard of my habits, which should induce you to suppose that I am capable even of insinuating that Mr. Justice Burton is a blockhead? Have I not expressly stated, that he had been represented to me as a sensible lawyer? Is there any one passage in which I directly

or indirectly insult his understanding, even when I dissent from his supposed opinions, and disapprove of his supposed conduct? Surely, Sir, your zeal carried you too far when, in appearance, you admit the probability of my calling such a man a stupid blockhead! I am glad, however, that the same zeal did not carry you further, and suggest to your mind that I had a member of Parliament and a Judge in my thoughts, when in the very same sentence I was speaking of obdurate thieves. Let me say, once for all, that I know nothing to the prejudice of Mr. Burton's judgment or his honour; and let me add that, if, with the strongest proofs before me, I should unfortunately have had occasion to speak unfavourably of either, my education as a man of letters, my profession as a clergyman, and my sense of the duty I owe to civilized society, would not have permitted me to employ the rough and audacious language which, according to the plain import of your reproof, Philopatris Varvicensis has applied to a Judge.

I shall now proceed to a point of fact, as stated by yourself. You told me, Sir, and from rooted aversion to capital punishments, I was glad to be told, that death was not inflicted upon the two boys; but that they were transported for life. Under the statute lately repealed, stealing privately from the person certainly subjected the offenders to death. Pardon me then, for asking whether or not, in the first instance, the two boys were condemned to die, and whether transportation for life was, by the humanity of the Judge, substituted for that sentence? From the newspapers it would appear that they were condemned to die; and, if this were the case, in suffering judgment they suffered death. You contend that they were not executed, and that Mr. Justice Burton never said that they were. If this be the case, I have to deplore the mistake committed in the newspapers; and, though I am not conscious of any rashness in adopting, so far as I have adopted, that mistake, yet, my love of truth, my unfeigned regard to justice, and my respect for the office and character of Mr. Justice Burton, will lead me to take some opportunity of communicating to the public the agreeable and important information contained in your letter. The newspapers gave publicity to the story, my adop-

tion of that story adds much less to its credibility than the silence of Mr. Burton himself or his friends. As to duration, I have only to say, that some periodical publication, in which I may insert your account of the matter, is just as likely to preserve what you affirm to be the fact as the notes written by Philopatris Varvicensis. No misrepresentation was intended by me, and no mistake would have been made by me if proper precautions had been taken by the well-wishers of Mr. Burton. I read with great and sincere satisfaction that part of your letter in which you say that Mr. Burton is "a gentleman as respectable, and of as much rational humanity, and sound discretion in the administration of the criminal law, as any man intrusted with it." In my general view of men and things sound discretion is almost inseparable from rational humanity. The union of those qualities in any Judge is highly interesting to society, and, when I reflect on the melancholy occurrences which are said to have accompanied a late execution at Chester, such union is particularly desirable in any person who is intrusted with the administration of the criminal law in that neighbourhood. In regard to the representation which I have given of a Bill said to be brought into Parliament by a Scotch lawyer high in station, and which you call *less*, founded upon the account of Mr. Justice Burton's speech, you will find that your opinion and your wishes are anticipated in the book imputed to me. The writer of that book, when he stated facts, and made his remarks upon them, followed the *uncontradicted* representations which he found in the newspapers. It fell in his way to mention the matter to a celebrated lawyer and M. P. who, after looking into the Bill, explained to his correspondent the real object of the Mover, and who added at the same time, that the original impression made upon his mind was similar to that which his friend had experienced. If you had read a little further on you must have seen that, upon receiving such information, the writer of the note unequivocally acknowledged the mistake, distinctly stated the real import of the Bill, and commended very warmly both the wisdom and the humanity of the Mover.

As a gentleman of great professional eminence, as a member

of Parliament who probably heard what passed in the House on the motion of Sir S. Romilly, and as a particular friend of so respectable a person as Mr. Justice Burton, you did not stand in need of any apology for what you politely call the "liberty you took in giving me so much trouble." I am amply paid for that trouble by the consolatory assurance that the two boys were not executed at Chester, and I should think it an insult to your good sense, if I were to apologize for the freedom with which I have answered your letter. I have embraced the very earliest opportunity of getting my own letter legibly transcribed; and I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

Judge Leycester, to Dr. Parr.

SIR,

I have received the favour of your letter of the 26th July, as well as a preceding one, for the politeness of which I return my thanks.

Had it been my intention to discuss the merits of the dissertation, I should, without being at all acquainted with the etiquette of controversial writing, have considered it merely as the work of Philopatris Varvicensis without addressing myself to Dr. Parr; but, as my sole object was to inform the author of a mistake in point of fact, for the purpose mentioned in my former letter, and understanding Dr. Parr to be the author, I could only convey that information by addressing it personally to him; and I should not conceive that there was any breach either of professional precision or of delicacy to strangers in doing so.

Not being disposed now, more than I was then, to discuss the merits of Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill, or of the opposition given to it by Mr. Burton or by others, I shall not trouble you with observations on any part of the letter with which you have favoured me, except what relates to the simple facts I took the liberty of mentioning, or to your remarks upon my statement.

Whether reading the Evening Mail again and again, sending for a daily paper and finding in it the speech reported in the same manner (such evening papers generally, if not always,

taking their reports from the daily papers), and not finding any contradiction to the accuracy of the report in the subsequent numbers of either of those papers, was a sufficient enquiry into the accuracy of it, to make it the foundation of the strictures in question, and whether a line or two of enquiry might not have been made from some intelligent member of Parliament with much less trouble and infinitely more effect, and whether an enquiry of that nature ought not to have preceded the publication of those strictures, I leave to your own consideration. I must only observe, that to suppose newspaper reports of a speech to be correct because they are uncontradicted, is a most erroneous conclusion: first, because in the multiplicity of newspapers it is highly probable that any one particular daily paper, and much more an evening paper, such as the Evening Mail, may not have been seen either by the speaker or any of his particular friends, who may know whether it is correct or not, or whose attention may be called to it; and in the next place, because the inaccuracy of these reports is so great and frequent, and the office of correcting them would be so troublesome, that very few persons ever think it worth while to do so, and this to well-informed persons upon this subject in general is perfectly well known; nor, I believe, would Mr. Burton have troubled himself about it, and I am sure I should not though I had seen it in the papers (which I did not), had I not also seen it adopted and commented upon in such a manner by a person of Dr. Parr's celebrity, in a publication, on that account so likely to become durable and public. After your experience in the instance of the Scotch Bill, how little the correctness of these reports could be depended on, and how easily their correctness might be ascertained, had you recollected the strictures relating to Mr. Burton, I have no doubt you would have resorted to the same mode of information without delay; that if the report on which you had founded them should have appeared as incorrect in the latter case, as you had proved it to be in the former, you might have taken the same method of correcting the mistake at the same time.

As to the proclamation of impunity, if you look at the speech as you have quoted it, you will find the expression was applied

to the Bill as Sir S. Romilly introduced it, which limited the punishment to transportation for seven years, and not to the Bill, as it afterwards passed, extending it to transportation for life; and to me this appears sufficiently evident from the words you have yourself quoted; viz. "If the present Bill passed, it would be considered by such criminals as a proclamation of impunity; and if he was induced to *commute the capital punishment* in such cases, it *must be for some other, little short of capital, such as transportation for life*, which it would be for His Majesty to remit," &c. that is, if he was induced to commute the capital punishment, *as the law then stood*, it must be, not for a transportation for seven years, according to Sir S. Romilly's proposed Bill, which he was then opposing, but for the next gradation in punishment; viz. transportation for life; and this would appear, I presume, still more clearly, if it were necessary, by referring to the debate. If this did not appear equally evident to you, it must probably have arisen from your not being so conversant with the subject.

As to the passage about the *blockhead*, not being able to procure the book here, I cannot refer to the passages that suggested the possible association alluded to; but after reading what you say upon that point, I am perfectly ready to believe that, whatever idea might have been excited (perhaps quite erroneously) in a reader's mind, such association never entered into yours.

As to the insertion of the contents of my letter in any periodical publication, I must beg the favour of you not to commit to the press what I wrote without any view to publication, but only for your private information for the purpose mentioned in my former letter; nor can it, I presume, be necessary for that purpose either to insert my letter or to use my name. I think you attached no name to the information given you upon the Scotch Bill.

I beg leave to assure you, that nothing could be further from my thoughts than that you were capable of any wilful misstatement or exaggeration, or had any ill-will whatever to Mr. Burton, but I certainly thought you had animadverted upon a very respectable gentleman without having made sufficient enquiry whether the cause for it existed.

I trust I have said nothing that can be personally offensive to a person for whose genius and learning every body must have a high respect; and assure you, I take no offence at anything you have said to me. I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant, H. LEYCESTER.

P. S. I leave Cheltenham to-morrow; but if you should think it necessary to trouble yourself with honouring me with any thing more upon the subject, a letter directed to me at Lincoln's Inn will be forwarded.

Charles Warren, Esq. Chief Justice of Chester, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Andover, August* 21.

Iterum Crispinus, you will recollect the beginning of Pope's prologue to the Satires; you are as much troubled by importunate suitors as he was, and will find it as difficult to get rid of them. That Twickenham, within ten miles of London, should afford no protection is credible; but that the mountains of what was once Wales should be scaled, and that in the peaceful vallies of Monmouthshire Dr. Parr cannot preserve himself from the inroad of his present correspondent, is a sort of boldness that would have made Pope's satire twice as long and three times as severe. In the language of poetry, which of the gods or goddesses have inspired me with this courage? Necessity, who I think should have been classed amongst the Dii majores, though I believe she had not even a seat in the minority. To be more intelligible; the Rector of Kensington informed me about a month ago that he was painting the church, and that it could not be properly finished till my father's monument was put up. This is the cause of the two letters you have received, and will I hope, be an excuse for the trouble I have given you. I have certainly seen an epigram upon Judge Grose,* but believe that those who know the

* Qualis sit Grotius Judex, uno accipe versu,
Exclamat, dubitat, balbutit, stridet, et errat.

figure your Mulciber of a clerk makes in poetry, will make no farther enquiry after the learned magistrate.

I remain, dear Sir, with many thanks for your attentions, yours very sincerely, C. WARREN.

I have been travelling about some time since your last letter was sent to me in the country; the answer was carried to town by a friend of mine, and is dated from thence, which makes it appear to have been written after I had received yours. If you favour me with a farther correspondence, be so good as to direct to Stone Buildings.

The allusion in the following letter, from Sir Brooke Boothby to Dr. Parr, to an inscription is that written by Parr for the painted glass windows in Lichfield Cathedral, which were presented by Sir B. B.

Shrewsbury, May 25, 1810.

It would give me great satisfaction, my dear Sir, to learn that your mind is restored to its wonted vigour.

Our friend Butler seems much stouter than when you saw him. He has, as far as I am able to judge, very ably repelled the insidious review of his work. In general, I think, anonymous attacks should be treated with contemptuous silence, except where they wound the moral character, or, as in this case, can be brought to a point. I am entertained with the great display of recondite erudition on the cracking of fleas and lice. This is humorous and good.

A blunder I made in neglecting to explain, forces me to trouble you once more on the subject of the inscription.

It is not to be placed amongst the painted glass in the choir, but in a separate window in one of the side aisles, of which I enclose you a sketch. And this, perhaps, is better, as it will make these the principal feature. Now this being the case, Mr. Butler thinks that HISCE will rather apply to this particular window than to all those in the quire, which should be comprehended.

My health is also mended, and I mean shortly to depart from hence, probably in a week, so that if it should not suit you to write before that time, you will please to send any alteration you may think requisite to Mr. Butler.

Yours, my dear Sir, with perfect esteem and regard,

BROOKE BOOTHBY.

Sir Francis Burdett, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR, *Bath, Oct. 20, 1808.*

Though I should, under any circumstances, be happy to hear from you, it gives me particular pleasure at this time; for, though I have been accused of too great a fondness for popularity, there is no man can part with it more readily than I can, when inconsistent with the manly performance of my duty; but the good opinion of those who have hearts and heads, for both are necessary, capable of judging, I cannot so easily resign; and I take your kind letter as a token that you have not been deceived by the misrepresentations of a base, corrupt, intimidated press, or by the sham patriotism of needy adventurers, artful self-seekers, and corrupt hirelings. As to the report of a speech which has made such a clamour, I know not where Scott got it. I never saw any report at all like the truth. The first pretence for clamour was, that it stirred mutiny in the street; this, however, was so absurd that it was at length abandoned. The next charge was, that I told the people not to defend the country; whereas I said, in order to make them do it more effectually, their rights should be restored. Government say we want the whole force of the country for this contest. I tell them the only means by which it can be obtained; but they are not ready to pay the price, and had sooner risk destruction than undo what has been so long a-doing. For my part, I own I have no great belief in a French invasion without a fleet: but should, by any accident, a good army get over the sea, I really think no system of de-

fence can be worse than the Volunteer, and less likely to act with effect. In short, nothing effectual can be done without the hard-handed common people, who, acting with enthusiasm, are resistless. No such enthusiasm seems to me to exist; and, indeed, every thing is done to damp it. What Commanders!!! What Ministers!!!

They have at length found out that our pitiful expeditions to the coast of France have injured ourselves more than the enemy. Lord Chatham used to call it breaking windows with guineas. Adieu!

I am sorry to hear you are not quite well, and hope this will find you better. I have the pleasure to think that Mr. Fox does not find fault with my conduct. I called at St. Ann's previous to my quitting London. Believe me, your's very sincerely, F. BURDETT.

Sir Anthony Carlisle, to Dr. Parr.

MY VERY DEAR SIR, *Langham-place, Aug. 5, 1823.*

I send you a box of pills, made exactly, and of good materials, by my Apothecary. Pray take one of these pills, pro re nata, when your stomach feels oppressed, or when headache occurs. As the component materials are vegetable, you need not apprehend any ills from their frequent use, on be particular whether they be taken on a full or an empty stomach. Experience convinces me that more old people suffer sickness from the want of due discharges than from any other cause, and the aptness of mild purgative medicines to their condition constitutes the chief part of their medical regimen, as well for the cure as for the prevention of diseases. I firmly believe that your valuable life may be much prolonged, and the healthful condition of your intellectual habitation rendered more convenient, by your having frequent recourse to these pills. On any sudden occasion, one pill proves to be ineffectual, take two more within the next three hours; or if, upon trial, two are found to answer the purpose required better than one, then follow that evidence. Do not take calomel, or any

other preparation of mercury, under a notion of especial operation on the liver, as I am certain that such opinions are unfounded, and also that mercury is never taken with impunity.* If at any time your head is particularly oppressed, and not relieved by opening the bowels, then be bled, provided the size and force of the pulse indicates a large volume of circulating blood.

I want you to live many years, and, among other reasons, I feel an interested vanity in wishing you to see the ultimate work of my cogitations. A work so wide in its moral and physical bearings that I dare not say what it is, excepting that the same has been contemplated by many of the first Philosophers, of all ages and countries, and that it embraces a great number of natural facts, which conspire to effect a most important practical result.

Accept my affectionate regards and best wishes, my very dear Sir, verily yours, ANTHONY CARLISLE.

I enclose the form of prescription for the pills herein mentioned.

Sir Herbert Croft, to Dr. Parr.

Holywell, Oxford, May 19.

Hang compliments. What are necessary, from one who means well, to a worthy man and a scholar?

So, dear Sir, without further ceremony, many thanks for the pleasure your company afforded me here, and many wishes for a repetition of it. Many more thanks, if possible, for your corrections of my little pamphlet. They convinced me so strongly of your friendship, that perhaps, upon the strength of them, I take this liberty of writing to you—nay, a still greater liberty. Though I have not had the happiness of being your pupil, like Mr. Legge, for whose acquaintance I hold myself much obliged to you, yet I have a strong inclination to become

* I insert this letter for the purpose of inculcating a salutary doctrine.

your pupil, touching the composition of a sermon, the masters in that way, &c. If you can find half an hour some day, do write me half a sheet on this subject. If I mistake not, you won't be angry with a man for wishing to get the best advice he can; so I trouble you with no apologies.

Walsh advised Pope to correctness, which he told him the English poets had neglected, and which was left to him as a basis of fame. Plainness is the advice I have given myself. Tell me if the advice be good. To my knowledge, I have never met with a sermon, either in a pulpit or on paper, which I thought sufficiently plain and intelligible. But, surely, a gentleman may be benefited by what his servant can comprehend, though the servant will not understand a syllable of what is calculated for the meridian of the master's comprehension.

The only amends I can make for giving you this trouble, is to copy a page which I find bound up with Seneca's tragedies among my variorum classics. It is all printed but the names and dates, which gives an air of solemnity to it; and perhaps it may afford you a hint (whatever you may think of the language) for bestowing those rewards which I am sure Dr. Parr's pupils must often deserve.

Ingenuus et industrius Adolescentulus
JOHANNES A BLOCKLAND,*
Prœmium hoc literarium, boni profectûs sui in classe Quartâ
comprobati hostimentum reportavit, tribuentibus
Nobiliss. Graviss. Dd. Gymnasii
Dordraceni Curatoribus.

CIↃ.IↃC.XCII.
Examine verno, a. d. III. Non Majas.

What can I say more, Dr. Parr, than desire you to believe me, most truly yours, HERBERT CROFT.

* Inauspicatum nomen! Professor White would say.

Sir George Dallas, to Dr. Parr.

Saint Margaret's, Titchfield, Hants,
June 30, 1818.

REVEREND SIR,

It is impossible I can adequately express my gratitude to you for the high honor you have conferred on my son and myself, in favouring me with your most valuable and enlightened opinion on my son's Ode, &c. which crowns him with an early garland, of which through life he will be proud. Sentiments flowing from so pure and high an authority must be received, and treasured up, as the tasteful precepts of moral and classical wisdom. Lady Dallas not having yet returned to me the "Casket," I have still to receive the hints on the future course of his education, which you mention as contained therein, and which I shall receive with all the just veneration that attaches on your opinions. I am well aware that immoderate talents, like immoderate desires, ought not to be the leading objects of parental wish. Genius and judgment are but too often at war with each other, as we behold in the deplorable inconsistencies of Edmund Burke's political life; and perhaps the road to human happiness lies more in treading the vale, than in climbing the mountain. Still, however, we cannot chuse; what comes from Providence we must receive as a blessing; it is not the quantum of talents we are to view, but how to direct what there is to a wise and virtuous course. This is my aim with my children. I feel education to be the proudest blessing; not merely the ornament, but the prop and stay-staff of life. On this view of the subject, I have watched the progress of this boy. I have formed no extravagant expectations of future distinction in his career. I do not wish to force him into any current of action to which his talents and taste do not lead him. I only seek to give a fair and liberal play to any energies within him; to be the hand-maid, not the violator of nature. My *inclination* is to urge him, hereafter, to the *Bar* as an eminent avenue to distinction; but I have a beacon before me, to warn me from consulting my own wish, and not his taste, in the short but interesting Memoir of the life of that lamented and accomplished scholar, the late Mr. Twed-

dell, whose talents and acquirements have been embalmed and preserved for public veneration by your regrets. His worthy father directed his course to the study of the Law. Nature opposed it by a taste of a different, and, perhaps, higher kind. Filial duty made the effort, but Nature prevailed, and reclaimed him for a path more congenial to his taste and wish, wherein he would have signalized himself, if a merciful Providence had not early intended for him a higher wreath. My brother, Sir Robert Dallas, at the age of 18 took of himself a decided taste for the Bar, and in the midst of pleasure, accomplishment, and belles lettres taste, pursued his passion sedulously. He became an elegant orator, as he is now an eminent judge. Nature did much of this. To her voice, therefore, I think every prudent father should very much listen, when weaving the destinies of his son.

While I am on the subject of Memoirs, will you pardon the liberty I take, in soliciting the favour of your acceptance of one from my own unlearned pen, which Nature also, here, very much dictated. My pen was steeped in grief at the moment of its birth, and my heart gave utterance to its sorrows. I offer it as a tribute of my admiration of an art wherein, Sir, you shine, and which, from a boy, I have revered, but never, as a man, have reached. If there is aught in it which, at a distance, breathes a spirit of eloquence which, if better cultivated, might have been less imperfect, you will pardon its *political* sentiments, in compliment to its higher aim, of embalming the memory of a hero, and redeeming it from the oblivion of time. I have the honor to be, with much respect, Reverend Sir, your very faithful and obliged servant, GEO. DALLAS.

I had some difficulty in making out your letter, but I repay you in your own coin, for this letter is written with my *left* hand, in consequence of a weakness in the pen-fingers of my right hand.

The name of Sir Philip Francis has of late been so much canvassed, and celebrated on account of the Letters of Junius being imputed to him, that I

shall lay before the readers two curious letters;—curious, one for its matter, and the other, though written carelessly, obviously written by one who could write elegantly.

Sir Philip Francis, to Dr. Parr.

Brighton, August 15, 1800.

"If any man, in these degenerate times, be entitled to talk without book, it is certainly Dr. Parr. I have just learning enough to know that he is a living library. His sore leg, which I lament for many reasons, prevents me from calling him a walking library. Every thing about him is liberal but his foot. When he recovers, I should like to see him kicking Salmasius, for the love I bear to the memory of Milton. As to my friend φόνου, I see I must leave Orestes in possession of him; though, to my weak intellects, it makes stark nonsense. I thought verily that mine had been a pretty conceit enough; viz. Os. "How shall we account for taking Pylades with us?" Ia. "I shall say, that he is polluted by the murder as well as you." I need not tell you that I am writing without book. An Euripides at Brighton would be as great a curiosity, as an Iphigenia at Tauris.

In the little I read, I am subject to a strange hankering after common sense.

Now for ἀγώγιμος. Let it be known to Dr. Parr that, immediately after I saw him at my house, I commissioned Payne and other Bibliopolæ to provide me with all the books he recommended, viz. Heraldus, Scioppius, Salmasius, and the Port Royal Logic and Grammars; but have not succeeded, except for the last. I have consulted Budæus without satisfaction. He was not aware of the difficulty; or, if he was, he did not know how to resolve it. So he consulted his safety, at least, by not meddling with the question. Dr. Parr, I trust, will not suspect me of pretending to debate a point of learning with him, much less would so liberal a scholar as he is desire me to say I am satisfied when I am not. I am inquiring, not contending. He says that "ἀγώγιμος, in plain English, means generically, "*one that may be taken up.*". Agreed. But what

does it mean specifically, in the case before us? What, nothing more than that *whoever killed Charidemus might be taken up?* 1o. That degree of protection was due to every subject of Athens, whether he was an Athenian citizen or not. It was no distinction in favour of Charidemus, and could hardly require to be enacted by a particular decree. 2o. To propose such a decree to the people, viz. that whoever committed a certain murder should be taken up, might possibly have been charged against Aristocrates as an act of corruption at the utmost, or rather, as it appears to me, of extreme folly; but all my credendi faculties desert me to go over to the enemy, when I am called upon to believe that Demosthenes could have had the impudence and the imbecility, in the face of an Athenian audience, to make so insignificant an act the subject of one of his most laboured and learned orations; and to charge it against the mover of the decree, not merely as a common offence or misdemeanor, but as one of the highest crimes, of unexampled prostitution in the party, and most malignant determined treason against the state. *But the answer to this oration is not preserved.* Now, what could the answer be, but to contradict Demosthenes on the meaning of the word ἀγώγιμος, which must have been as well known to every man in the assembly as to either of the orators, and to convict him of falsehood in that single word, which if the answer did, there was an end of the whole crimination. But all this, it seems, is a *mere oratorical amplification* on the part of Demosthenes. What, to expose himself to be silenced by an appeal to the judges on the sense of a single word (but that word essential), which he knew would be instantly determined against him? What would Cicero have said of such an orator? Quem ego, si uno verbo. Make sense of his conduct if you can. But remember whom you are talking of, when you say that Demosthenes, the clearest logical head of all antiquity, talks like an idiot.

Some days ago I had a curious discussion with Lord Thurlow on the course about the word *opertos* in the second Satyr. of Horace, on which Fox and Chorus decided so stoutly against me. Some learned stranger, who overheard us, but not very distinctly, sent me the inclosed letter next day, which I desire you will communicate with this to Dr. Parr, and take his opinion

of it. At present I have nobody to support me but Lambinus, Torrentius, and Bentley, but I would lay a wager that Baxter and Cunningham are of my side. Opposite to me are Fox, Grey, Hare, Jo. Rn., F. Townshend, Fitz Patrick, and, I fear, Bob Adair. A formidable phalanx, but more of the *οἱ φίλοι* than the *οἱ κριτικοί*. The life I lead here is much too delicious for this world; it saps my ideas of the possibility of a better. If I live and do well, I will see Dr. Parr before I die. I know where Fox's superiority lies; but, *uxor me capiat*, if I don't understand Greek as well as *he*. In an evil hour, for his own tranquillity, did that learned divine admit me into his acquaintance. My grateful intention is to pursue him as if I were his evil genius, stick to him like a blister, and burn like a caustic. The last, I own, from *me* to *him*, would be a mere flamma Chimæræ—sed quorsum hæc? Why the case is, that, in the teeth of all his learning, I affirm that *I* am the only man living who know the true meaning of the famous words *quem vocas*, in the last Ode of the Second Book of Horace. Yet Fox, who has no more candour than a black horse, cried out as if I had sworn that six and four made nineteen—and the moment *he* gave tongue, the whole pack, to a dog, followed him. For twenty years I have had all India after me in full cry. Yet now, I believe, when I have been hunted out of existence, they who think at all are pretty sure I was in the right. All their pity was reserved for the poor wolf.

Aristocrates was accused of having prevailed on the people to pass a most iniquitous decree, and, for having done so, is treated by Demosthenes as a criminal and a traitor. The object of the decree was to make any person who should kill Charidemus *ἀγώγιμος*. The question is, what was the strict legal meaning of this word, and in what situation did it place the party. Demosthenes affirms, p. 266, "that such a person was delivered up to his accusers without trial, that they might do what they pleased with him, even though it did not yet appear that he had done the act; that they were at liberty to torture and mutilate him, or to extort money from him," &c. All the Commentators and Translators, as far as I can discover, contradict Demosthenes, and assert that *ἀγώγιμος* meant no

such thing, and "that such a person was liable only to be seized and brought to justice, "ut ibi legitimum supplicium de eo sumeretur, et præterea nihil." What Doctor Taylor's judgment might be does not appear clearly to me. I think he leaves the question where he found it, if not more perplexed than it was. Now, I cannot help believing that Demosthenes understood the laws of Athens and Greece better than any modern Commentators. Taylor says, that it was a mere rhetorical exaggeration on the part of Demosthenes, "..... id suo more exaggerat oratoriè potius quàm juridicè," &c. p. 337. But I say that, if Demosthenes had given a sense so monstrously false to a word in common use, and at that time so well understood, every man in the assembly might and would have contradicted him, and the whole accusation fell to the ground. It is not to be believed, I think, that Aristocrates could have been made the object of such a violent crimination if his decree amounted to nothing more but that "whoever murdered Charidemus should be brought to justice from any part of Greece." That protection was due to him, of common right, as a citizen of Athens, and does not seem to have required a special decree. For my own part, I am convinced that the situation of a person, whom the Grecian law declared to be ἀγώγιμος, was exactly what Demosthenes describes it to be; but that it was a barbarous law, and liable to be enormously abused. Diodorus (lib. 16, p. 542.) says, that, by a decree of the Amphictyons, the Phocæans, who had plundered the temple at Delphi, were declared to be ἐνάγεις καὶ ἀγώγιμοι, ... and, in another place (p. 569.), speaking of the Thebans, who had escaped from the destruction of their city, and whom Alexander meant to treat with all possible severity, he says they were condemned, ἀγωγίμους ὑπάρχειν ἐξ ἁπάσης τῆς Ἑλλαδος.

PHILIP FRANCIS.

Pray consider whether the word φόνου, which ends the line 1046, in the Iphigenia in Tauris, does not belong to her answer in the next line?

SIR, *Aug.* 8, 1800.

I am one of those who happened to hear, though not very distinctly, your conversation with Lord Thurlow upon the race

ground this morning, the subject of which was a line in Horace, and whether the reading ought to be *a*pertos or *o*pertos. The passage I find, by consulting the Horace which I have with me, is this:

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Inspiciunt——

I understood you to contend that the reading ought to be apertos,* for that it is absurd to suppose that persons would bring horses concealed in body clothes. My edition being wholly without notes, I cannot be aware of the grounds upon which the word is contested. Yet it appears to me, reading the word opertos, as plain as any passage in that author. Not to mention that I very much doubt whether any authority can be adduced for construing apertus, *uncovered*, i. e. *naked*. The sense I take to be clearly this.

Horace has been recommending common prostitutes in preference to married women, on account of the easy opportunities of examination existing in the one case and impossible in the other. The argument therefore is this. When persons buy horses in body clothes (i. e. opertos) they yet inspect their different limbs with care. All the force therefore lies in the word being opertos. The horses are compared to women, i. e. *apertæ*, only prostitutes may be examined. The emphatical word is *inspiciunt*, which must be considered as opposed to opertos; "When men buy horses in body clothes they examine them." The passage seems to me wrongly printed, whence, perhaps, the doubt has arisen. If the comma which is placed after mercantur, *thereby connecting opertos and inspiciunt*, were removed and placed *after* opertos, where would be the difficulty in sense or construction?

I beg pardon for having thus apparently broken in upon private conversation; but, as the place was public, and the subject general, I trust I shall stand excused before you.

To P. Francis, Esq.

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* No. I contend for opertos. (Sir P. F.)

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 12, 1806.

I return you this curious and interesting Tract (a great part of which I have read already), because I fear that if I took it with me into the country I should not be able to convey it to you before you left London. Accept my thanks for this mark of your kindness and attention. I hope I shall not be dismissed from this scene of agitation and sorrow without knowing, for some short period at least, what it is to have nothing to think of but the learning that ought to make us wise, and the virtue that ought to make us happy. On this subject you are eminently qualified to give lessons and instructions to the wisest and the best of us. I will not despair of meeting you again, and not to part, and comparing notes with you about life before we leave it for ever.

I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant, P. FRANCIS.

The passage in Athenæus, to which I alluded, is at the bottom of page 585. I have heard the same text attributed to Samuel Foote.

Sir Henry Halford, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 17, 1806.

I venture to assure you that my brethren of the college will all be gratified by seeing you amongst them to-morrow in the theatre and in the dining-room, and therefore I hope you will go, and permit me to have the honour of introducing you to the President. I have called at his house this morning, to desire him to send you a particular invitation, but did not find him in town. This, however, is quite unnecessary.

Believe me always, with high respect, dear Sir, your faithful servant, HENRY VAUGHAN.

Sir William Hamilton was one of the learned who met Dr. Parr during his visit to Scotland, and secured his respect and esteem.

Mr. Dugald Stewart's correspondence discloses the wish of Sir William to succeed Dr. Brown as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh: the following letters relate to the same subject.

Sir William Hamilton, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, April*, 1820.

It is not without very considerable reluctance that I thus venture to intrude upon you, and this more especially in reference to a subject wholly personal to myself. I am, however, confident enough to hope that you will not consider my present request as presumptuous or impertinent, both from the flattering expressions you were pleased to honour me with when in Scotland, and from the belief that you must be used to similar applications, for celebrity is not without its troubles. Without any preamble I shall briefly state the occasion on which I take the liberty of begging your countenance and assistance.

You probably already know that by the loss of Dr. Brown the chair of Moral Philosophy in this University has become vacant. On the melancholy event I stated to Mr. Stewart my wish of becoming a candidate for the situation, provided there was no other person whose appointment he was more inclined to favour. Being informed by him that before he knew of my intentions he had offered his recommendation to an old friend, Mr. Napier, I was consequently withheld from the competition until that gentleman had expressed his determination not to come forward as a candidate. After I had declared myself a competitor for the office, Sir James Mackintosh, in a letter to one of his friends, held out the possibility of his being induced to accept the appointment. His definitive resolution is not yet known, but should he become a candidate (which, under all circumstances, is extremely improbable) I shall certainly

withdraw. If Sir James ultimately declines, I am confident that Mr. Stewart will be favourably inclined to me, though, from my having had but little opportunity of cultivating his society, he cannot say so much in my favour from personal acquaintance. I have also the assistance of all the most respectable men of letters in this quarter, at least all the Whigs. The only opposition I dread is from a candidate whose main chance of success is in the support which the adherents, and only the servile adherents, of administration may afford to their fellow instrument. The election is in the hands of the Town Council, a body of men who are peculiarly exposed to the influence of ministerial power, but who are often still more strongly biassed by public opinion, and the weight of the testimonials which the different candidates may produce. In these circumstances it becomes of the greatest consequence to obtain certificates under the authority of great names; and as no name can carry with it greater weight than that of Dr. Parr, I am particularly anxious to receive the support which you can easily afford me. Of course you can say nothing of me from personal acquaintance, but still if I might presume to request your good offices, there is a way in which you could do me the very greatest service, and confer on me the strongest obligation. When I took my degree at Oxford (to say nothing of the other branches which have only a remoter connection with morals) the Philosophical department of my examination, both for the number and abstruseness of the works, was, I know, unequalled then, and is, I believe, still unequalled, in the schools of that University. After an examination of twelve hours the examiners did me the honour of saying that my knowledge of the authors was most exact, and I received the first honours of the University. Evidence of this is, of course, easily procured. The ignorance and prejudice of many of our northern members is, however, so dense, that beyond mere philological learning they may not conceive that some exertion of intellect and some turn for philosophical disquisition, is also required in reading and comprehending the systems of antiquity; although, therefore, I can prove that my studies have lain quite as much in modern as in ancient philosophy, yet it would be of the very *highest honour*,

and of the *greatest service* to me to obtain your testimony (not to be reclaimed against) in relation to this application and exertion of mind that is necessarily required in such a course of reading, and to prove even from the contents of my examination at Oxford, that I do not venture to approach the altar with unwashed hands. It becomes therefore necessary that I should state to you what were the books I took up on that occasion. I wished that my examination should contain *every thing* in antiquity of any importance on *man*, considered as an *intellectual and reasoning being*, as a *moral and social being*, and as a *being susceptible of pleasure from objects of taste*. With this view I gave up for the *strictest* examination *all* works in Greek or Roman on philosophy which treat on *psychology, on ethics, politics, and economics, on logic, rhetoric, and poetical criticism*; thus including nearly the whole works of Aristotle, a large proportion of those of Plato, the whole of Cicero's philosophical and rhetorical books, besides those of the other authors of inferior note. Though I had read most of the treatises of antiquity on other branches of philosophy, including the best Greek commentators on Aristotle and Plato, yet I did not give them up for a *vigorous* examination, partly because I had not leisure to prepare myself accurately immediately previous to the time, and partly because they were not admissible in the schools. As it was, a great number of my books were declared too metaphysical for examination, and forbid to be thereafter opened in the schools. Since I left Oxford my pursuits have necessarily been very various, but I always returned to my philosophical studies, perhaps to the neglect of other more necessary avocations. My attention to the philosophy of the ancients has certainly never been remitted, and I have made considerable collections towards a critical and philosophical edition of the ethics and politics of Aristotle, as also of his rhetoric.

What I therefore now presume to beg is, that you would state, in what manner appears to you proper, your opinion as to the importance of the ancient philosophy, especially the ancient practical philosophy. As to the necessity of its study in relation to a knowledge of the modern systems; and finally, as to its excellence as a gymnastic exercise of the mind in

forming habits of philosophical thinking. If you could also add any thing favourable in reference to myself, and as speaking of the strictness of an Oxford examination, and its application as a criterion of knowledge, I should ever feel the warmest gratitude for your kindness. If I might be allowed to suggest to you the mode in which such a testimony might be most easily given, I think that a letter from you to Mr. Stewart would be the most eligible vehicle. This could be afterwards laid before the Council. I must again express to you the great reluctance that I feel in thus requesting you to take this trouble in my behalf. The more respect and reverence I entertain for your learning, genius, and character, the more desirous I am to obtain the distinguished honour of your countenance, but at the same time the more diffident I feel in making the application. I must, however, rely on your *humanity* for my excuse. I have the honour to remain, my dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and faithful servant,

W. HAMILTON.

MY DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, August*, 2, 1820.

An accident, of little consequence in itself, excepting so far as it prevented me from the use of my hand in writing, is the reason I have not before now informed you of the result of the election, and that I have not offered you my grateful acknowledgments for the very distinguished honour you have conferred on me in a recommendation so flattering in itself, had it even been unsupported by the authority of such a name. The issue of the canvass has been unsuccessful, but I have certainly gained far more by the competition than the mere chair, when my pretensions were countenanced by yourself and Mr. Stewart; and I have lost nothing by a defeat where the electors were the passive creatures of a party, with whom Locke himself would have been unsuccessful against the influence of ministerial cabal. The weight of this influence was certainly never exerted more strongly than in this instance; its operation (without any reference to myself) has been in the most direct and open opposition to public opinion. The manner in which Mr. Stewart has been excluded, I mean prevented from continuing to connect his name with the University which

he has mainly contributed to raise to its celebrity, is not the least odious part of the transaction.

I was happy to hear from Mr. Stewart that you were fast recovering from the effects of your late alarming illness, and trust that health will now be fully confirmed.

When in Scotland you mentioned that you found difficulty in procuring different works from the continent. The correspondence of our library is so extensive and well regulated, that it is the easiest matter through our agents to get any work, even of the most trifling value. It would give me the greatest pleasure to be allowed to execute any commissions of that kind you may have. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obliged and humble servant,

W. HAMILTON.

Sir H. Harbord, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Albemarle-street, Oct.* 7, 1784.

The extreme candour and fairness with which you state the matter of the publication respecting Matthew Barker in Crowe's Paper, and the motives for it, convinces me as well of your humanity as your having that liberality of sentiment, which all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance, would not doubt of your possessing in an eminent degree. In justice to myself, I must beg leave to state what were not, as well as what were, my reasons for disapproving of this account of Barker's case: I did not feel it as an injury to my vanity, the not being stated to have the honour of any particular interest with the Secretary of State, or as a disappointment the not being represented as possessing a peculiar degree of humanity, but the mentioning Lord Sydney's letter to me at all as a public matter, and then only as containing a peremptory refusal of mercy, certainly was not perfectly agreeable, because the letter was more of the private than the official kind, and no part of the account takes notice of the unfavourableness of the judge's report; therefore, the public are left to form unfair and prejudicial conjectures of Lord Sydney and myself, either as to our want of attention to the unhappy man's case, or as to neither having

power or inclination to save the unfortunate convict, and a degree of censure seemed to be implied by the noticing two persons with only a refusal of mercy attached to their names, and the share they were reported to have in the transaction, when a liberal degree of praise was bestowed upon others. The tribute of applause to Mr. Blake I readily acknowledge to be justly due, and undoubtedly many others as well as yourself have distinguished yourselves upon this occasion for great exertions of humanity; but, if my information is correct, they availed nothing as to the procuring mercy. I am told in strong terms, and from high authority, that none is due to Barker—that the facts stated in his favour are misrepresentations, that they are all contradicted by positive evidence, and that he undoubtedly ought to be executed. Certain it is, that a complaint is made against the under-sheriff for suspending the execution of the law, and it was pressed hard to me, that the misconduct of Mr. Blake, and the consequent delay, as well as the turn the affair has taken in the county, the great end of punishment (example to deter others) is defeated, and as there might be people who doubted of the justness of the sentence, *therefore* the man may as well live. I do not wish to impute a want of tenderness to any man, but there is something that lurks somewhere in this business, which leaves not a doubt upon my mind of all not possessing the same feelings as you and Mr. Blake do, and which are an ornament to human nature. I cannot help just remarking to you that the trivial circumstance of my going out of town at half past five instead of six, as was intended, saved Barker's life. Lord Sydney's letter was brought here by his servant about six, it was sent after me by that night's post to Greenford, and by the course of the post it could not be at Norwich till the Sunday; if I had received this letter upon the Wednesday here, undoubtedly should have sent it down directly, it would have been received upon the Friday, and all glimmering hope of mercy being taken away, Mr. Blake would not have had so justifiable an excuse for exercising such humanity as reflects the highest honour upon him; thus wonderful and astonishing are the ways of Providence to effect His all benevolent purposes! As I am, as indeed I ought to be, convinced that no degree of censure, or

insinuation of a want of attention to the wishes of my friends was intended in that publication, I beg leave to assure you of my being not only entirely satisfied with the apology for it; but must also request you to accept my thanks for the exceeding polite and flattering attention you pay to my feelings, and your readiness to do more than ample justice to my feeble efforts to co-operate with you in an act not only of humanity, but, all circumstances considered, almost of justice to a poor unfortunate penitent offender, under a sentence too severe for the crime so unaggravated.

I beg not to be supposed to decline the honour you would do me by sending the paper you inclosed into the world, but upon the ground of its being much too flattering, as well as that I most sincerely do not wish upon any occasion to be represented as having any extraordinary merit in discharging what was in fact nothing more than my duty, the endeavouring to comply with the wishes of some of my constituents and friends. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, H. HARBORD.

Sir William Jones, to Dr. Parr.

March 22.

Cicero tells Atticus that, when he had sent one of his works to so nice a critic, he dreaded the *little marks of his red pencil, cerulas miniatulas illas extimescebam.* I, who am far inferior to Cicero, tell you, who are a much better man than Atticus, that the more I see of those *cerulæ miniatulæ*, the greater pleasure you will give me. I have found a method of correcting the σφάλματα Λειμώνια, without being at the charge of cancelling the sheet. Σιγᾶν at the close of a trimeter is the only mistake worth altering. The *tertio* instead of *quarto* signifies little, the rest may be reserved for another impression. As to πίνω, what think you of this Anacreontic, as I find it *in two editions*, Ὅταν πίνω τὸν οἶνον, Εὕδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι, where πίνω is evidently an iambus? You will read πίω, I suppose; but, if we first lay down rules, and then correct all the passages, which are not conformable to them, we invert the order of genuine criticism, which, like true philosophy, can only be raised on a

general induction. I suspect πίνω to be one of those words (and there are many of them in Greek, κάλος, ἀνὴρ, and others), which have their penultima common. When I translated Terence eleven years ago, I had some reason which then convinced me that σιγᾶν belonged to the same class; but I have lost my authority, if I ever had any, and now believe it to be wrong. Let me entreat you, dear Parr, to run over the Limon a second time, and to bring with you on Friday the *weeds* which you find in it. If Milton begins an hexameter with *Cydonius* Κυδώνιος, and an iambick verse with Nec sen*tis* illud, (not to mention Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου) I need not blush at my own errors. Indeed, I hardly know a poet, ancient or modern, in whose works I could not point out many faults, if it were not a pleasanter task to gather roses than thorns. I have this advantage over them, that by finishing my literary career at an age when most of them have begun, I have it in my power to correct my compositions in every edition. I have now sent all my books, which have not some relation either to law or science, to my study at Oxford, where they shall be till I resume my former pursuits in my old age. You will see my shelves filled with reports and abridgements. Tully and Demosthenes alone have preserved their places, and I read no other books in the ancient languages. These I devour—these I get by heart—these I repeat—these I shall never cease admiring and imitating to the end of my life. Charles Fox, they say, is studying the law; a powerful rival! He offers twenty guineas to receive five hundred when he is Attorney-general. I cannot answer for the truth of this report; but I am not much afraid of him; though I see many wolves in one Fox. We must call upon Johnson at the beginning of the week; you will win the old man's heart. As for me, my ideas of philology are so faded, and other habits of study begin so strongly to prevail, that I have no great pleasure in his conversation; besides ἀηδής ἐστιν ἡ τῶν ἀντιπολιτευομένων ὁμιλία; and your namesake, like Philistus the historian, is *non magis tyranno quàm tyrannidi amicus.* Farewell! I will not add my useless name, when I write to friends, who know my hand. Do not forget the list of *errata,* which you may find in my Limon.

DEAR PARR, *Duke-street, Nov. 24, 1773.*

You ask what book I am printing besides the Commentaries. The only *original* work, except upon law, that I mean to publish for the next twenty years, is a short *History of the Turks* from their first migration to their present war with Russia: this will see the light after the Latin treatise, and will be comprised in about 300 pages in 8vo. You see it will be the Iliad in a nutshell. By the way, I forgot to send you my English Nadershah, but you shall have it when we meet. My resolution to desist from any literary work will not preclude me from appearing as the editor of my father's *Synopsis Matheseos*, and the famous treatise on our Laws by Judge *Littleton*, of which I have finished a new translation, with notes, and mean to compare the text with the two oldest and finest editions, which are preserved in the library at Cambridge. I intend, you must know, to study the law every morning, but to devote my afternoons to mirth and conversation. I should not scruple to use *addict* in a good sense, and I have a faint recollection of having met with that usage in *Middleton*, and other great writers? Would you not say, for example, *In the early part of his life he was strongly addicted to the study of polite literature*, or, *He soon deserted these juvenile exercises, and addicted himself to the pursuit of more solid attainments?* In these questions we must be guided chiefly by the ear, which gives the surest direction in our native language. Johnson, I find, says, the word is rarely used in a good sense; but he quotes this passage *Ye know the house of Stephanus, that they are addicted to the ministry of the saints.* Now the translation of our Bible ought to have stirling authority; for, if the phrases and expressions which occur in it be suffered to grow obsolete, our posterity will attend divine service without being edified, and the gospel will appear as antiquated as *Chaucer* now seems to us. Farewell, Dear Parr, and believe me, with great truth, yours, W. JONES.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, Nov. 4.

Let me hope to meet you at Paradise's at dinner and supper on Wednesday the 8th. You will find nobody there but myself, and, perhaps, *Browne*, no contemptible scholar, whom I believe

you know. He respects you, and, I fancy, sent a boy to your gymnaisium. Barrett, whose rudeness was distressing to you, is in France; nor, if he were in England, would he be admitted on that day. I am reading Isæus, whom I admire. He was the master of Demosthenes, and shall be mine; it will be some pleasure to have the same instructor in the laws of Athens and forensic eloquence. Ten of his speeches are preserved in causes relating to private property, which are more interesting to me than the Philippics. I beg you to inform me (if you have Fabricius's Bibliotheca Græca) whether his speeches have ever been translated into Latin and printed by themselves. I *fear* they have been translated into Latin and published in an old edition of the Greek orators. I *fear* it, because I am determined to translate them into English in my best manner, and to print them neatly, with an elaborate discourse on the Athenian laws and oratory; in which discourse I will not quote a word of Greek, but will imitate the Romans, whose works were not made to look like tesselated pavement with the number of impertinent quotations. My work will be more creditable to me if no one has yet translated the speeches; for they are not easy, and are full of obscure allusions to the practice of the Athenian courts, and the laws of Solon and others. I beg you will assist me so far as to collect all you know about the life and character of Isæus. He was an eminent practitioner, not, like Isocrates, a scribbler of fine orations. Plutarch says his manner was energetic, and Juvenal alludes to his vehemence and rapidity. Harpocration is very useful to me. I will make a curious work, very different from what we generally see, and will give you the substance of Petit's book on the Attic law, without his pedantry. Let us meet next Christmas at Emanuel College. Your wife, I hope, is better. I am well.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, Nov. 14, 1780.

In answer to your queries on *Job*, I must begin with *jobing* you. Why will you not follow my example in contributing to the comfort and ease of your correspondents by *dating* your letters at the beginning, and by writing more legibly? I was

in an equinoctial storm near the Flemish sand-banks, but the skill and diligence of the seamen saved you the trouble of writing my life. I have seen *mores hominum multorum et urbes.* Shall I see you at Christmas? Where? I shall be with Bennet at Emanuel College; contrive, I entreat you, to be of the party. White's behaviour was not intentionally rude; but he is indolent and giddy. I beg that my name may not be mentioned by your friend; I have no observations of my own, and have more fame as a philologer than I desire. In my profession the reputation of a scholar is a dead weight on a person. An *early* answer I send you, not having read your letter above five minutes; but a *copious* one you cannot expect from a *consultus juris*, who has so many other answers to write. I must premise that I do not read Syriac, and that I neither have Walton's Polyglott myself, nor know where to borrow it in London. My opinion is this: all is dark and uncertain in the passages alluded to in Job, Amos, and Isaiah; there is no ground for the names of the constellations Arcturus, Orion, Pleiades, which the seventy give to the Hebrew words Ash, or Aish, Caseil, Caima. The Chaldee paraphrast renders *Ash* by *Zagata*, or *the Hen*, without any authority; and some of the Rabbis, with as little reason, explain *Caseil* by *Soheil*, or Canopus. I agree with the very learned *Schultens* (to whose notes on Job I refer your friend), that the three words in question are very general, and not the names of particular constellations. He translates the ninth verse of the ninth chapter thus: "Who made the *nightly circlers*, the stars producing *cold*, and the stars producing *heat*, together with the more secret mansions of the south." He supposes *Ash* to mean our arctic polar stars; *Caseil*, the next in order to the north; and *Caima*, the more southern. Had I the Polyglott I would answer the queries more directly: as it is, I am unable to give you more satisfaction. Farewell, and believe me ever wholly yours, W. JONES.

MY INCOMPARABLE FRIEND, *May* 20.

After expressing my warmest thanks, I entreat you to abandon two notions; one, that the paper in question was either written or dispersed by me; it was, indeed, collected from my

conversation; but it would have hurt me irreparably to have had any hand in it: pray set this matter right wherever it is mentioned. The other idea, which you must discard, is, that there is a very great difference between Scott and Dolben; the Doctor is a Tory from erroneous principle, the Baronet from family-prejudice: I oppose them both, for both would vote against the people. Scott is a deep dissembler, although a deep scholar; and he wears the mask of a whig, which my whig friends must tear off, if he will not unmask himself. It is indifferent to me, as a friend to the people, whether of the two sit in Parliament. Proceed in your kind exertions; we must steer *right onward* to a poll. Is Mr. Waters your assistant? Has he any weight?

Firmly as I believe a particular providence, I am sinking under a stroke, which I might have borne with fortitude if it had not been quite sudden. I have no parent* left but my country; and her I am disposed to serve at any hazard, having *no pledge of my obedience* to tyrants.

I keep this paper dry with difficulty; my bosom is moist with tears. I can write no more. Farewell! Pray desire Bennet to canvass all Cambridge; every man may have weight.

Sunday night.

I despair of being serviceable to the poor man whose cause you recommend to my patronage; but you might have been sure that I would comply with your request to the utmost of my power. This I have done. I have sent instructions to a friend of mine, who is master of a fine French style, and is connected with many persons of eminence in the Court of France. Conformably to these instructions, letters will be sent by Tuesday's post, in your name and mine, to the military commander of Calais, and others to the chief civil magistrate, in which they will be requested to pardon the man, if possible, on account of his insanity; or, if that be not in their power, to respite him till they hear from the Court. By the same post letters will be dispatched to the Duke of Noailles, who is coming in the character of ambassador to England. He will be pressed to save the man, if he can be saved by his interces-

* His mother was recently dead.

sion with the King, or by his own authority. I cannot think of a speedier or better way than this; but I fear it will be ineffectual. To address our own ministers, and entreat them to intercede with the French, would be uncertain, dilatory, and, most probably, fruitless. I know not whether you approve of my philosophy; but I am not sure that we shall confer a great benefit on this man by saving his life. To a man who is poor and wise, without any chance of being richer, or rich and foolish, without a possibility of being wiser, life can administer no comfort, and consequently is no advantage; but a man, who is both poor and mad, without any hopes of becoming easy in his circumstances, or of recovering his understanding, can receive no greater benefit than a speedy death. That you may become as rich as you are wise, and may live as long as your wisdom makes you wish to live, and your riches make life desirable, is my hearty wish. Farewell!

WILLIAM JONES.

Sir Samuel Romilly, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Warwick, April* 6, 1792.

You have convinced me perfectly that the assertion I made the other day was made much too generally. It was an opinion which I had adopted from Rousseau, and he is certainly not a good authority upon such a subject; for, though he had a great deal of general reading, he had not much learning. I am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to convince me of my error, and am very glad to be in possession of the authorities which you have furnished me with upon a subject, which I think a very interesting one. I should have returned my thanks to you earlier, but my time has been very much taken up since I received your letter. I shall certainly communicate the contents of it to Dr. Priestley, to whom, I am sure, it will give much pleasure.

If Rabaud de St. Etienne's book can afford you any pleasure, I beg you would not take the trouble of returning it, as I shall have no difficulty in getting another copy of it in town.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your most obedient and faithful servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bishop's Auckland, Aug. 27*, 1806.

It was my firm intention to have written to you before I left town, but my time was so incessantly occupied during the few days which elapsed after I received your letter, that I found it impossible. I return the copy of your letter to Mr. Fonblanque, and am much obliged to you for communicating it to me. Your affidavit I understood exactly as you say that it was to be understood. I saw that it was drawn with great care and much caution; and one of the few observations which I made upon it to the Court was, that you had been studious so to express yourself as not to encourage the heirs at law in forming any very sanguine expectations of the effect of your evidence, if the case should be sent to be tried anew. I have not read any newspaper account of what passed in the Court of Chancery upon the motion for a new trial; but the account which you have seen must have been a very unfaithful one, if it represents any thing to have fallen from any person concerned in it, which it would be unpleasant to you or any of your warmest friends to hear. I certainly think that the verdict which has been given is right, and that the Chancellor decided properly in refusing a new trial; and I am happy to find that upon these points your opinion does not differ much from mine. I knew Lord Chedworth, and never observed the slightest symptoms of a deranged mind in him; but my acquaintance with him was much too slight to make my observation of him of any value. The Attorney-general, to whom I have communicated your letter, is much surprised that it should have been supposed that any thing had passed on the subject of your evidence, which could make it necessary for you to enter into any explanation upon it. I am very sorry that you did not let us see you in town during the last spring. My nephew, Dr. Roget, informed me that he had the good fortune to meet you at Manchester; but we here think we have some reason to complain that you devoted to Manchester the weeks which you might have spent in London.

I am, my dear Sir, with very great respect, and most sincere attachment, ever yours,

SAMUEL ROMILLY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, Dec,* 15, 1812.

You really very much overrate my sagacity, if you suppose that it can relieve you from your difficulties. I do not know what can be done with the words "with consent," in the registry, but to insert after them, in cases of marriages of infants by license, the names of the parents or guardians from the license, and to leave them in other cases standing as useless words, or, in the language of special pleaders, as surplusage. You know, my dear Sir, how highly I value your good opinion, and may judge therefore how gratifying it is to me to know that you rejoice at the prospect of my soon being in Parliament. I shall persevere in endeavouring to do some good there, but I know beforehand that I shall not be able to do any. I thought nothing could be worse than the last Parliament, but from what I hear of the component parts of the present, I fear that I shall not long retain that opinion. The strength of the different parties in it has not yet been put to any trial, much, as I understand, to the satisfaction of many prudent members, who are casting about, and exercising their political sagacity in considering whom they may more prudently join. Canning, who, with his friends, talked before the commencement of the session of turning out the ministry in less than a fortnight, now complains of the remissness of Opposition who make no exertions in the public cause. The truth is, that he is disappointed that he has not been able to use the exertions of Opposition to bring himself into power, and he takes care always to leave an opening in all his censures of ministers for himself to join them. I do not find, however, that the ministry have any inclination to meet his overtures. They make a wretched figure in the House of Commons in debate; but the Regent is satisfied with them, they are better satisfied with themselves, and they have no doubts of having a sufficient majority on all questions of importance to retain their situations. They do not feel therefore the want of Canning's talents or of his friends' votes. The Regent treats them with what any other ministers would think the greatest indignity; he appoints to the highest political situations without their approbation and without their knowledge; they make representations to him upon this in writing, and he does not conde-

scend in the slightest manner to notice their representations, but still he suffers them to remain in office, and they are contented. Lady Romilly begs to be most kindly remembered to you; my nephew and nieces are much flattered by your recollection and notice of them. I remain, my dear Sir, with great respect and warm attachment, ever your most sincere friend and servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, April* 9, 1813.

I cannot suffer your high indignation to be entirely engrossed by the five Bishops who voted the other day for the continuance of a law, by which the lives of their fellow-creatures are exacted for no greater an offence than pilfering property of the value of five shillings, when there are so many more venerable prelates who are entitled to a share of it. On the 30th of May, 1810, the same bill was rejected by the House of Lords, when no less than seven prelates voted against it, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Ely (Dampier), Hereford, Chester (Sparke), and Porter, an Irish Bishop. In the opinion of these pious churchmen, transportation for life, which the bill enabled the Judges to inflict, was not a sufficiently severe punishment for such a transgression. I must not venture to speak as freely of Judges as you do of Bishops, or I should tell you how well I think you have characterized Lord Eldon and Lord Ellenborough. I remain, my dear Sir, with the greatest respect and sincere attachment, your friend and servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, April* 5, 1814.

I am not surprised at your question, for Lord Coke says, that when the King orders a convicted traitor to be beheaded, he only remits a part of the sentence; and Lord Hale has countenanced the same notion. But the crown has substituted in several instances beheading in the place of hanging, in the case of men convicted of felonies, and the place of burning in the case of women convicted of treason; beheading never having been in either case any part of the sentence against

them. When James II. was applied to on behalf of Mrs. Lisle, to substitute this milder sentence in the place of burning, to which Jefferies had sentenced her, the King professed to doubt whether he had the power to do it, and it was not till after the Judges had been consulted, and precedents had been searched for, that he consented to spare her the tortures she had been doomed to suffer. Foster rejects the notion of remitting a part of the sentence, and thinks that the King may, by his prerogative, with the consent of the convict, substitute a milder instead of a severe sentence. It has always appeared to me absurd, when the beheading in the sentence against traitors was only to take place after the convict was put to death, to say that the King, by remitting part of the sentence, could order that the convict should be beheaded alive. As well might it be said that he might remit the hanging only, and order that the traitor should be embowelled alive, and without having his previous keen sense of pain benumbed by previous strangulation.

I am much obliged to you for your information respecting the letters to Brutus; I remember to have read formerly Middleton's Vindication of them, but I certainly did not know that they were now generally admitted to be spurious. To the passage quoted by Yorke may be opposed another in a work of Cicero's, the genuineness of which never was doubted, De Naturâ Deorum, in which he asks, or rather makes, Cotta ask Ferretne ulla civitas latorem istiusmodi legis ut condemnaretur filius aut nepos si pater aut avus deliquisset? and calls such punishments portenta et flagitia. You tell me to get the treatise de Jure Puniendi; but where, and by what means I am to get it, you do not tell me. Mrs. Montagu, or Basilissa, as you call her, sent me your quotation; I was much struck with it, and could have wished to have seen it inscribed by some invisible hand upon the walls at Carlton House. I scrawl this in very great haste, and am with the greatest respect and most sincere attachment, my dear Sir, ever affectionately yours,

SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Lady Romilly, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, June* 20, 1817.

I am requested, by my husband, to inform you that your trusty servant and the boxes of plate arrived safe last night; he is gone out on some business this morning, and we are waiting his return to open them, and mean to have all displayed, in due order, against Sir Samuel returns to dinner. He desires me to tell you that he is so entirely occupied at this moment that it is not in his power to write to you, but he means to take advantage of the leisure of Sunday to do it, when he will express, better than I can, how grateful he is to you for all your kindness to him.

Pray present my best compliments to Mrs. Parr. I should be very happy if you were to give us, by coming to London, an opportunity of making her acquaintance; I should like also to present to you a young Grecian of fifteen, who, I think, you would be much pleased with; he is translating the fifth book of Thucydides into Latin, and is deep in the tragedians. He is indefatigable in his studies, and determined, in his own mind, to *be* all that his father *is*: you will agree with me that he cannot have a better model. I do not know why I came to mention him to you, except that he burst into the room this moment, full of health and spirits, returning home for his holidays. Ever, my dear Sir, with sincere regard and respect,

Your obliged A. ROMILLY.

Sir Samuel Romilly, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, June* 23, 1817.

Lady Romilly informed you of the safe arrival of your servant with the plate, and he will, probably, before you receive my letter, have got safe back to Hatton. When I saw the full display of your magnificent present I was very much dazzled with its splendour. It very far surpasses what I had expected, from your account of it, in beauty and in value. Rich, however, and magnificent as it is, its greatest value, in my eyes, will always be that it was yours; that I received it as a present

from you, and that it will remain with me a splendid memorial of the good opinion which a man, whom I have ever so honoured and respected as I have you, is kind and partial enough to entertain of me. It is impossible that I should ever behold it without a feeling of pride, at having been so honoured by you, and I have the greatest satisfaction in reflecting, that, when I shall have long been in my grave, it will still continue the evidence, in my family, of the estimation in which I was held by Dr. Parr. That you may long live in the enjoyment of all the happiness you can desire, and that I may never forfeit any part of your good opinion and your friendship, are the sincerest wishes of my heart. I remain, my dear Sir, with great gratitude and warm affection, your most sincere and faithful friend and servant, S. ROMILLY.

Russell-square, Nov. 18, 1817.

Though your question is not a very puzzling one, I do not return you an immediate answer to it, but my answer shall be delayed but a few days. Lady Romilly thanks you for your kind inquiries. We are both quite well, and, for myself, I never found myself, at the end of a long vacation, better prepared to encounter the labours of my profession than I am at the present moment.

The death of the poor Princess is, indeed, a great public calamity. With her are extinguished all hopes of a Whig administration being ever again formed in this country, or at least within any time that those who are now mixing in the affairs of the world can suppose that they will live to see. The ——— deserts the principal members of Opposition, and although this is an obstacle to their being received into his favour which cannot be thought insurmountable by those who remember in what strong terms of abhorrence he used to express himself of Perceval, Lord Eldon, and others, whom he afterwards took into his confidence, yet (which is much more formidable) he hates the principles of the Whigs still more than their persons. If they had any chance of coming into power, it would only be by proving themselves wholly undeserving of it. From the Duke of York, perhaps, something better might be hoped; but

it cannot be supposed that he will ever forget the part which the Opposition thought it their indispensable duty to take, in the enquiry which took place a few years ago in the House of Commons. That this great change in the prospect of the succession to the throne will have a considerable influence on the Opposition; that it will thin their ranks, and weaken their efforts, I am afraid, must be expected. I need not assure you that upon me it will not have the slightest effect. As a desire of being in office has (I can with perfect truth declare) never been among the motives which have governed my public conduct, I can only see, in the present state of public affairs, stronger grounds than I ever felt before for persevering in that course which I have hitherto pursued. I remain, my dear Sir, with the utmost respect, and with most sincere and affectionate attachment, ever yours, S. ROMILLY.

Lady Romilly joins with me in begging you would present our best respects to Mrs. Parr.

Sir James Scarlett, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *New-street, Spring Gardens, Nov.* 17.

I wish that I had wings, that I might hasten down to Hatton to inform you how much and how often it has been in my mind to write to you since my determination to become a candidate for the University. Incessant occupation, much hurry, and some confusion, all combine to prevent me from doing what I most wish. Accept, thus late, the assurance of my anxiety to receive and to merit your approbation in this as in every other part of my conduct. I am no judge of my own pretensions, but, if *you* think me worthy of the honour of representing the University of Cambridge, I shall hold my head the higher for it ever after. My canvass is late, made at the request of several valuable friends of Trinity, who manfully support the warriors of a whig interest in Cambridge. May not the old admirer of Dr. Parr, and the most particular friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, hope for your protection and support? Ever, my dear Sir, most truly yours, J. SCARLETT.

His Excellency Robert Adair, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Feb. 5,* 1800.

My young friend, Mr. Wm. Lamb, writes me word from Glasgow, where he is attending Professor Millar's lectures, that a great dispute has arisen respecting Dr. Pearce's interpretation of Sappho's Ode preserved in Longinus; and he has requested me to ask your opinion upon it, which would be received as authority by the disputants. The side he has himself taken is that in opposition to Dr. Pearce, and he contends on the authority of Longinus, and of the internal evidence of the ode itself, that the passion intended to be described by Sappho is love, and not jealousy. This opinion he sustains by the following references and arguments, which I transcribe from his letter to me:

"Longinus in speaking of it says, that it describes *τὰ συμβαίνοντα ταῖς ἐρωτικαῖς μανίαις παθήματα*;" and again, all the things which happen "*περὶ τοὺς ἐρῶντας.*" "The Ode itself," he proceeds to say, "does not warrant Pearce's interpretation in the least. *Ὅστις* in the second line makes it clear that no particular man, as Charaxus, is meant, but only any man who shall happen to be in the lady's graces. To make out Pearce's meaning, *Τὸ*, the relative in the first line of the second stanza must refer not to the sweet speech or the amiable smile, but to Charaxus sitting by her and hearing her; and in the third line of the same stanza, after *Ὡς γὰρ εἴδυσε*, *in the arms of Charaxus*, must be understood."

In addition to this he quotes Catullus, Boileau, and Philipps, as evidence to the general opinion upon this point.

Will you favour me at your leisure with an opinion on this point, such as I may have your permission to transmit to him.

Believe, me, dear Sir, faithfully yours, R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 12, 1800.

The debate of Monday had so fatigued me that it was out of my power to write to you yesterday; in the mean time I re-

ceived a letter from Mr. Lamb, in which he appears to have been much staggered in his opinion by the authority of Fox, who in the present dispute gives it in favour of jealousy. The reasons on which Fox thus decides the question in his own mind, do not appear, but as he has promised to answer Mr. Lamb's letter, I shall see them, and (unless you should think the discussion of this point of too little moment to engage any more of your attention) will communicate them to you. When I saw Mr. Fox in the House of Commons, he had not then seen Mr. Lamb's letter, containing those reasons for the opposite opinion, which I transcribed in my first letter to you; nor had he ever read Dr. Pearce's account of the Ode; but he seemed to wonder that any question could arise on the subject. He rejected all authorities, and looked only to the symptoms of the passion as described in the Ode. On this principle, he said that ἰδρὼς ψυχρὸς is decisive, for that no man ever was thrown into a cold sweat by the side of his mistress. In answer to ἰδρὼς ψυχρὸς I could not help venturing to ask him whether λεπτὸν πῦρ was a characteristic of jealousy? such jealousy I mean as (to support Pearce's hypothesis) must appear to have arisen in Sappho's breast from the actual sight of the object of her love in the arms of her rival. Horace, to be sure, says, "quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus;" but Telephus is not present. Horace's is a corroding jealousy, in which the predominant quality is sorrow; but sorrow gives way to rage and madness when the object we love is placed before our eyes, under the circumstances suggested by Dr. Pearce. Besides, after all, sorrow is but the second feeling in Horace's mind, even although Telephus is not present; his first is anger—"Meum difficili bile tumet jecur." If this be right, Fox's interpretation, founded on the internal evidence of the Ode, does not seem very easy to be sustained, since the jealousy of Sappho on seeing Dorice and Charaxus together, would hardly have shown itself, in the first instance, in a tame comparison of their happiness to that of the gods.

These were the reasons of an unlearned man on this knotty point which Fox indulged me with hearing; yours, I think, will convince him, unless he is very obstinate. Richardson is of

our side; when I say our side, forgive my presumption in calling myself of any.

I will trespass no longer upon you, but beg you to believe me, dear Sir, most faithfully yours, R. ADAIR.

P. S. I have not been able to speak to Mr. Courtenay. He left the House of Commons suddenly on Monday, and I am afraid he is not well.

MY DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 2, 1802.

Immediately upon my return to London I wrote you a few lines; but, as I directed my letter to Hatton, I suppose it has not yet reached you. Give me leave most sincerely to congratulate you on the living so very properly presented to you by Sir Francis Burdett. I trust it will be the means of making him better acquainted with your principles and virtues.

I hear, and hear again, persons mentioned as the authors or abettors of all the libels against C. Fox, which fill me with pain. Let them come from what quarter they may, however, they do him no harm, for I will venture to say he never stood so high in public opinion since the unfortunate period of the French Revolution as he does at this instant. He was quite master of the House of Commons for the two days he attended there. We are looking out for a lodging for him, and I hope he will attend on all important occasions.

He sent over for you and Lord John Townshend each a superb tobacco-pipe, I believe Turkish. General Andreossy had them in charge; but I understand they are not yet unpacked. They are about six feet in length.

We found no papers of the Scotch College. They are certainly destroyed. We have traced King James's Memoirs as far as St. Omers, where they were burnt by the person to whose custody they were entrusted during a riot which took place in the town. The reason assigned by him was, that he was afraid of its being discovered that he was in possession of such dangerous and anti-revolutionary papers as the Secret Memoirs of a King; and that he destroyed them to prevent his being destroyed himself. In the dispatches of Barrillon, however, and of D'Avaux, which we were allowed to examine and transcribe from, much very important information has been

collected; and Mr. Fox, who employed himself with the Barillon papers, is quite convinced, by the result of his inquiries, that Dalrymple either read them very loosely, or did not read them at all.

I conveyed to you, in the letter I wrote and sent to Hatton, a request from the Duchess of Devonshire. It was a solicitation of your interest for Mr. Edward Grey (brother of Charles Grey) for a Merton fellowship. I made her Grace thoroughly understand that you would do nothing inconsistent with propriety or prior engagements; and it is quite under this impression that she has begged me to express her wish to you.

I hope to see you in town this winter. As to myself, my stay is very uncertain; after next week I shall probably go into Suffolk to see Lord Albemarle.

Believe me, dear Sir, ever truly yours, R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Saturday, 2 o'clock.*

Whenever any thing is settled, you shall hear from me certainly; but you would not thank me for sending you every idle report.

Mr. Pitt was to see the King to-day. He has not seen him yet; but last Wednesday he sent in his proposal, which is for a general union, to the exclusion only of the present Ministers.

He will receive no answer from any one but the King; and the King, poor man, is still too ill to see him. This, I believe, is the only cause of the delay.

Arrangements are not yet even talked of; but you may rest assured that Fox will do nothing without the full concurrence of the people of Westminster. I am, truly yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Saturday.*

I entreat you to excuse my not answering your letter immediately after receiving it. During the few days I have been in town I have had so long an arrear of business to settle that I have scarcely had time to read or to write a syllable. The little I know of news may be comprised in few words. The ——— is most stout and resolute in his determination, which

he has signified through Lord Moira to Mr. Pitt; 1st, Not to surrender his paternal rights over his daughter; 2d, Not to listen to any political proposal which shall not include Mr. Fox. He has lately told ——— to abstain from all communications with him on political matters which did not accord with Mr. Fox's sentiments, from whom alone he consented to receive advice. The Catholic question will undoubtedly be agitated next Session. Ever yours, R. ADAIR.

P.S. The Grenvilles, and every body else, firm as adamant.

Mr. Adam, the present Lord High Commissioner in Scotland, was introduced to Dr. Parr's acquaintance by his concern in the subscription for Mr. Fox. The following letter exhibits Parr's zeal and a little of the political feeling of the time. The correspondence with Mr. Adam was occasional. There is a very kind letter from him to Parr when he visited Scotland, in 1819, inviting him to Blair Adam.

William Adam, Esq. M.P. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's-inn-fields, June 27*, 1793.

I am this day favoured with yours, inclosing a draft on Norwich for £100 on account of Mr. Fox, being, as you inform me, for Dr. Edward Johnstone, of Birmingham. You will be so good as to let him know that it is acknowledged by me as it ought.

I am very sorry that any omission should have taken place respecting Dr. Johnstone being put up for the Whig Club, especially as it was a most desirable measure to recruit our desertion by respectable names, both to mortify the deserters and to keep up our character. It is the more vexatious, because it cannot be repaired till November. If you and Dr. Johnstone will then permit me to get him proposed under the auspices you mention, I shall take care of it.

I do not give the least credit to the report you mention respecting a change without Mr. Fox. I believe you know my line of thinking enough to make you believe that I have felt real distress that any of the persons you mentioned should have differed from Mr. Fox. But I should be very wrong indeed if I did not give complete credit to the rectitude of their motives. Windham I have had but little conversation with, but the Duke I have seen and conversed intimately with throughout; and I can say, with truth, that he entertains the most invariable attachment to our great and extraordinary friend.

Yours ever, WILLIAM ADAM.

Richard Archdale, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SAM, *London, Dec.* 30, 1764.

I am almost ashamed to say I have received a letter that I have so long neglected to answer; but, however, I have this for my excuse. I could not answer what I could not read, for I am, indeed, not very well acquainted with hieroglyphicks. 'Tis true you wrote some part of your letter in English characters, and you have also written some words particularly large, as more significant than others; but where this is done, you have unfortunately blotted out, at least three or four lines, so that what between your hieroglyphicks and your text (for they are both equally intelligible), more than half your letter cannot be read. With much poring I could discover the words, Poem and Carravan; but what you mean, yourself only knows. I could read in another part plain enough, that you would be in town very soon, but I suppose Miss Parr wrote that. I am engaged to spend the very time your letter mentions in the country. I am exceedingly sorry for it; though something is there that mightily attracts me; you understand me. I have called twice at the Tower, but Bennet was at Shooter's Hill: I hope that Scholar, that Christian, that Friend, is well. I have not heard from Dick for some time, but I suppose you have; all the letters I have received from him are friendly and agreeable. They are, without affectation, elegant; without carelessness, easy; they are in short the image of himself.

I hope, my dear Sam, you are happier than you were when I saw you last. I hope too, the affair of your sister is brought near an agreeable conclusion; she is indeed my friend, without a compliment to you, worthy of the best of husbands, and of kinder treatment than she has met with. I wish I could know how matters stand between you and Donna Brownjonna. Look you here, bashfulness won't do the thing. Don't go with your hands in your pockets, your mouth open, your eyes half shut, and your hair tied in stiff ridiculous bob; don't deafen her with a torrent of abstract; but above all, don't tickle her, for you will certainly break her limbs.

I cannot for certain tell you to what place to direct to me, or when I can be seen; but, however, be wherever I will, I shall ever be proud to style myself, my dearest Sam, your faithful friend,

R. ARCHDALE.

MY DEAR SAM, *Dublin, July* 12, 1770.

It is with the greatest gratitude I pay you my thanks for the only letter I ever received from you, which was legible throughout; who knows but many of your former ones might have been on the same subject as your last; but ignorance is sometimes a friend; and many a severe thing, perhaps, I have passed over for no other reason than my not being able to read it; but indeed, my dear Sam, I am without excuse, though not without comfort. I am idle, but you are good natured. It is mine to offend, and yours to forgive. I know you are a great casuist. Do tell me which is the worst of the two,—he who never writes, or he who writes so as never to be read; but I beg you would not think this personal.

And now what shall I find to entertain you? I know as little of the world as of books, and my politics are worse than my philology. However, I hate you for voting for Mr. Wilkes, and I think that, in your last letter, the π of your εὐπράτειν is scarce to be distinguished from an E. Read the False Alarm, and write with a pen. I suppose you would not forgive me were I to utter any thing reflecting on the memory of that *perfect character*, Mr. Beckford. Indeed I allow him to have been a patriot; and so shall you be a patriot, if you will

get as many children. Mr. Wilkes too is a wit; and you shall be a wit (though I know you scorn it) if you will write an Essay on Woman. Though the former, for having peopled the world in such abundance, and the latter for having ridiculed its superstitions with such vivacity, be undoubtedly entitled to the thanks of mankind; there are yet, perhaps, some circumstances which render these laudable acts less meritorious than in their own nature they are. Sam, art thou not a parson and an usher? therefore in some degree a legislator. How often when I was preparing to set out for this wicked country, have you talked to me on a vice which bears some resemblance to the most conspicuous of Mr. Beckford's virtues. I am afraid, Sam, you have gone astray. The ladies have misled you, who, I hear, are all patriots. There is one, indeed, who stands higher in my opinion than half of the leaders of your favourite faction, that is Mrs. Sumner. I shall look on myself as very fortunate if I think in these matters as she does. I hope she enjoys her health; remember to make my respects to her, but say nothing about me to the Doctor; though I love him better than most men, I never think of him without pain. I have neglected him shamefully; but at all events I will write to him, though I do not imagine myself worth his notice. Is Bennet with you? as it is now vacation, in some of his flights about the kingdom he may have settled upon Harrow; there is nothing which I envy you more than his company. I wish I knew whither to direct to him; however, I will venture to send a letter to Cambridge.

Tell me how things are going at Harrow. Has Mr. Wadeson changed his condition yet? marriages, deaths, and so forth. My kindest respects to Mr. and Mrs. Forster. Your arrow-shooting is just over. Most of my friends, I suppose, are gone. I have not room for reflections (that's lucky for you) or I would make a splenetic one here. Farewell; yours for ever,

R. ARCHDALE.

Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Brougham, Oct.* 11, 1823.

Our most esteemed, and, what I believe he values less, as it is of less value, most celebrated friend, Mr. Denman, has, I trust, expressed to you my grateful sense of your kindness touching the inscription. I ought to have no opinion upon it; yet I cannot help admiring its chaste and severe graces. Μνημόσυνον I do not at all doubt; and besides, it is both authorized, and, I fear, almost necessary from the poverty of the Latin. Still, if the admixture of tongues could be avoided it would be better.

You shall be obeyed as to the Bishop you allude to.

Your kind remembrance of distinguished Scots was made known religiously to them, and well and gratefully received. I suspect you are somewhat unjust to Leslie; at least I have no idea of his being at all a rat. He has the strong testimony of the Fergusons with him, and that is much. I cannot help supposing, too, that Scarlett has been misrepresented to you; and as I know how deeply he would feel your evil opinion, I think myself bound to mention that really, in the Bishop of Durham's case (I being against him can judge), he did merely what he was compelled by his professional duty to do, and no more. As to the quantity the other day, I fancy all he meant to contend for was, that as in English we say (or till very lately have said) Encyclopedia, where the *i* is as long as the *e*; so we may say ironia, where the *i* is a transmutation of the same diphthong *ei*.

All here desire their best respects, and are not without hopes that you may *take with us* again. Most respectfully and sincerely yours, H. BROUGHAM.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Brougham.

Nov. 5, 1823.

Dear, most respected, and most admired Mr. Brougham.

In a letter which I the other day directed to you at Brougham, I told you that Mr. Denman had favoured me with some explanation of the delay which perplexed me about the inscription. Deservedly he stands in the very highest

class of my friends. In the duties of private life he is entitled to the rare and exquisite praise, secretum ejus non timeres. In his professional and parliamentary character he exemplifies what to Quintilian appears, a vera definitio "oratorem esse virum bonum discendi peritum."

I have enclosed for you the inscription, rather enlarged, and in my opinion improved; but I repeat my request, and even injunction, that you and Mr. Denman should unreservedly communicate any objection which may occur to your discerning minds. I will not teaze you with any more of these verbal minutiæ, but I will endeavour to make you and Mr. Denman smile a little. When I was a young man we began our letters with Sir, or Reverend Sir, or Honoured Sir. The address of Dear Sir, which is now fashionable, was formerly very rare, very sparingly used. Well, are you aware that the same courtesy was not uncommon among the Romans. You certainly know, as well as I do, that the letters of Cicero and Pliny begin with Lentulo suo salutem, &c.; but you will not be displeased to know further that the practice has been noticed in an old Latin epigram:

Chartæ Epistolares.

Seu leviter noto, seu caro missa sodali;
Omnes ista solet, Charta vocare suos.

I honour you for your zeal in defending Scarlett. I acknowledge the great authority of your testimony. If you and I were talking together I should furnish you with some interesting anecdotes about the Bishop of Durham, the church of Durham, and their champion. He is a restless, crafty, ambitious, intolerant ecclesiastic. He is not sufficiently sincere to be bigotted. Mind, he is active, he is intrepid, and I must do him the justice to say, that he is a very good writer in Latin and English. I beg my very best compliments to your lady, your brother, and Mr. and Mrs. Denman.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the greatest and most unfeigned respect, your well-wisher and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

I seized the first opportunity of writing to you by the aid of a scribe. I shall soon be left three or four months to my own miserable scrawl.

Mr. Brougham, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Dec. 30, 1823.*

I return you many thanks for your kind letter, and I now consider the question as at rest: indeed, your authority would have been sufficient—but you are merciful beyond other potentates, and give reasons which would suffice without the authority.

Among other subjects of congratulation let me mention the admirable speech of the American President as the very first. It is a death-blow to despotism in the New World, and a good shake to it even in the old.

If I live to the 26th Jan. wherever I may dine I shall fill a foaming goblet, and drink it most heartily to the toast of the day. I think it very possible that Denman, Dr. Maltby, and myself, may be together, as it is term-time, and a working-day. I do assure you that there is no one who feels a more sincere veneration for your great and good qualities, or above all for the undeviating honesty and most useful courage of your public life, than, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

H. BROUGHAM.

MR DEAR SIR, *Jan. 22, 1824.*

I have received and forwarded your letter, and I assure you *most frankly* (as you desire) that nothing will give me more pleasure or less trouble than to do so as often as you please.

I heartily congratulate you on the admirable conduct of the American Government. This is a real cordial to the spirits of all friends of liberty, and a wormwood dose to its enemies. Whether the Holy Allies will be mad enough to persist in spite of it, remains to be seen. I believe, however, that they are in a dilemma, for should they remain passive spectators of the complete establishment of democracy all over the New World, the despotic thrones of the old will be held by a somewhat frail tenure. Believe me to be, with the greatest respect and esteem, your most faithful and obliged servant,

H. BROUGHAM.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Brougham.

Hatton, Jan. 27, 1824.

Accept, dear and excellent Mr. Brougham, my very best thanks for your contribution to my birth-day banquet. Your illustrious name was yesterday associated with the names of Mr. Denman and Sir James Mackintosh, when my guests were drinking the toasts I prescribed. The doctrine laid down at Leicester, by Best, about libels, so terrifies me, that I dare not communicate to you and Mr. Denman some verses in which a contemporary of yours has written his favourable and unfavourable opinion of the present bench of Bishops. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the very greatest respect, your friend and obedient servant, S. PARR.

Mr. Brougham, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Brougham, Sept.* 21, 1824.

I was extremely happy to hear that you had set out for the Worcester Musical Festival, as it proved that you were well, after I had heard of your ailing. I hope to find (if you will favour me with a few lines) that your trip has done you good, and that you are safe returned home.

I have little news to tell beyond what the newspapers contain. Mr. Hobhouse (who is here on his way to the Scotch border) gives me the most satisfactory intelligence respecting Greece. He has attended much to its affairs, and taken a very active part in the Committee, of which he is one of the most judicious and best informed members. He describes the Greeks as having 150,000 men in arms in the Morea. The Turks, in the summer, ravage the plain country with their superior cavalry, but the Greeks destroy them in detail; and it appears that whatever dissensions there may be among themselves, they are in no risk of being overpowered by their barbarian enemies. It is a great increase of my satisfaction at this emancipation, that it is to be effected, if indeed it is not done

already, without any interference of the Calmucks. With sincere esteem and respect, believe me ever yours, most faithfully,

H. BROUGHAM.

T. W. Coke, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Holkham, July* 11, 1792.

I would not answer your very judicious letter on the present situation of public affairs till my return from Norwich, where I attended the meeting, not with any hope of opposing an address on the Proclamation, but merely to express my disapprobation of a measure which I deem calculated to spread a general alarm without any reasonable cause of fear, and to rouse our friends, in which objects our artful Minister has, I fear, succeeded but too well.

Windham spoke well; I only wish it had been in a better cause; but I must confess I do not feel myself impressed with those terrors of impending evils with which he said his mind was filled, and I went so far as to whisper him, that I thought a time would come when he would find the storm would burst from another quarter, and that he would then feel himself under the necessity of holding a different language, for that the executive power appeared to me to be gaining strength daily, which afforded just grounds of jealousy to us of the Commons, though I so far agreed with him that this was not a moment to attempt reform. As none but addressers attended the meeting except myself, I was the only individual present who did not sign the Address.

I shall be infinitely obliged to you to send me your Address to the Dissenters, as well as the book which you are about to publish, being vain enough to expect that my sentiments will coincide with yours in those pamphlets, from what you say in your letter I have lately had the honour of receiving. I remain, dear Sir, with much esteem, your obliged and humble servant,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, June* 13, 1793.

The great and sincere respect I have for your political consistency and your personal honour, induces me to trouble you with this letter.

When I was in London, a friend whose talents you and I knew how to value, told me confidentially of a scheme that was then forming by the well-wishers of Mr. Fox, and he earnestly desired me to attend a meeting at the St. Alban's Tavern. I rejoiced from my very soul to hear of the scheme, but was prevented from going to the meeting by an engagement that hurried me the day after into the country. I have now the satisfaction to find, that a public meeting has been holden, that a respectable Committee has been formed, and that you are one of the three persons who will be requested to act as trustees.

Till the business ripened I looked upon the intelligence communicated to me as confidential; and, for obvious reasons of delicacy, I was wholly silent to every person except one, who, like myself, could estimate the value of the secret, and whose mind, like my own, is furnished with *principles*, which the paltry artifices, the groundless calumnies, the silly panics, the furious persecutions of the last and present year, have rather confirmed than shaken. He thinks, as I also think, that Mr. Fox is the ablest statesman now living, and that a better patriot or a more honourable man never did live; I say not within the verge of courts or the walls of Parliament, but under the canopy of heaven. To a man whose sympathy was so warm, and whose judgment is so exact as my neighbour's, I was guilty of no impropriety in telling what had been told me, and in preparing him for doing what I myself intend to do. But as the affair is now public, you will not wonder at my joy for the success it has already met, or at my anxiety about the ultimate event. You will not, I hope, be displeased with me for requesting such information as may enable me, in my humble station, to become a fellow labourer in this important work of justice to the most injured of men, and of gratitude to the most useful of citizens, and of reverence to the most accomplished of

Statesmen. In this part of the world but little can be done; but that little will be done with zeal, and applications have already been made to me by persons who are anxious to give some testimony of their respect, and, as they properly call it, their gratitude, to Mr. Fox. I have given such answers as the delicacy of the case requires; but I wish to give them more *explicit* answers, and for this purpose I have taken the liberty of writing to you.

When I was in town Mr. Sheridan told me that it was intended to conduct the business upon a *wide* scale: and to receive contributions from every quarter that was honourable. The exact measure of that word will doubtless be fixed by the committee; and the object of my present writing is to know whether I can with propriety tell some of my neighbours that their good intentions, together with my own, will be acceptable. It is, I would hope, unnecessary for me to make any further apologies for the troubling you with a letter upon a subject so dear to me. My attachment to Mr. Fox began in similarity of opinion; it was confirmed by long observation and by serious reflection; it is strengthened yet more by the comparison of his firmness and independence with the weakness of some of his late friends, and the malignity of all his foes. Perhaps it derives additional force, not from the blindness of prejudice, or the mechanism of habit, but from feelings of a personal kind; from an indignant sense of the groundless and venomous calumnies by which my political opinions have been harassed, and from a painful recollection of the professional neglect and even persecution to which I have been doomed by courtiers, ministers, and my episcopal brethren. But I possess that which they cannot give in the resources of my own mind. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Coke, and have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your much obliged and faithful obedient servant, SAMUEL PARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Hanover-square, Monday.*

On my arrival in town to give my support to Mr. Fox's motion, respecting the war, to be made to-day, Mrs. Coke

informed me of your letter, and of her having sent it to Mr. Pelham, my brother trustee. It gives me very great pleasure to find we may rank you with the promoters of the present laudable undertaking, which succeeds beyond the most sanguine expectations we could form. Nor am I less pleased to find you agree with me in thinking that Mr. Fox never deserved better of his country than for his parliamentary conduct during the present Session, in opposing measures which, I fear, it will be shortly proved have plunged this country in very serious difficulties, with no better plea on the part of the Administration than to avert very distant evils, or rather dangers of their own creating, in order, by working on the fears of the timid, to obtain the sanction of Parliament for involving us in the present calamitous war. All we have now to hope for is a speedy conclusion of it. But this we must hope for in vain; as nothing less than unconditional submission on the part of France will be accepted by those in power here, notwithstanding our dear-bought experience in America. Mr. Pelham is just come in. He mentions having sent your letter to Mr. Adam, who is authorized to receive and to communicate with all well-wishers. He will have sent you, I am sure, a full answer, approving your zeal, and wishing it may be set in motion. With many thanks to you for your letter, which I have not yet seen, I beg you will believe me, with great regard, yours very sincerely,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, June* 20, 1793.

I am happy and proud to acknowledge the letters with which I have been honoured from yourself and Mrs. Coke. I also was favoured with very proper letters from Mr. Pelham and Mr. Adam, and triumphant are the feelings of my mind when I reflect upon the cause itself, upon its solid merits, and upon its rapid success. Glad I am to find that our sentiments so well agree about the folly and injustice of the war. But upon this occasion, as well as upon the contest with America, artifice

prevails for a time over plain dealing, sophistry over argument, delusion over wisdom, and national pride over national prudence. I detest the principle, I dread the event, and to every measure in detail I anticipate disappointment and disgrace.

In my humble retirement I can watch men and measures; I can trace the progress of opinion—I can foresee the operation of causes, and with the utmost seriousness and impartiality I am in the habit of reading the best writings of the ablest men upon the greatest subjects. It gives me the most agonizing feelings to find our honourable and illustrious friend Mr. Windham so devoted to bad men, and so enslaved to a bad cause. Of his integrity you and I can have no doubt, and for his desertion even my partiality can make no apology. In his last speech he connected England with Prussia, Austria, and Russia. And this circumstance would have given a shock to my mind, if I had not entertained any scruples before. Let the intrigues of the Court, or the divisions of parties, or the madness of the people be what they will, I know that you are acting the wise as well as the honourable part. And I also know that the day cannot be very distant, on which they who may now condemn will hereafter applaud and thank you. Alas, dear Sir, if subversion comes, it is Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, and their adherents, at whose door the blame ought to be at the moment, and will be in the pages of impartial history. I am no advocate for violent innovations, but for amendment and for improvement I am an advocate; and if nothing of the kind be attempted, woe be to us and to our posterity. It is from the very principles I hold in favour of monarchy and aristocracy, that I contend for some change. I read, others think, more feel, and in time all will be called upon to act, and all must then look back with sorrow and shame to that which has been done or is doing.

I have sent to Mr. Adam my own little contribution; it contains a full half year of my ecclesiastical income, and I wish it could with convenience have been more. I have put matters in train at Warwick; and though our friends are few and poor, I believe they will do all they can. In one of my neighbours I am disappointed—from another, who will return home next week, I have expectations. From a third I have assurances

of a most flattering kind. I have also written to a friend at Birmingham, in whose zeal and judgment I can confide, to explain clearly, and to enforce earnestly whatever belongs to the subject. But whatever may be my love of toleration, and whatever my compassion for the Dissenters, I have not abundance of confidence in their generosity or their consistency. For various reasons I have some weight with them, and I have done my best in pointing out what they ought to do, and how they should do it. But some of them are so cowardly, so versatile, so vain, and so niggardly, that I do not form any sanguine expectations. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Coke, and with the greatest respect I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your most faithful obedient servant, SAMUEL PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, Aug. 25, 1793.*

If I did not know from repeated and most pleasing experience, that your candour is equal to your munificence, I should distrust the force of any authority I might be able to make for the request which I am now venturing to lay before you. Hitherto I have applied to you in favour of persons whose distresses and whose merits gave me some degree of boldness; and those applications have been attended with a success which does honour to your liberality, and leaves upon my mind very deep impressions of respect and thankfulness. Upon the present occasion I take the liberty of stating a petition which has in view, not indeed my own personal advantage, but the attainment of an object in which my professional feelings are very much interested, and which, I am inclined to believe, will not appear wholly unworthy of your kind assistance.

Though I by no means approve of the servile and intolerant spirit which in these unfortunate days has been too often indulged by my clerical superiors and brethren, yet I am firmly attached to the real interest and credit of our Ecclesiastical Establishment; and I conceive that my zeal is better shown in decorating Churches than in burning conventicles. Upon this plain and useful principle I have from time to time expended pretty large sums on my own parish church; and, with extreme difficulty I have brought to a sense of their duty some trustees

for a charity which was left for repairing and beautifying it, and the produce of which was strangely misapplied before my residence in this place. But the revenue is small, precarious, and inadequate to many purposes which I think necessary; and I have been obliged to have recourse to other expedients. This year, with the aid of my pupils, I have given a chandelier; and I am now preparing to put up a handsome painted window over the communion place. The expence is considerable, and I have levied contributions on my present and former pupils, on some of my clerical friends, and on my patroness. The disposition which I have always found in you to oblige me, has overcome the restraints of my delicacy, and encouraged me to hope that you will excuse me for soliciting your aid; and though, perhaps, you may think such an ornament rather too splendid for a country church, yet, I can assure you that I have other views beyond mere decoration, because I find such measures extremely useful in bringing my parishoners to a place of worship, and in impressing them with ideas of decorum and civilization, in which they were lamentably defective when I came among them. If I were not very sensible of your own generosity, I should be almost tempted to solicit the interposition of Mrs. Coke in favour of my request; for well do I remember, and never shall I cease to remember, the grateful and solemn impressions that were made upon my mind by her exemplary behaviour, when I once administered to her the sacrament in the church of St. Lawrence at Norwich. As my petition is not a very usual one, I hope for your pardon, when, to prevent all uncertainty, I take the liberty of saying, that if it should be your pleasure to contribute five guineas, such a contribution will be handsome in itself, will be thankfully and respectfully accepted by me, and will be properly recorded in my parochial books for the credit of the donor, the instruction of my parishoners, and their posterity. Some time ago I told you of my exertions in respect to much weightier business; and though the dreadful distress of the times exposed me to some disappointments, I have the satisfaction to say that, upon the whole, I met with as much success as could be reasonably expected. Mr. Adam, in his last letter, informs me that our illustrious friend is in good health and good spirits; and I trust

that before the next meeting of Parliament the eyes of the people will be a little opened to the wisdom of his counsels, the purity of his motives, and the firmness of his conduct. From our successes, such as they are, we derive a doubtful fame rather than any solid advantage. And I am glad to find that the interruptions of commerce, and the dread of taxes, have slackened the fury of many persons whom false alarms had hurried into approbation of a most unnecessary and unjust war. The cunning of Mr. Pitt, and the ingenuity of our friend Mr. Windham, will not be more than sufficient to reconcile the public mind to the continuance of hostilities which unite oppression with courage, delusion with loyalty, and shadowy victory with substantial distress. A war with America will multiply and aggravate the mischief which began through a war with France. Great and sincere as my respect is for the Duke of Portland, I resisted all invitations to the Oxford ceremonies; and it is curious to observe that they were attended by very few of the adherents to administration; by none of the noblemen who live in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and by not one of the two Archbishops, and the three Bishops, who had been members of the very college to which the Chancellor belonged. This last circumstance is very striking, and while it wounds my feelings, it surely cannot have escaped the penetration or the contempt of the Duke. I know his unsullied honour, I exerted myself with alacrity and with success to secure his election, and I should have been happy and proud to attend his Encænia. But I have no proper academical character at Oxford; and I shrunk from the prospect of an interview with Mr. Burke, whose irritability might have provoked some strong, and even indignant language from me, after his apostacy in politics, and his brutality to Mr. Fox. It seems very strange to me that Mr. Burke should think it consistent with his dignity to make his public appearance in the very University which had deliberately refused him a degree for his book, and that he should remain there at the very time when the proposal for making him a doctor was again agitated, and again defeated. But Mr. Burke has superior privileges for conduct as well as opinion; and he enjoys them, rather pitied than envied by men of sound sense and pure honour. It is well that persons who

have a ravenous appetite for flattery, are blessed also with a strong digestion for affronts.

At the attention shewed to Mr. Windham I rejoice; for, with all his late prejudices and eccentricities, he is a man of eminent abilities and sterling worth.

I remain, dear Sir, your very obliged, and most obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 2, 1793.

Permit me to return my respectful and speedy acknowledgments to yourself and Mrs. Coke for the very liberal manner in which you have contributed to the decoration of my church, and have conferred fresh obligations upon myself.

I am glad that we think alike upon the Oxford spectacle, so far as relates to the ungracious treatment which the Duke of Portland experienced from Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal. If I do not mistake the character of his Grace, he will see clearly, and feel properly, the cowardice and servility of those who attended him not. Perhaps you have heard that, among other reasons assigned for refusing Mr. Burke his degree, a shrewd old Doctor observed, that the University could not quite depend upon him. That he was apt to blow hot and cold, and to say violently one day what he would un-say as violently the next. I was well aware of the blind zeal which actuates our Felbrigge friend, but I had not heard of his intolerance. I met him twice, last February. The conversation was warm each day; and on the second day he, with some precipitation, left the room. But why have not you and I a right to exercise our judgment? Where men desert their old friends and their old principles, they are troubled with a secret voice from within, and wish to stifle its suggestions by artificial vehemence and perpetual self-delusion. In the debates of last year Mr. Windham threw out propositions which were called ingenious only because they were novel, and which appeared to me equally wild in theory, and pernicious in practice. I thought his conversation less strange than his speeches, and I did not find that he was gifted with a new stock of abilities to defend his new system of politics. As to the principle of proportioning the confidence of

Parliament to the weakness or wickedness of the Administration, it took Mr. Windham some hours to explain his meaning, and it will take me many years to understand it. Lord Stormont, indeed, pronounced it *very gude sense*. The Duke of Clarence assented; and the Duke of York confessed, as I do, that he was puzzled to make it out. After all, I cannot justify Mr. Windham for vesting Mr. Pitt with omnipotence while he refuses to give him credit for his omniscience. Taxes and distresses will put all these subleties to flight, and restore the good people of England, by wholesome and severe discipline, to the use of their common sense. But it may be too late, and I am full of apprehension. The Council, it seems, sat last week upon the American business; but I suspect the pomposity of Mr. Pitt, and the slyness of Lord Loughborough, will not suit the plain and direct counsels of American Statesmen.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Coke, and have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

ARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Holkham, June* 20, 1796.

An excursion to Lynn for a few days, to return my warmest acknowledgments for its almost unanimous support in the late contest, prevented my receiving your most friendly letter so soon as I otherwise should, and must be my apology for your not having received my best thanks for its kind contents sooner. Your act of friendship in offering to become my advocate against Sir John Wodehouse's illiberal attack, is an honour, and an obligation I shall not easily forget, though it is my wish to save you that trouble should you think the enclosed, which appeared in the first Bury Paper after Sir John Wodehouse's advertisement of thanks, is a sufficient vindication of my first address and political conduct. The author's observations certainly accord with yours, and I am sure that part of it will afford you particular satisfaction, which not only exculpates me and my friends from having provoked this instance of rancour on the part of our opponents, but mentions that we

seemed to make it our study to conciliate their good will, and to soften, by every means in our power, the mortifying circumstances which had afforded their feeble attempt to oppose me, and has served, by giving me an opportunity of canvassing the county, to discover that I never so completely possessed the confidence of my constituents as at this awful crisis of public affairs; a convincing proof that Mr. Mordaunt had no ground for his assertion that my address had been ill received by any except the few of his way of thinking. It was not likely, after I had braved the tide of unpopularity annexed to the coalition which overwhelmed me in 1784, that I should at this time have been backward in declaring my sentiments on public measures, while every event since that period has served to justify the sentiments I then expressed for Mr. Fox, and have shown him to be the first Statesman in Europe. Happy would it have been for this country had he been permitted to exercise those talents in power which have shone with so much splendour in opposition. Both my Addresses were the spontaneous effusions of my heart: that of my colleague, though well-written, was ill-timed, and the vehicle Sir John Wodehouse's friends employed to show their spleen, as nobody in this county will ever accuse him of being the writer of that to which he has put his name. Mr. Greatheed's address arrived when we were a very numerous circle, who all joined in admiring the elegance of his style, and the energy of his character, and in lamenting that the town of Warwick had not distinguished itself by making such a show. Such Members of Parliament are much wanted in these degenerate days. Mrs. Coke desires her best compliments. I remain, with the highest esteem, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, Oct. 25, 1802.*

To rescue the character of Mr. Palgrave from misrepresentation, and to alleviate the sorrow which I suffered from his

misfortunes, were actions truly worthy of the soundness of your judgment, and the activity of your benevolence. I have known him intimately for many years; I have upon many occasions treated him with a degree of confidence which he never abused; I have received from him many favours and many services, which I shall never forget; I feel for him sincere regard, and, in the happiness of his children, I long have taken, and always shall take, a lively interest. His enterprise, I am aware, alarms the fears of the stupid, his talents provoke the envy of the censorious; but he is an affectionate husband and father, he is a steady and a zealous friend, he has a spirit elevated far above his station, and he has abilities that would adorn a much higher and more extensive sphere of action than has fallen to his lot, as a Miller at Cotishall, and an Alderman at Yarmouth. I had begun to regret the loss of those festive times which I had formerly spent with him, and of which I despaired ever to see the return. I had resolved to write to him, and I waited for some information which might enable me to console his grief without wounding his delicacy. Your letter, dear Sir, has relieved me from my perplexity, and in a few days I shall write what he will not be sorry to read.

The other day, in a company of nine ladies and twelve whig males, who drank to your health at Warwick, Mr. Willes told me, with great satisfaction and delight, of the letter with which you had honoured him. I rejoice that you know each other by letter, and if you were personally acquainted with him, you would be charmed with the variety of his knowledge, the elegance of his taste, the brilliancy of his wit, the urbanity of his manners, the purity of his constitutional principles, and his dignified sense of propriety and honour. He stands in no need of that lustre which is borrowed from others, and yet I love him so well as to have great pleasure in remembering that his father was a Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and that among his English relations are to be ranked a Bishop of Bath and Wells, a Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and a Judge in the Court of King's Bench. In truth, he is a most excellent man, and his only boy, who is now at Eton, bids fair to be a scholar and a gentleman. I thank you for sending me the

letter which went by mistake to my daughter; there was a double blunder; what I wrote to Mr. Dalzel, the Greek Professor at Edinburgh, was sent to Mrs. Wynne; what I wrote for Mrs. Wynne was franked by Sir Francis Burdett, and sent to Mr. Dalzel, who returned it to me, but all will now be right. I troubled you with a letter to Mr. W. Hartley, and I am vexed to find from Mrs. Blackwell's letter that his admission at Winchester has been delayed. I have now a manuscript of six hundred pages to correct for a friend, and the press is waiting for it. He is a whig, as you will readily believe, and yet his book is intended to destroy an opinion of my own, favourable to Mary Queen of Scots. I think that Lady Andover and Mrs. Blackwell would rather lean to my side of the question.

By the way, I have lately revised and corrected an epitaph that is to be inscribed on a monument which Lady Jones will erect at Oxford to the memory of Lord Spencer's illustrious tutor. This week I have been writing inscriptions for an old Chapel at Guy's Cliff, the seat of my friend Mr. Greatheed, and for a gigantic statue of the furious Guy, which was placed in it by Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry the Sixth. Mr. Langton encourages me with the hope of seeing you at Graffham, but surely, dear Sir, when you go to Mr. Anson's, you will not find my Hatton Parsonage much out of your way, and you would be delighted with the scenery at Guy's Cliff. Mackintosh has written to me a very interesting letter from Paris. Surely we are not to have a war about Switzerland, nor to be moved again with a lever from Ministers at home. I am not so keen-sighted as some of my brethren in the doctrine of original sin among the natives of the earth: but, if Pitt was born in heaven, I should have no great reliance on the efficacy of original righteousness among the natives of these higher abodes.

Mr. Manning's book is in this room, but your frank came too late. The Archbishop of Canterbury has, at my request, excused me from attending him at Lambeth, and I expect soon to be inducted and instituted at Graffham. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very faithful, much obliged friend, and most obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *April* 7, 1803.

I rejoice at your giving me an opportunity to manifest that sincere and deep-rooted regard which I feel for you, and I shall with great pleasure write the inscriptions. I wish to know the Christian names of all the parties, and I think that Mr. Plumtre's inscription should be drawn up with some little difference from the rest, on account of his academical education, and his professional superiority. Of your wishes, dear Sir, and your requests, I shall always say, preces sunt, sed quibus a me contradici, nec possit, nec deceat.

Lord Moira remembers the passage in Tacitus, and you will see, from two or three words I have added, that in my application of them I avoid some of the invidious matter which is collaterally affixed to the original, as spoken of the Roman soldiery. I should be very happy to hear from one of the party at Holkham, with yourself, and with the amiable and illustrious nobleman who is with you; he would smile to see a copy of his own Latin verses with some corrections of mine, which I found some years ago among my papers, and which I preserve with the same sort of affection and reverence which a good Catholic would feel for some holy and precious relique. It is on a military subject: Cur Ajax heros ab Achille secundus Putrescit.

I have not seen him for many years, and I was extremely vexed that he did not come on the day when I dined with the Prince of Wales at Norfolk House,* just before I left town. Mr. Fox was there, and our party would have been perfect with the addition of yourself and Lord Moira. I am deeply sensible of his kindness to me, and I shall rejoice in finding an opportunity to express my thanks to him, and to remind him how he used to annoy me by the opposition between his fine coat and his unwashed hands, and to coax me to the correction of the careless parts of his exercises, by referring me to other parts in which he had been more diligent, and fancied himself

* The conversation about Archbishop Markham and Bishop Hurd, between the Prince and Parr, took place at this dinner.

more successful. I saw the very early dawn of his genius and his magnanimity, and I was exceedingly provoked at his removal from classical pursuits.

I enclose you for your amusement the copy of an inscription which, at the request of the present Duke of Bedford, I wrote for a Temple of Liberty begun by his late Grace, and finished, according to a request made on his death-bed, by the present Duke. Pray give my best respects to Lady Andover and all your household, and do not forget my blessing to Miss Coke. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your faithful friend and respectful and much obliged servant, S. PARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

Shugborough, Sept. 23, 1806.

You do not want to be told, my dear friend, how deeply I regret poor Fox; I not only mourn him as an individual, but as the greatest man in Europe, who might have saved this country from impending ruin, and the shedding of torrents of human blood. I trust it will not make any change in your prospects; certain it is you have a very just claim to preferment, and nobody more sincerely wishes to see you done justice to than myself. I imagine you are the better for your excursion. I am very sorry you could not extend it to Holkham, but I hope that pleasure is reserved for another year.

I have been exerting myself for Windham, and have every reason to believe the Whig interest will completely get the better of the Tory in the county of Norfolk. I am glad you approve of my standing alone, but I assure you I do not intend moving Windham by halves. There is to be a cup presented to the Rev. St. John Priest, the Secretary of our Norfolk Agricultural Society, as an acknowledgment of his very active and useful exertions. I think he might be pleased with a Greek inscription of three or four lines from your able pen.—Ever, my dear friend, most truly and faithfully, THO. WM. COKE.

Holkham, Nov. 7, 1806.

Many thanks to you, my dear Sir, for your kind congratulations on our late triumph, it was certainly a glorious victory of the Whigs over the Tories, and I flatter myself will long establish their pre-eminence in the county of Norfolk.

Your friendship induces you to view me through so partial a medium, that I am quite at a loss what to say in answer to the many very high compliments you have paid me. I heartily wish I deserved them, but conscious as I am that it is far from being the case, I can only acknowledge them as proofs of your attachment. That my conduct should be approved by you is very gratifying, and I trust I shall never forfeit my character of an honest and disinterested politician. It will always be a satisfaction to me to reflect I have not by a single act contributed to the present disastrous state of the country. I sincerely regret not having the pleasure of seeing you here; so warm a friend as yourself must always be to me a most acceptable guest, and after so many hurrying journies I felt anxious you should have some repose. Lord Moira was here only two days. With the kindest regards and remembrances of your family circle, I remain, my dear Sir, your sincere and faithful friend, THOS. WM. COKE.

Pray remember me to Dr. Davy; his letter was like himself.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR,

Yesterday I reached Hatton after an extensive and diversified ramble, which has improved my health, and in the course of which I have performed many useful and sacred duties of friendship. It is delightful for me to acknowledge the two letters with which you have lately honoured me: accept the warmest and most sincere thanks of my heart for both of them; and pray desire your most accomplished and most amiable child to be a partaker of these thanks for the share she had in your most obliging and cordial invitation to Holkham. Can I forget it? No. Where am I more at ease—where do I meet more splendour mixed with more comfort? Nowhere.—Yes,

dear Sir, I shall bear in mind your friendly meaning, and if I live to next year I shall most gladly take my abode in your hospitable mansion. When I was bereaved of my most beloved daughter, I took the liberty of requesting you to lend me a £100, which I commissioned her mother to lay out in purchasing some affectionate memorandums. You most promptly and kindly granted my request, and I have been anxious to repay you. Events, which I need not particularize, have thrown me entirely out of all claim for rising in my profession; but I am quite comfortable with the income I now possess, and after paying some debts which I was compelled to incur, I shall have a comfortable fortune, and leave quite as much as I wish to my only remaining child and her family; her unhappy marriage will throw her, and perhaps them, upon my protection; and so it happens, that in other parts of my family, and among my friends, there are several other persons whose claims on my bounty are irresistible. Thankful I am to Almighty God that I have the means to assist them, and the will: accumulation was never in my power, nor among my wishes; and as in past days I never suffered poverty and many galling wants to make me swerve from my conviction in politics and religion, so in times more favourable I derive the purest pleasure from employing what I have for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, as well as my own gratification. My own wants are very few, and happy it is for me that I can now indulge myself a little in purchasing books, which for many years I was unable to do. I am busy in preparing the republication of some rare metaphysical tracts, and I am very intent upon my Bell scheme, to which you most kindly contributed.

I cannot renounce the hope, that you will honour me with a visit, as you go to Derby, at my Parsonage, judge of my taste in bells, and see the pains I have taken for the decoration of my church. I keep my parishioners in a state of peace with each other, and they are thoroughly sensible of my solicitude to discharge all the duties of a Parish Priest for their good, and with a ready contribution of my own time and money.

I quite shudder at the recollection of public measures—the stubbornness of the Sovereign—the rashness and ignorance of

his favourite ministers—the versatility and profligate venality of Parliament, and above all the infatuation and insolence of the people, besotted as they long have been, by the harangues of Mr. Pitt, fill me with alarm. Can the Danes forgive us? Have not all our allies reason to repent of their connection with us? will our commerce not be ruined? is not every part of Europe, not merely wearied with our bribes and our jargon, but incensed at our violence? As matters stand, I really think that our friends should be *unusually* wary and temperate next Session, and leave the ministry to cut their own throats. It would be neither honourable nor safe for Lord Grenville and Lord Howick to undertake the management of the state at this crisis—perhaps they would not be able to save us, and certainly the King would continue to undermine them. As to myself, I am more and more confirmed in my old political principles, and more and more distinctly do I see the mischievous, and even ruinous consequences of the system which begun with the reign of George the Third.

I am sure you were happy in hearing of the attention with which Lord Spencer and Lord Althorpe honoured me, by offering me a buck, and you will excuse me for suspecting that you are a little concerned in it, by conveying to Lord Spencer those sentiments which I imparted to your friendly and discerning mind.

I thank you for your interposition with Sir John Hippisley. I have received from him a very polite and kind letter. Pray tell Mr. Langton that I have received his letters, and will answer them when I have written to my numerous correspondents, whose letters have grown to a mountainous size during my absence. . . . . .

August 21, 1808.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PATRON, MR. COKE,

Accept my sincere thanks for your last letter, which, together with the two that preceded it, I have laid very carefully among my papers and shall bequeath as a precious legacy to my family. They are noble monuments of your unfeigned and generous good will to me, of your delicacy in giving me time

to weigh all circumstances, and of your solicitude to do me an essential service before I had made my choice. I made that choice after great deliberation, but with anguish and regret, for the value of the gift was exquisitely enhanced by the friendly spirit of the donor, and the very best feelings of my mind led me to hope that the remainder of my days would have been cheered by the possession of preferment from a man, whose public and private virtues entitle him to the highest place in my regard, and to whom I should ever have been happy and proud to manifest my gratitude. Yes, dear Sir, my sense of obligation to you is infixed in the deepest recesses of my soul. It will remain with me unimpaired till I cease to exist, and it makes me read with exultation many letters from many quarters, all of which speak with rapture of your kind intentions towards me, and deservedly represent you, not only as the best of my friends, but as a person whom my own serious judgment would represent to me as that patron whose protection would be most agreeable and most honourable to me.

I had indulged the pleasing hope of paying my personal respects to you at Holkham, where the magnificence of the scenery, the hospitality of the mansion, the agreeable society I meet, the habitual respect and regard I have for the owner, and the repeated and recent instances I have experienced of his friendship, would have delighted me. In addition to the pleasure which such a visit would have given me, I was impelled by a strong sense of duty to execute this purpose, and painful indeed are the embarrassments and annoyances which compel me to request your forgiveness for abandoning the scheme to which I looked forward with so much satisfaction, or I should rather say, so much eagerness and solicitude. But I cannot control events; and here I must stay to assist in conducting a most intricate and most irksome business. I am detained, also, by the unforeseen necessity of revising the press for something of which I shall desire you to accept a copy when the work is completed, and you, I believe, will read it with approbation and interest, because it relates to our revered friend Mr. Fox. Oh that he was now living to give a right direction to the changes which are taking place on the Continent, to secure the safety of Spain and counteract all the profound plans,

and all the violent measures, which Napoleon will employ for the subjugation of Europe! Nothing can be more noble and animating than the exertions of Spain. I believe that they will be successful; but there remains much to be done for the assistance of Austria. It is her last struggle, and she has to take her choice between servitude and independence. How fatal was the expedition to Copenhagen, how injudicious and indecorous must our rude, querulous, contumelious, manifestos to the northern powers appear now? Mr. Fox would not have countenanced such an expedition, nor have written such manifestos. He would have used milder language to States acting reluctantly; he would not have insulted them by arrogant reproaches against them in the day of their humiliation. He would have soothed, he would have negociated, and waited for the moment when they could turn to England as a faithful and a friendly ally. I cannot risk even a conjecture on the views of Russia. I see distrust, and officiousness, and ostentation, and rashness in the politics of Sweden, but the puzzle is about Denmark. Can she forget the wrongs she has lately received from us? Will her rulers have wisdom and magnanimity enough to foresee the ultimate and sure destruction of their government, if they do not enter into a speedy and vigorous confederacy, even with England, against the wily Emperor of France, and their powerful, corrupt, and ambitious neighbours in Russia? Surely, dear Sir, all the smaller states in Europe must be overthrown if Napoleon prevails. The real extent of his views is now visible, and with all my rooted abhorrence of war, I am at last an advocate for it, upon the plain and broad principle of self-preservation. The strength of our country is considerable, and the public mind is for once right; but I have little confidence in the talents of the ministry. ..... You and I have been observers of that potentate for thirty or forty years, and we have never crouched to him. He loves the game of war, and will fasten upon every pretext for avoiding peace. The people too, have so many strange and violent passions, and so much personal as well as political hatred of Napoleon, that they will readily become the instruments of any unknown, any unjust, any unwise purpose, which may lurk in the bosom of their governors. Let us suppose that Spain and Portugal are preserved from the

gripe of the oppressor; will it not be remembered, that their deliverance was not achieved by armies, ministers, and sovereigns, but by the energies of a whole people, who, looking around them, will not be content with expelling a foreign foe, but will insist upon good terms for themselves, and their posterity, when they replace their monarchs on the throne? There is another danger, for, if Napoleon be every where defeated, success will make us giddy; revenge will come into the aid of pride, and the people of England will again be clamorous for a march to Paris, and our blood and treasures will be expended in effecting such a revolution as may restore the House of Bourbon to the sovereignty. This fatal measure may again re-unite France, and again spread wide the devastations of war, and again diffuse the restless spirit of revolution. If Mr. Fox had been living, he would have pointed out these dangers, and assigned those limits where victory should be stopped short, when safety was obtained. I hear much idle and superficial criticism upon his history, but you may depend upon it that the work will have powerful advocates. I am very impatient to see the Edinburgh Review; and I hope that upon this occasion the article will be written by Jeffrey, who is a very deep thinker, and a truly constitutional Whig. I foresaw all the cavils and grumblings, and perhaps I shall drop a few observations from my own pen.

To-morrow I shall dine with the Duke of Bedford, who is now drinking the waters of Leamington, which is about seven miles from my house. I am very much pleased with his manner, and I am sure he has a very sound and enlightened understanding. He told me on Friday that he had seen you lately.

It was my intention and my wish, dear Sir, to have paid you the £50 in the autumn, but I must take the liberty of requesting from you a little further indulgence. I had lodged near £180 in the hands of the late Sir Roger Kenisson, in order that the interest might go in aid of my bell scheme; and, now, alas! Sir Roger is a bankrupt, and I must pay the money from my own pocket. This event very much surprised me, for I supposed him to be extremely rich.

I have desired our worthy friend, Mr. Unthank, to look after my claims, and he has very obligingly sent me the form of an oath which I have returned to him for the purpose of its being

presented to the assignees. I shall in a few days write to Mr. Langton.

Permit me to remind you, that the picture, of which I spoke, waits your commands; and you know how much I shall be gratified with your acceptance of it. Let me hope that Lady Andover is well, and that your most accomplished and most amiable child, Miss Coke, enjoys good health and good spirits. I trust that she will accept my blessing, and it is bestowed upon her most sincerely. I am sorry to have taken up so much of your time; but I was solicitous to write to you, and in the perplexed and agitated state of my mind, I have derived some comfort from saying so much to my honoured friend and patron. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your faithful well-wisher, and much obliged, humble servant, S. PARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Holkham, Oct.* 8, 1808.

I cannot refuse the gratifying compliment you propose paying me, by dedicating to me your Life of Mr. Fox, feeling that I have ever been one of his strictest adherents and warmest admirers; but allow me to say, I hope your kind partiality will not induce you to bestow upon me praise I do not deserve. Let it all centre in that great man, and refer merely to my attachment for him. Your picture must be sent to London; from thence, by Archer's waggon, to Wells, in Norfolk. It sets out every Tuesday from the inn in Bishopsgate-street. As you do not mention your health, I hope it is good. I have not been quite well lately with a severe cold, but am now able to go out as usual. With our united best regards and kind wishes, believe me ever, my dear Sir, your sincere and faithful friend,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Holkham, March* 23, 1809.

The public papers have announced to you the change about to take place in His Majesty's Council, a sad thing in every point of view for the country; and it shews us that the King

was determined to get rid of them the first opportunity. When the pledge proposed to be signed is made known to the public, if there is any spirit left, it must have great weight with the people. Some think His Majesty will find great difficulty in forming an Administration. They talk of 211 sure votes in the House of Commons with the present Administration. If that is so, we shall have another dissolution, and, in all probability, another contest for this county. So far I believe I can say to you, that, if this matter is made up, it must be by the higher power giving way. There still subsists a buzzing rumour that the Prince of Wales, Lord Moira, and Lord Erskine were with the King in this fracas; but I do not believe a word of it. Would to God your just claims had been rewarded as they merited, before this had happened. You know the sincerity of my attachment, and the regret I must feel. More I will not allow myself to say. My beloved daughter, the comfort of my life, is now at my elbow, and desires to be particularly remembered to her kind friend, Dr. Parr. After Easter week I purpose taking her to town, where, I hope, in the course of the spring, we shall meet.

Ever, with the most cordial good wishes for your health and happiness, I remain, your attached and faithful friend,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

DEAR SIR, *London, April* 19, 1809.

I hasten to acknowledge the safe arrival of your valuable present, which I saw placed before I left Holkham, and which I assure you will always, in my estimation, rank very high amongst my collection of pictures. I think, my good friend, we are now arrived at a very awful crisis. I, as a sincere lover of my country, most highly approve of an investigation of the shameful abuse of money and power lately practised. We want an able and honest Ministry, supported by a Parliament not composed of placemen, pensioners, and lawyers. I wish I may live to see that *quietly* effected.

I remain, my dear friend, with great regard and esteem, your truly obliged and faithful servant,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, Feb.* 24, 1814.

I am much concerned to find, from the newspapers, that Lord Anson, whose great merits, both as a politician and a man, must give all his well-wishers a lively interest in his happiness, has been confined at your noble mansion by a severe fit of the gout, and as it is possible that Lady Anson may have received a letter, which I some time ago wrote to her Ladyship, and may be a little perplexed what to do about the valuable book which you most kindly lent me from Holkham library, and which I am anxious to have safely conveyed to you the owner, I beg leave to say that it is my intention to carry the book next week to Birmingham, and, with your approbation, I will forward it from thence to the house of Mr. Simpson, of Lichfield, where Lady Anson may, with little difficulty, take charge of it after her return to Shuckburgh. Pray have the goodness to favour me with your commands directed to me at Dr. Johnstone's, Temple-row, Birmingham. My indignation against the English government, as the real and implacable disturbers of the peace of Europe, increases daily and hourly; and from that malignant spirit which began to act in 1793, and is now reinforced by the accession of such an auxiliary as the Prince Regent, I forebode the most disastrous consequences. I do not wish for the murder even of such an ambitious, crafty, and vindictive potentate as Napoleon, nor for the compulsory restoration of the Bourbons, who, with one or two venerable exceptions, appear to me a weak and a wicked race. I do wish for the entire and permanent independence of every European State; for the immediate reduction of France within her former boundaries; for the solid re-union of the seventeen provinces as an old and efficacious barrier; for ample compensation to the House of Austria in those northern parts of Italy where the worst governments have been fortunately overthrown; for the cession of Malta to England; for the recovery of Norway from Sweden; and of Finland from Russia; and for a speedy peace upon terms which intelligent and upright men shall pronounce equitable within a few years, when the blind prejudices and furious passions attendant upon war shall have

subsided. If the French people wish to change their Sovereign, let their own deeds be the instrument of their own choice. But if a Government is to be forced upon them by the arms of foreigners, my hope is, that such foreigners may be defeated; and that hope is founded upon the same plain and sound principles which led me to detest the dynasties violently set up by Napoleon. I would restore the Pope, with a large income, from the Catholic States, and a very small share of his temporal dominions. I should like to see a compact kingdom established in Italy, and the King selected from the House of Hapsburgh, or the House of Buonaparte; for you and I are aware of the physical and moral causes which must for ever prevent a vigorous and lasting confederacy between Italy and France. Revenge, which in private life is rarely safe, must, in public matters, be a most dangerous guide; and upon whom, dear Sir, is this profane vengeance to fall? upon the people of France: upon the proprietors; upon agriculturists; and Heaven forbid that I should see them exposed to plunder and oppression from a rabble of courtiers and priests, ever rapacious and ever vindictive. Moreover, dear Sir, looking onward, I cannot but feel alarmed at the unexampled ascendancy which Russia has gained in adjusting the politics of Southern Europe. I was on the side of Russia when invaded; but I do not forget what they, who boast of not having been invaded for a century, executed or meditated as invaders. If confidence could be reposed in Princes, I should pronounce the last manifesto from Russia the most perfect in wisdom and virtue, which ever flowed from the pen of a Sovereign. But my fear is, that the Allies will be over-ruled by the earnestness, or cajoled by the bribes of the Prince Regent and his minions. Scarcely a vestige is now to be seen of that moderation, which, at the opening of Parliament, acted so powerfully upon the good sense of all ranks, because it was in unison with the natural and undebauched sentiments of the human heart. I trust that your politics are not much at variance with my own. Pray give my best respects and best wishes to Lord and Lady Anson, to Lady Andover, to Miss Coke, and to Mr. William Coke, if he be with you.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with most unfeigned respect and gratitude, your friend and obedient servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, April 24, 1813.*

It were quite impossible for me to describe the anguish and indignation which some late occurrences excited in my mind, and it were weak not to suppose that the popular clamours were encouraged by secret and mischievous agents, the worthy auxiliaries of George Rose and his compeers. I know from experience the inestimable value of a good conscience in bad times, and therefore I trust that my honoured patron and long-tried friend, Mr. Coke, is now in good health and good spirits. I shrunk from making earlier enquiries, because the newspapers and my correspondents told me what I was most unwilling to know. But I hold it my sacred duty to write now, and to offer my unfeigned blessing to yourself and all who are dear to you. As to politics, I shall unreservedly detail the articles of my creed. I am for private property versus taxation —for experience versus experiment—for truth versus lying—for fair dealing versus juggling—for well-secured tranquillity versus well-founded discontent—for the interests of agriculture and commerce versus the rapacity of contractors, stock-jobbers, and placemen—for Norway versus Sweden—for Belgium versus England and Holland—for Genoa versus England—for Italy versus Austria—for Poland versus Russia—for Saxony versus Prussia—for Murat versus the gang of royal and imperial promise-breakers—for the Duchess of Parma versus the oppressors of herself and the plunderers of her son—for Napoleon versus the pilferers of his pension and the kidnappers of his person—for the army and people of France versus any and every foreign power, which shall presume to oppose their sacred right to choose their own sovereign—for brave men versus assassins—for wise men versus blundering ministers—for insurgents in one country versus the confederate enemies of freedom and independence in all countries—for the countless many versus the worthless few—and finally, for reasonable peace versus unnecessary, unjust, and inhuman war. If such frantic and desperate principles are to be carried into practice, I should exult at the political defeat, and not mourn at the personal destruction of the atrocious offenders. Now, dear Sir, you see the articles of my belief, and it happens upon this occasion, as it does not always among my clerical brethren,

for I do ex animo think all that I profess, and to the utmost of my power I would execute all that I approve.

I have the honour to be, with unfeigned gratitude and respect, dear Sir, your friend and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

March 6, 1817.

MY HONOURED FRIEND AND PATRON MR COKE.

I suppose that you have read the form of Prayer and Thanksgiving about the Regent's escape. It came to me last Saturday, it was read by me on Sunday, and I believe that you will not be displeased with the prefatory matter which I then delivered from the desk. This communication is an act of great respect and confidence, for as the Form of Prayer itself was intended only, as far as I am concerned in it, for the hearing of a country congregation, I cannot with propriety suffer what I wrote to go abroad. The following were my words:

"Parishioners,

"In respectful conformity to the commands of my ecclesiastical superiors, I shall audibly pronounce a series of sentences, which it has been their pleasure to call a Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving, &c. &c.

"What may be the extent of opinion in the most reverend and right reverend personages who put those sentences together—what the grounds for such opinion, and what their motives for conveying it in the phraseology now lying before me, are topics which do not appear to me proper for discussion at this juncture, and in this sanctuary. Doubtless men of their grave character and exalted rank, are entitled to the praise of acting with deliberation. Doubtless they have a claim upon their clerical inferiors, not indeed for implicit assent or unqualified approbation, but for prompt and visible obedience. Doubtless they are to be commended for imploring and exhorting others to implore the 'continuance of Divine protection' to the person of the Regent, whether danger to it arise from the secret designs of treason, or the madness of the people. Yet, it were unworthy of me as a Christian teacher to dissemble, that men, whom I esteem wise and virtuous, deny, that upon a late occasion there existed any secret designs of traitors,

and so far as any information is deserving credit from me extends, there is no proof of madness in such a collection of Englishmen, as with common sense and common justice can be denominated the People. In truth, it is a very equivocal, and I think too not a very becoming designation of my fellow-subjects, in courts of judicature, in assemblies of legislators, and more especially I add, in the hallowed Temple of that Omniscient Being who weighs, as it were in a balance, every action of our lives, every thought in our hearts, and every utterance from our lips.

"Parishioners, if I mistake not, the majority of that enlightened, civilized, and Christian community to which, by the appointment of a gracious Providence, we ourselves belong, and of which the aggregate constitute the people are not for the present, according to my belief, either insane or treasonable. If, however, in point of fact there were any designs of desperate individuals, I rejoice that they were defeated, I hope that they will be punished; and I further hope, that not only the Regent, but all his illustrious Family, and all his faithful subjects, may now and for ever be protected by a merciful God from the base and barbarous 'assaults of a lawless multitude,' whensoever and wheresoever such a multitude shall in reality be guilty of such assaults. God forbid that I should ever forget or undervalue the scriptural declaration, that our Heavenly Father is no respecter of persons. I shall therefore, without hesitation and without apology, extend the salutary principle and adopt the solemn language of one sentence, which you will hear presently. For the sake both of governors and the governed, I shall offer up my prayers to Almighty God, that they alike may have "Grace to perceive and know what things they ought to do, lest, impatient of present evils, and unmindful of his manifold goodness, any of them should seek relief where relief cannot be found, and abandon those never-failing sources of national prosperity and happiness, obedience to the commands of the Deity, and the fear of His holy name."

"Now, Parishioners, it is the duty of yourselves, and all other congregations in the established Church, to listen attentively to what there respected themselves, or, I may have been directed to repeat in the prayer and thanksgiving, of which I

spoke, and it is also your right to join, or not to join, in the contents of the same, according to the intelligence which you may have previously received on certain recent occurrences, and according to the judgment which you may have seriously and sincerely formed upon them. Leaving, then, to my ecclesiastical governors all responsibility for the accuracy of statement and the propriety of terms, I shall proceed to add what the law requires to be done, in neither suppressing nor altering one syllable which I find printed in the paper sent to me by the Bishop of Worcester, my diocesan, and intended to be read by me and heard by yourselves in this Church to-day, and afterwards, when there shall be divine service there, during the space of fourteen days."

So far goes my prefatory matter; and I think that in my best manner I have applied to the best purposes the very best sentence, which occurs in the aforesaid Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving. My doctrine is sound, and the application of it would be alike unexpected and unwelcome to an obsequious and venal priesthood. I rather wish that you would let Miss Coke take a little peep at what I said. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect and the greatest regard, your faithful friend and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

Tugby, Sept. 7, 1817.

MY DEAR AND EVER HONOURED FRIEND AND PATRON,

Let me offer you the tribute of my unfeigned thanks for the courteous and kind reception with which you honoured me, during my late visit at your hospitable and noble mansion. I cannot forget the many agreeable and interesting conversations which I had with the polite, the accomplished, and the amiable ladies whom I saw there; and deeply was my heart impressed with the resemblance of a most unaffected and most enlightened daughter to the intellectual and moral excellencies of a parent who is gone to her reward in heaven. Pleased I was with the ingenuous temper and native good sense of George Blackwell, and glad shall I be to afford him some little assistance in the pursuit of elegant and useful knowledge. Amidst all their diversities of situation and character, the gentlemen who visited you were, one and all, agreeable. I owe much to you for

your condescension and forbearance in permitting me to see two clergymen who, perhaps, have not made the best possible requital to you as their benefactor.

I saw, with much satisfaction, the progress of improvement in the Archdeacon, whose singularities will, I trust, be corrected by experience, and the example of his venerable father. Mr. Odell has a strong claim upon my esteem, from his unostentatious good sense, from his classical learning, from his solicitude to perform well the duties of his profession, and from the just value which he sets on your very meritorious attentions to him. Let me thank you for introducing me to Mr. Glover, whose well-stored understanding and animated conversation justified the account which you gave of him, and increased the respect which his writings had previously excited in me. Most particularly, dear Sir, I would make my acknowledgments for bringing before me some of my oldest and most highly valued Norfolk friends. It delighted me once more to behold the countenances and to hear the voices of William Unthank, and of William Palgrave and his two daughters, whose happiness must always be interesting to me. Let me not forget the society of Mr. Collison and Mr. Collis, for they are very honest men, and the more esteemed by me on account of their well-founded and long-tried attachment to one, whom, in common with myself, they deservedly respect as the ornament of their county, as the friend of their country, and the incorruptible and intrepid supporter of all the sacred rights which embellish and even dignify social life. I shall long remember the vivacity and urbanity of Mrs. Brainthwaite, and the great, but sound, good sense of Mrs. Lukin. I went to Holkham with eager expectation of happiness; I continued at Holkham with the uninterrupted enjoyment of happiness; I left Holkham with deep and painful feelings of regret; and, again and again, I cherished the fond hope that I should once more be able to visit Holkham before I am numbered with the dead. Am I not indebted for many of the comforts of life to the proprietor of Holkham? And while I contemplate the crowded beauties of nature and art, which distinguish the place of his residence, have I not satisfaction even yet more exquisite, in the remembrance that I have the honour to call

him my patron and my friend? Often shall I recollect the day which we spent under the hospitable roof of your very sensible and very worthy neighbour, Mr. Bloom; and I must not dissemble from you or the ladies, that I was much pleased with the liveliness, and the acuteness, and the right principles of Miss Bloom, and that I had some pride in hearing from Mr. Odell that she had charged him to present her affectionate love to me. I do not presume to coin fine speeches for females, and therefore I shall run the risk of raising a smile on the countenances of Miss Coke, Mrs. Blackwell, and her three excellent daughters, by repeating with the same degree of triumph the very words which Mr. Odell was instructed to convey to me. You know my great regard for Mr. Allen of Lynn; his knowledge and his virtues are of a very high order, and in his wife and children there are many qualities which endear them to me. Both at Mr. Allen's house and Mr. Manning's we drank a bumper to your health. Dr. Davy was prevented by ill health from meeting me at Lynn. I found a very fine road through a very dreary country, in passing from Lynn to Peterborough. I went into Thorney Abbey. I discovered at Peterborough that our respectable acquaintance Mr. C. was no more; and, what is much to be lamented, that he died by his own hand. I therefore desired that the letter which you franked might be returned to you if it should fall into the hands of some gentlemen who live at Peterborough, and bear the name of C—. My learned friend, Mr. Bloomfield, rode more than forty miles to meet me at the inn, and his conversation was refreshing to me. I drank coffee with the Bishop, whose sagacity and erudition almost expiate his toryism; and pray tell the Archdeacon that our conversation turned upon the alarming and rapid progress of Methodism. The Bishop wanted me to eat cold meat and smoke my pipe with him; but I went back to my fellow-traveller at the inn. In the morning I sallied out to look at the Cathedral. I wish Miss Coke had been with me, for she would have been delighted with the curiosity, and the awe, and the admiration of the old Sacristan, when I displayed my learning upon Saxo-Norman and Gothic architecture; when I was on the point of falling on my knees at the tomb of Queen Catharine; when I trod softly and re-

verently on the stone which covered the remains of Mary Queen of Scots; when I poured forth my indignant anathemas on her royal and barbarous murderer, Elizabeth; when I reprobated the tasteless and inhuman decree of the Dean and Prebendaries for removing a monument consecrated to the memories of Catharine and Mary; and when I pronounced a solemn and ardent panegyric upon Bishops, Abbots, and Deans, who were once distinguished by their talents or their virtues, and whose names are inscribed in the beautiful ladies' chapel behind the altar. The poor sexton was quite astounded when I told him the weight of the great bell which I had heard in the morning between six and seven, and if sextons were allowed to vote for Bishops, I certainly should be honoured with the suffrage of this veteran for the see of Peterborough. I stopped to see Burleigh, which, in ancient magnificence, surpasses, I should imagine, every mansion in Europe.

I shall next week ramble to Belvoir Castle, but I shall not make a bow to the owner. I shall afterwards gaze upon the lofty spire of Grantham, and, if my eyes are not wearied, I shall again put them to the stretch in surveying the old spacious castle and the superb church at Newark.

You will all be glad to hear that in this intended tour I shall be accompanied by my learned host, his excellent wife and father, and two or three neighbours whose fears will, for a time, stifle their Toryism, and who will reserve for my society the largest and daintiest portions of their good manners. I shall scatter a visit or two in the neighbourhood of Leicester. I shall reach my parsonage on Saturday the 20th, and then, refreshed by a long series of delight from my tour, I shall sit down with my usual ardour to my studies as a man of letters, and to my duties as a parish priest. And now, dear Sir, let me entreat you to present my most respectful compliments and good wishes to Miss Coke, Mrs. and the Miss Blackwells, and to the Westminster hero.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, your sincere friend and most grateful obedient servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, *Jan.* 7, 1819.

The company is selected for my birthday, which is to be kept at the table of Dr. John Johnstone. My scribe, who, though an Oxonian, is yet a whig, and such he ought to be, with the aid of my instruction and the discipline of my scourge, has often joined me in drinking to your health, and never fails to propose it, as a splendid toast, under his own roof. Well, dear Sir, permit me to request that you would instruct your gamekeeper to forward the birthday game, directed to Dr. John Johnstone, Temple Row, Birmingham. This is a surer way than sending it to Hatton. The party, with one exception, will be whigs. I wish that Lady Anson would undertake to receive for you the copy of Glandorpius,* which will be very proper furniture for your library, because it belonged to a lively and ingenious writer. I will get my scribe to write, legibly, a clear and interesting history of the book, and this will explain the value of the copy, and you will have the goodness to let somebody look out for me the copy which stands on the shelf to the right hand of the fire-place in the farther compartment of your library: it is among a series of dictionaries. I hope that Lady Anson will give it a place in her baggage, and have it left for me at the house of Dr. Johnstone. I hear that our young Westminster friend is with you. I was much pleased with him, and should I live at the time when he goes to College, you and his mother will not do amiss in advising him to spend a little time with me at my parsonage. Pray tell him that the last Westminster verses were very faulty in metre and latinity, and very puerile in the topic—I speak of the prologue. I desire George to remember that prologus, the speaker, has the first syllable long, and that prologus, a prologue, has the first syllable short. I shall put upon a scrap of paper some explanatory instances, and he will read them over in conjunction, not with the snappish Doctor at Warham, who sends to Magazines Latin verses, written by somebody who violates quantity, but with Mr. Odell, who has learning, taste, and good sense worthy of a Wykehamist.

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* BIB. PAR. p. 347, gives an account of this edition of Glandorpius.

Under my roof whiggism is established; but toryism is tolerated, and upon the principles of whiggism itself we must tolerate largely, and avoid the harsh and unsocial principle of exclusion which too often accompanies the professors and champions of that which is established. You are not personally acquainted with my neighbour, Mr. Leigh of Stoneleigh, whose large property raises him high in the rank of country gentlemen. He, by hereditary right, is a tory. But he is a kind-hearted and honourable man. He never mentions Mr. Coke but in terms of respect and kindness. He supports Ministers without any base views to places or titles. He is one of the few tories who do not wish to see me imprisoned in Newgate, pilloried at Charing-cross, hanged in the front of Newgate, and doomed to everlasting torments in the flames of hell; and, besides all this, his wife is an invincible whig, and a most useful manager, and a very accomplished and well informed reader, and an exemplary Christian, and in all respects, of head and heart, she would acquire the esteem of Miss Coke. But the worst of all for my tory neighbour is, that, being a very good scholar and a man of taste, his son and heir is a determined whig, and delights in taking his ride to Hatton, and eating a plain family dinner, and chatting with the Parson, with whom he concurs in defending the cause of civil and religious liberty, and in condemning Regents, Ministers, Courtiers, Placemen, Aspirants, and worldly-minded Parsons, whether Bishops, Dignitaries, Priests, or Deacons, when they conspire to blindfold and enthral their fellow creatures. Like other Parsons I have a predilection for mystery, and the difference is that they do not, and I do, clearly understand what is stated obscurely. Well, the day may come when, like Mrs. Radcliffe in her novels, I shall, by one plain tale, throw full light upon a dark and perplexing series of mysterious statements. I shall not forget the birthday of Mr. Fox. I shall not fail to sympathize with the true patriots who celebrate the return of that day at Norwich. Your Sheriff seems to have adjourned the day of whining, and flattering, and lying, about the Queen, sine die. The tories prated sine sensu, and they must import a large cargo of arguments from the purlieus of Downing-street, and the gabble of newspaper hirelings, and the sermons of preferment-hunting Parsons, before they

venture again to encounter such antagonists as the Archdeacon and his Yarmouth ally. I hope that Mr. Glover has burnished his armour, and that in the day of battle he will hew down the arrogant presumptuous foe with his very heavy and well sharpened falchion.

Pray let some one send me the Norwich Paper account of your next meeting about our dainty, generous, church-going Queen. I beg my best compliments and best wishes to Lady Anson, and to Miss Coke, and to Mrs. and Miss Blackwells, and I not only commission, but command, my learned and worthy brother, Mr. Odell, to convey my love to the *blooming* favourite at Wells. Pray, dear Sir, have you not some acquaintance with Mr. Penn? He speaks of you not merely with approbation, but attachment. He inherits all the good principles, which ought to accompany the name of Penn. He is in a very, very remote degree of affinity related to me. He was last year at Leamington Spa, and most unfortunately, we did not meet. But he wrote to me a letter with which I was very much pleased, and I shall be on the alert to shake hands with him, if he should again come into my neighbourhood. He did not tell me his address, but I should like to know it. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the sincerest respect and regard, your unalterable friend, and most obliged humble servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, *April* 28, 1819.

Three of my neighbours, who are very good Whigs, feel a strong anxiety, with your permission, to attend your next sheep-shearing, and I have promised them letters of introduction. Their sense of delicacy, and their personal respect, will not permit them to take the liberty of going, unless they can have a sort of certificate. Permit me then to ask at what time the sheep-shearing comes on.

Yesterday I had from Mr. Glover a letter, in which he tells me that you are going to employ Mr. Westmacott in some additional decorations for your noble Egyptian Hall; that Mr. Glover, at your request, had chosen a subject; that the artist had drawn a sketch of it; and that my opinion upon the group-

ing of the figures would not be unacceptable. You know, dear Sir, very well, the lively interest I should take on every subject in which your taste and munificence are concerned. But I know from direct experience, that scholars and artists do not move very smoothly together, and upon a matter, which relates to the Hall at Holkham, I should be sorry to give a hasty or erroneous opinion, and in plain point of fact I cannot even form any opinion at all, unless the sketch itself were laid before me, unless I knew what were the general and what the particular impressions upon the mind of the artist; what is the intended site for the piece of statuary; what the size, what the form; and a variety of other things, which it seems to me that nothing short of a personal interview would enable me to understand in the way and to the degree in which my mind ought to be informed. I will not trouble you with a long harangue upon my dread of common-place representations; upon my scruples on the points of view on which artists now and then take up the particular properties of a subject; my dislike of profuse and ostentatious decoration, &c. &c. I hear that Mr. Westmacott is a very ingenious man, and not very far removed from the excellence which distinguishes Mr. Chantrey. About two years ago, I saw a plan which Mr. Westmacott had prepared for a monument upon John Lyon, the founder of Harrow school, upon whom I, at the request of a Harrow committee, wrote a Latin inscription. There appeared to me exquisite elegance in the figures. But my objections to the plan were innumerable, and I add insuperable. I do not, however, forget that in a work intended for your spacious and magnificent mansion, there is a wider room for display, and a louder call for it, than in a monument, which is to be placed in a village church, and to record the merits of an old yeoman. Let me hope that Lady Andover, Lady Anson, and Miss Coke, are in the best health and the best spirits. They will wish me a pleasant tour and a safe return, when they hear that I am next week going to a considerable distance, for the purpose of joining together in holy matrimony, a most courageous young Lieutenant, with a very accomplished and amiable young lady.

Let me intreat you to take care of your health during your attendance in Parliament. I am no stranger to the robustness

of your constitution, and to the fearlessness of your spirit; but I must exhort you to remember, as I am compelled to do, that your advanced time of life requires caution. Few of your public virtues are more delightful to me, or more creditable to yourself, than your unwearied diligence and attention to your parliamentary duties, &c. &c. S. PARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

Dudley Grove, near London,
March 4, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I never doubted the pleasure it would give you to hear of my union with a most lovely and amiable young woman, to whom I have been attached, and she to me, for some years. I need not say, how truly happy it would make us both to see you at Holkham, in the course of next summer, to witness our felicity.

The Bishop of Norwich left town for a week or ten days, the day after our marriage; upon his return I will not fail to make known to him your wishes, and to add mine to yours. I am sure of his intention to oblige us both; and, therefore, I have the greatest reason to hope your object will be accomplished. Ever, my dear friend, with the highest regard and esteem, your obliged and faithful servant, THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, *Hatton, Oct.* 14, 1822.

I leapt from my chair with rapture when I read the letter in which you announced to me the approaching marriage of your justly and tenderly beloved daughter, and your approbation of the union with Mr. Stanhope. Let me thank you again and again for the distinguishing mark of your friendship in favouring me with such early, interesting, delightful information. May heaven grant, that in the health and welfare of all your children, the remainder of your life you may be uninterruptedly and completely happy. I do not forget, dear Sir, that among

the means of your happiness I ought to set a high value upon your own connection with Lady Anne, whose person, manners, and conversation, were to me most agreeable when I met her lately in London. There seemed to me only one chasm in your domestic concerns, and most fortunately it is now filled up. Let me offer the tribute of my congratulations to yourself and Miss Elizabeth Coke, and of my esteem and perfect goodwill to Lady Anne Coke, Lady Anson, and Lady Andover.

Have you read O'Meara's Memoirs of Napoleon? I could not quit the book till I had finished it. To say the truth, my pride was often gratified by the close and striking similarity of opinion between Napoleon and myself, upon our contemporaries, potentates, and their Ministers, and upon the ultimate results of many public events. I really heard my own voice, and saw my own mind, as in a mirror, while I was reading. The main point upon which I differ from Napoleon is the effect of his projected invasion.

I am grieved to my heart—Oh! to the very bottom of my heart, that a train of untoward circumstances prevented me from going to Holkham at this juncture.

You will be glad to hear that my amiable and accomplished granddaughter, Caroline Wynne, has been lately married, with my entire approbation, to an excellent man, whose name is John Lynes. He is Rector of Elmley Lovett, in Worcestershire. Every day I am more and more an Antiministerialist, and an implacable foe of the unholy Alliance.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the greatest and sincerest respect, your faithful friend, and much obliged humble servant,

S. PARR.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Parr to Mr. Coke.

.....I congratulate you, and my countrymen, and my enlightened brethren of the Clergy, and the universal Church of Christ, on the complete and splendid victory which Mr. Glover has gained over his sturdy and skilful antagonist, the Bishop of Peterborough. That Bishop is pre-eminently fit to lead an army of those combatants, whom Mr. Pope sarcastically, but justly describes, as "Heaven's Swiss."

When this champion of Protestantism marched into the field, his prejudiced admirers looked round with defiance on the friends of religious freedom, and exclaimed, as did the spectators, when Dares, like Goliah, went out to the fight,

non quisquam ex agmine tanto
Ausus adire virum.

But Glover, like Entellus, did not shrink from the contest; and with prowess and arms little suited to his name,

In medium geminos immani pondere cæstus
Projecit.

He did not, however, like Entellus, fall once in the conflict; but from the beginning to the end, he displayed his dexterity, and exerted his strength, and followed up his victory till he had laid his renowned foe prostrate upon the ground.

Vires incendit conscia virtus:
Præcipitemque Daren ardens agit æquore toto;
Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ.

Our hero, Glover, may smile at this allusion to his English name, and at the terms in which I have contrasted it with his polemical weapons and his polemical powers. But I am inclined to think that neither you nor Glover will be displeased with my application of Virgil's description.

S. PARR.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, *Hatton, Jan.* 7, 1823.

I shall thank you for permitting the two enclosed letters to be forwarded. I anxiously hope that the dear little whig and his amiable mother go on well. Vehement and confused were my feelings upon what passed at the county meeting. The resolutions, with one exception, were good: but the times called for something more. It has long been my avowed opinion that the country gentlemen have been the most dangerous instruments of ministerial corruption and despotism; by their ignorance, by their prejudices, by their love of domination, and by their venality, direct or indirect, they have been more pernicious enemies to the country than contractors, Jew

brokers, borough-mongers, and supple courtiers. Experience shewsthat you and I were right in our estimation of the "heaven-born Minister," William Pitt. Pray give my very best compliments and very best wishes to Lady Anne. I have prepared for the birthday a series of toasts, not unworthy of your hospitable and splendid mansion. What a servile, selfish, intolerant crew have triumphed at Cambridge. We hear much about a reform in Parliament, but in less than half a century, not the tumultuous rabble, nor gangs of ruffians, but an enlightened people, will begin resolutely to enquire what reforms are necessary in the public Schools, in the two Universities, and in the Established Church. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your faithful friend, and very respectful humble servant,

S. PARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

Holkham, Jan. 19, 1823.

MY HIGHLY VALUED FRIEND,

I have forwarded by this day's coach, addressed to you at Hatton, two pheasants, two hares, a turkey, and chine, to garnish your hospitable board on your birthday; a day on which I never forget to drink your health, accompanied with every good wish this transitory life is capable of affording.

My wife will do the like, and if I live to see the young whig this time twelvemonth, it shall be the first toast he shall drink.

You will be pleased to hear that the several hundreds in this county are about to meet, to convince the public mind that the dinner of the High Sheriff was by no means the sense of the enlightened Yeomanry, or that of the people. The petition, I will take upon myself to say, was not understood, or even heard, by one person in one thousand.

That old vagabond, ———, I am satisfied is in the pay of government, and has been well rewarded for that day's iniquity. What business had he amongst us, but to make discontent and ill-humour. His petition was nothing short of a declaration, by law, of a general bankruptcy, and a total suspension of payment. A greater enemy to reform never existed.

Lady Anson is here, in perfect health. She, with my wife, unites with me in cordial good wishes that you may live to enjoy, amongst your numerous friends and admirers, many, very many happy returns of this season. Ever, my dear friend, yours most faithfully, T. W. COKE.

Lady Anne Coke, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Holkham, Sunday.*

I have to thank you for a very kind letter, and for the copy of the flattering verses written by one of your friends, who seems to feel an interest in the prosperity of Holkham.

I have sent you a turkey, fatted on purpose for you.

Little Tom grows very fast; I hope he will grow up a good whig. Yours truly, ANNE COKE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR AND HONOURED MR. COKE, *Hatton, Sept.* 18, 1823.

There is a laughable tautology and some degree of melancholy truth in the common saying, "Single misfortunes seldom come alone;" now I have experienced the converse, that single good things don't often come alone. In my late ramble, which from the freshness of soft sea air and change of scenery has been of use to my declining health, I was alarmed with the newspaper story, that our beloved and revered friend the Bishop of Norwich was no more. You and I should have experienced the same feelings of deep and unfeigned sorrow But when I came to Margate the bright and cheering intelligence that he was alive and well unexpectedly reached me, and this most interesting news was quickly followed by a statement that Mr. Glover was appointed to the Archdeaconry, as successor to Mr. Gooch. The appointment is in all points of view most worthy of the wisdom and the virtue of the Bishop. And as to the Archdeacon, pray tell him that I not only congratulate him cordially upon his promotion, but that he has the delightful and rare privilege "*quæsitam meritis* superbiam sumere:" and that in a season when so many clergymen debase their office by servility, bigotry, and intolerance, Mr. Glover

stands distinguished from the herd, as one of the very few learned and upright ecclesiastics who

——dantis cum laude tulerunt
Præmia.

You, the Archdeacon, and the Bishop, can estimate the value of such language applied with such justice both to the giver and the receiver. As our dignitaries are displaying their zeal, loyalty, and orthodoxy on Charges Episcopal and Charges Archidiaconal, I look with eagerness for a Charge, in which the Archdeacon of Suffolk* will employ for the best purposes his superior erudition, acuteness, moderation, and Christian charity.

Once more I thank you for your generous contribution towards defraying the expences of repairs, improvements, and enlargements of my parish church. You will be glad to hear that it is now completed to my satisfaction; that on the morning of Sunday the 5th of Oct. it will be opened; that I have selected a deservedly popular preacher; that I expect a numerous attendance from the neighbourhood and especially from Leamington; and that after service I shall summon some of my friends to a cold collation. How much would the ceremony be decorated, and how much would my own happiness be increased, if you and Lady Anne were present. I am convinced that Lady Anson and her sister would not be indifferent spectators; and I hope, dear Sir, not to be unsuccessful in expressing my wishes, that upon the 5th of Oct. you, Lady Anne, and your visitors, will vouchsafe to drink a bumper to the parishioners of Hatton and their Minister, and their parochial Church.

I knew something of Mr. Gooch, when I lived in Norfolk, and when he was visiting Bishop Bagot, his relative and his patron. His daughter is married to a Mr. Davenport Bromley, who lives about twelve miles from Hatton, and who came last year into possession of a large fortune bequeathed to him by Mrs. Price, the last direct representative of the Bromley family. She, like her ancestors, was a Tory; but she was a Christian, and her mind presented an amusing

*Archdeacon Glover.

and instructive picture of generosity, whim, domination, and high churchism. Gooch's predecessor was Archdeacon Warburton, a very sensible man, and rather a learned man, and a thoroughly orthodox man, and, let me add, a truly upright man. Warburton's predecessor was a Dr. Chapman, a most profound scholar, a most dull writer, a most incorrigible Tory, a blundering bigot, and crafty worldling. But I must again say, his learning was even prodigious, and among the naughty arts of Eton there was a merry story, that Chapman and my uncle Robert Parr began to read the Fathers, one at one end and the other at the other, and that they met exactly in the middle. I should not advise Dr. Maltby and Archdeacon Glover to follow their example. My uncle was a Jacobite and a friend to the Hierarchy; but he was profoundly learned—he was inflexibly honest—he was a gentleman in his manners, and an exemplary Christian in the whole tenour of his life. Bishop Bathurst would have honoured Robert Parr; Robert Parr, with all his prejudices, would have loved Bishop Bathurst. I beg my very best compliments to Lady Anne Coke, who will convey my blessing to her dear little boy. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the greatest respect and regard, your much obliged friend and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR AND HONOURED MR. COKE, *Hatton, Jan.* 21, 1824.

Last night my eyes were feasted, and my heart was gladdened by a most admirable and most magnificent present of game from my long-known and deeply respected patron at Holkham. I lose no time in entreating you to accept my best, my very best thanks, for this additional instance of your kind attention to the glory of my birthday-banquet. Triumphantly will I and all my assembled friends quaff a bumper to the health of the donor and his amiable lady, and his beloved infant son. Very different will be my language when I speak of the Holy Alliance. Odell reads Homer, and he ought to have told Lady Anne, that when Ferdinand was making a gorgeous petticoat for the Virgin Mary, he was protected by a precedent of great authority and great antiquity. When the Trojans are hard pushed, Helenus gives this advice:

"Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require;
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane,
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread."

Hector followed the advice of Helenus, and said to his mother—

"You with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread."

The mother followed the advice of Hector.

"The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went;
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent,
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads."—*Iliad 6th.*

Odell may look after the Greek original, and con it over with the two Archdeacons. I send the whole translation of Pope for the amusement of Lady Anne. How would Court Chaplains stare, and Court ladies scream upon hearing the tale! And how furiously would they revile me for comparing a Christian King with a Heathenish Queen? I should laugh at their flattery and their taunts. The resemblance in the two cases lies in the employment of costly vestments to propitiate divine personages of the female sex, Minerva and the Virgin Mary. The difference lies in this; the Heathenish artists were ladies, and the Christian artist was a male. And thus far, per-

haps, the Phrygian dames had the advantage over the Spanish bigot. Here some sleek and bowing Court Chaplain would say to me: "Dr. Parr, why do you blame Ferdinand for embroidering a petticoat, when a man of your classical learning must know that Hercules once worked at the distaff?"—"Softly," I could reply, "Mr. Chaplain, your loyalty outstrips your logic. Ferdinand is in no respect a Hercules; and Hercules got no credit by working like a female. And besides, Mr. Chaplain, love is a better excuse for Hercules than superstition for Ferdinand; and, finally, Hercules took the distaff at the solicitation of his sweetheart; whereas, Ferdinand worked at his petticoat spontaneously, and from the blind impulse of his own childish and grovelling mind."

There goes a story that the Duke of Wellington was tripping away in a dance at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo. Now, dear Sir, if you and I were chatting with a crew of episcopal ultra-royalists, I should make you shake your sides with laughter; and I should surprise and provoke their lordships with the tale of a parallel case in antiquity. This reminds me to ask you whether Lady Anne was amused with the complimentary verses upon bishops. The subject, I believe, is continued; and I suspect that you would be more than amused, if you were to see the just and poignant description of prelates who are not much in your favour or my own. Pray give my best compliments to Lady Anne, and my blessing to your child; and believe me, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful friend and much obliged humble servant, S. PARR.

Mr. Coke, to Dr. Parr.

Holkham, Aug. 21, 1824.

I know not what I should deserve, if I could receive from you, my dear and excellent friend, so many proofs of kindly feeling and constant attention, without expressing to you how deeply, sensibly, and warmly I feel your rare and valuable friendship. If I were not to give you the earliest intelligence of my dear wife having presented me with another son, and

that both mother and child are as well as we can wish, you would have reason to imagine that I had forgotten you. And now my dear friend, let me implore you to favour me with your company to meet the Duke of Sussex the 28th of next month. It would make us both very happy. Remember how long it is since you were at Holkham. In great haste, with the greatest regard and esteem, yours most faithfully,

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE.

Mr. Courtenay, one of the Velites of opposition in Mr. Fox's time, has discriminated himself by the epithet of "a skirmishing Cossack," in the troops of that distinguished body. On a question more important than politics, he advised with Parr, who, to settle his religious belief, analysed Butler's Analogy for his use, as we have seen before.

J. Courtenay, Esq. M.P., to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Rutland-street, No. 52.*

Your letter to Mr. Johnson has made me very uneasy. I have not the least recollection of receiving a letter from Mr. Wynne to enclose to you. I was always very attentive on that business, and instantly put any letters under cover, and addressed them to you. Indeed, in my frequent changes and moving about this summer, from Brighton, Isleworth, Sussex, &c. and town, I have missed several letters, and some, I believe, by negligence in the post-office; for Mr. Francis wrote to me, after his return from Brighton on business, and I fancy was much displeased at my not answering (as he supposed) his letter. In about three weeks after it arrived from Scotland; and I enclosed him the cover as a proof.

Be assured, my dear Sir, I was too much flattered by your obliging distinction, in confiding in me for forwarding your letters, to neglect instantly enclosing them; and I should be

mortified, indeed, if you were not convinced that I thought myself honoured by your friendship, and proud of being in the least useful to you on the most trifling occasion.

I have been in town since Thursday last. The Prince carried me over on Sunday to Streatham, to dine at Macnamara's (the old Irish lawyer), to meet Lord Thurlow.

He (the Prince) mentioned a long conversation he had with the Irish Chancellor, at Carlton House, on the proposed Union, which is certainly in agitation. His Royal Highness told Lord Clare it was not merely to be a political Union, but an union of sentiments and affection between both countries; to which his lordship entirely acquiesced. Nothing specific was mentioned, as you may suppose. Lord Thurlow was rather sullen and reserved as usual.

The Prince said he heard Ministers proposed to bring in a motion in the House of Commons for the expulsion of Mr. Fox, for some expressions in his speech to the Westminster electors, similar to that for which Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, was confined three months in Newgate. I cannot believe it; though they may do any thing.

Our triumphs at sea are glorious, indeed, and may, perhaps, bring on a peace; though I am not sanguine on the subject. There is not virtue enough in Kings and Ministers to produce so much happiness to mankind. My best wishes and compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr, and believe me always, dear Sir, your most faithful and obliged J. COURTENAY

T. Denman, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Feb. 13, 1820.*

I am extremely obliged by your interesting letter, with the curious case in point, from Huet's Memoirs. It will give me the greatest pleasure to contribute my endeavours towards obtaining what obviously appears to be the just result of the case.

On the subject of Junius I am entirely open to conviction, having always felt that the arguments in favour of Sir Philip Francis are rather difficult to answer than satisfactory. They

compel my assent against my will; and you know the consequence. Brougham is particularly well; but the occasions on which I have frequently seen him of late, have been of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of my introducing your Junian theory.

Monday, the last in March, is the Commission-day at Coventry and Warwick. On that evening we shall arrive at the latter place; and I am tempted to hope that we may be kept there a full week for the pleasure of dining with you on the following Sunday. If you knew how much I love home and dislike the Circuit, you would feel that I am incapable of paying a higher compliment. At all events, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, and will secure such guests as are welcome at the parsonage, gentlemen, scholars, and patriots.

Ever, my dear Sir, most truly and faithfully yours,

THOMAS DENMAN.

MY DEAR SIR,

There is one thing that I must particularly desire in our correspondence, viz. that you will never take any thing for granted, under any circumstances, from my not writing, or from my not alluding when I do write, to any particular subject of your preceding letters. Engagements often prevent it altogether, and still oftener give me so little time that I am obliged to confine myself to what at the moment occurs to me. On the question of prosecuting for libels, I am sure you think that there is much reason for proceeding very cautiously; we have repeatedly discussed it, and have not even yet arrived at final determination. If we act at all, I may venture to say that you will know it by the newspapers in less than a week; and, if we attack any one, you may rely upon it that the reverend libeller in Lancashire will not be spared.

Brougham desires me to say, in the strongest terms, that he shall always meet you with the greatest pleasure. When I intimated your doubts to him, he made no allusion to your late misunderstanding; but I am confident that your candour will not complain of the feelings that may have been excited by observations imputed to you, and probably aggravated in the report, by officious or treacherous bystanders. I have often

heard him speak with delight of your visit in Westmoreland, and can assure you that he will always rejoice in the opportunity of renewing the same friendly intercourse.

The Sunday at Hatton is one of the few consolations of the Circuit. The friends you mention will, I doubt not, make a point of attending you. The time and the judge yet remain to be fixed. I will mention the subject you have alluded to in due season.

Your determination respecting the *prayers* gives me peculiar pleasure, because it is precisely the course I recommended to a conscientious relation of my wife, who was unwilling to discontinue the practice of praying for the Queen. I sent a few lines, and the 55th canon, to the Times about a fortnight ago. Your description of our political state is most accurate, and was almost prophetic of the debate on Friday night. The decision yesterday morning can hardly be unfavourable to the cause of Reform. The Fox Club dinner yesterday was numerously and well attended. I must not conclude without thanking you for your flattering expressions towards myself. I hope to be always found deserving of your friendship and regard.

On referring to your letter I find a question about Tierney. You perhaps agree in thinking that our parliamentary tone has been much too low. Mackintosh, though not in very strong health, made a most admirable speech on Friday.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter was a most eloquent exposition of my own views; but the resolution had been as warmly announced, as decidedly adopted, long before its arrival. The application for leave to attend the coronation as a visitor, was manifestly inconsistent with the claim of right to receive the honour due to a Queen, and the powerful protest (written by our friend Wilde) kept the claim alive to the last moment permitted by propriety and decorum. The effect, I acknowledge, is even more unfavourable, more lowering, than I had anticipated; for nothing can place high personages so completely on a level with the meanest, as idle and trivial attempts, defeated by coarse agents, and associated with humiliating circumstances. Brougham did not see the

objections in so strong a light as almost every other person communicating with the Queen; but, after enlisting all the good principles of human nature on our side, it is mortifying to see what we have lost in the public feeling. I will not pursue the painful subject; if the mischief could have been averted, your strong and simple remonstrance would have saved us.

Yours, most faithfully, THOS. DENMAN.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Denman.

Hatton, Oct. 9, 1820.

DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR. DENMAN,

I will never commit any depredation upon your precious time. But I rejoice to see your hand-writing, for you have, and you deserve to have, the testimony of my head and my heart in your favour.

Mr. Brougham has more than redeemed his pledge, and the intimation dropped in a part of his speech justifies my opinion, that he resisted the Queen's wish to come over, not from duplicity, but from good will; and from his distrust in her cause, according to the imperfect view which he had then taken of it. My morality and my prudence, which, in the classical and philosophical sense of the word, forms no inconsiderable part of that morality, suggests to me that your legal phraseology should be, in its fullest extent, adopted by the Queen and her friends. "Let us have the truth, nothing but the truth, and the whole truth."

Mr. Williams has, I hear, written well about Demosthenes; and in his predilection for the *bellua*, as he was called by his rival, when an exile at Rhodes, there will be many topics for lively and interesting discusion between Mr. Williams and myself when we meet again; and it is for you, dear Sir, to bring about the meeting, when I come to the capital, as I mean to do, at the close of the Queen's business.

Now, Mr. W. will not contradict me when I say, that in nearly the whole compass of the Greek language, there is not a sentence more impressive to the imagination and heart, or more harmonious to the ear, than is the opening sentence in

the short peroration of Æschines de Coronâ. For heaven's sake, Mr. Denman, look at it, and quote it Græcè, substituting *defence* for *accusation*. Well, then, I shall express my judgment of Mr. Brougham's speech, in the words of a very acute, and very elegant critic. Brougham is what Æschines was not, πάνυ ἔντεχνος. Brougham is what Æschines also was, τῇ παρὰ τῆς φύσεως εὐχερείᾳ κεχρηγήμενος, καὶ σφοδρὰ ἐναργὴς καὶ βαρὺς καὶ αὐξητικὸς καὶ πικρός. The words which follow would better express the character of your eloquence, ἡδὺς μὲν αὐτόθεν ἐντυχόντι σφοδρὸς δὲ ἐξεταθείς. So you shall have them and appropriate them.

* * * * * * *

Truly Brougham will not debase himself by the last, but not the least infirmity of great minds, πάντα αὐτοῦ δοκεῖν εἶναι θέλειν. Mr. Williams must remember the words, as applied by Demosthenes to Philip. Tindal is a very good fellow. He has sound sense, a good share of learning, a very ingenuous spirit, and integrity quite invincible. I think highly of Dr. Lushington, and I expect to see him come forth in a panoply of reasoning, professional knowledge, and eloquence. Remember me to your excellent lady, and to Mr. and Mrs. Benyon, and to Williams. I am more than reconciled to Brougham; he commands my admiration, and he is now entitled to the double tribute of my confidence and my gratitude. God bless you. I am most sincerely your friend, S. PARR.

Hatton, September 4, 1823.

DEAR, AND MUCH RESPECTED MR. DENMAN,

Last night I received your friendly and interesting letter. Of your wishes and Mr. Brougham's, I say in a favourable sense, what Tacitus once said unfavourably, "Preces sunt, sed quibus contradici non potest."

I have not been at Paris, but have improved my health by a delightful ramble on the coasts of Sussex and Kent. I caught a glimpse of the French coast. Sir James Graham was my pupil, and received me with great hospitality and kindness when I was on my Scotch tour. His father, Dr. Graham, for many years supported the Whig cause, and opposed Sir ——

Lonsdale. He afterwards made terms with Lord North, to get the Bishoprick of Carlisle, and sunk into his grave before the mitre was clapped upon his head. He was a good scholar, and a very sensible man, and his family was related to my first wife, who would not have exchanged her politics to get me an archiepiscopal chair. My pupil, alas! is and ever will be a Tory, and yet he is a very worthy man. I was delighted to hear in the north that Mr. Graham professes the same political creed as yourself and Mr. Brougham. Do not fail to present my respects to him, and to assure him that I shall welcome him most heartily at my parsonage. I hope Mr. Brougham will do what you have not done. Let him tell me the specific point, upon what the bishops divided. I will send you and him some critico-theological matter on Deuteronomy c. 24, and some historical points connected with a part of that chapter; neither you nor Mr. Brougham, as counsel, could have interfered; but assuming the fact of divided opinion among the right reverend judges, you might have thrown a little light upon their understanding, and dropped some pleasantry upon their scruples, and perhaps their ignorance. I hope that you will see Dugald Stewart, and Mr. Thomson of Edinburgh. Present my profound respects, and most friendly wishes to both of them. I should like to meet you at Glasgow; but whether you be absent or present, I shall ever remain your faithful friend, and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR, EXCELLENT, AND SINCERELY HONOURABLE MR. DENMAN,

I thank you for your friendly letter:

"Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia."

I must once for all intreat you never, never, never, to make any apologies for your silence. I well know that, if I write to you on a subject of real and urgent business, you will not fail to favour me with a timely and proper answer. I anxiously look forward to our meeting at the Spring Assizes. I desired our friend Mr. Brougham to give me some information upon the perilous decision of Judge Best, at Leicester, upon the

doctrine of libels. Suppose, for instance, that any friend of yours or Mr. Brougham's were to send you any piece of writing, prose or verse, not intended directly or indirectly for publication, but containing matter which a jury might pronounce libellous. I suppose all along that the communication is solely private correspondence, but somehow or other the person concerned might get some intelligence. Mr. Brougham has not answered the question. Will you answer it? It is not a random question; for your answer may either produce or prevent such a communication. Your correspondent, doubtless, would have an entire reliance upon your professional decision, and your personal secrecy. Pray, Sir, hie down into the country and breathe fresh air.

Remember me courteously and respectfully to your lady, and to Mr. Brougham. I am most sincerely your friend, and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

Mr. Denman, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR,

I write to you in haste, because I will not suffer a day to pass without disclaiming my share of the blame that attaches to the neglect of answering your most kind and gratifying letters to Edinburgh. Brougham and myself were both delighted with the inscription. I placed it in his hands, considering him your correspondent upon the subject; and I am really surprised that he has not communicated to you the gratitude and pleasure which he truly felt. He ought to have told you that I executed all your interesting commissions at Edinburgh, as far as circumstances allowed me; and that I had the happiness, in an interview with Dugald Stewart, of warming the heart of that great man, by reading aloud the passage of your letter which so eloquently describes your feelings towards him. Thomas Thomson, and Mr. Stewart's wife were also present, and were delighted both with the passage, and the effect it produced on his mind. He was much better than we expected to find him, and gave a proof of his readiness and recollection, by answering your question about Beccaria; he says the Marquis is the real writer, and refers to Moreri's dictionary.

You have probably seen in the newspapers that since our agreeable and, I trust, rather useful visit to the north, I have been engaged in performing the last duties to my brother-in-law and friend, Dr. Baillie. As one of his executors I have still a good deal upon my hands. You have, however, not been absent from my thoughts, and I am glad to be thus excited to renew our correspondence. Sincerely and affectionately yours, T. DENMAN.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Denman.

DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 14, 1825.

Pray frank the enclosed to Mr. Fortescue. I wish you were here to-day to partake of a fine turbot given me by our excellent friend the Provost [probably of King's College.] I desire you, Mr. Phillipps, Mr. Amos, Mr. Brougham, and Harry Drury's brothers, the man of Eton, and the man of Shrewsbury, to drink my health on the 26th inst. I [illegible] attain my 78th year. Have you read Lord John Russ[illegible] admirable work? It is a treasure of politics and morals. [illegible] effect may be slow, but it will be sure and salutary. I est[illegible] Mr. Williams for his attainments, and rejoice to hear of his welfare; but he has the *cedo alteram* disease.

Give my best love to Mrs. Denman. I beg you to write at your leisure. There are some lies and no news. Pray tell me the address of Serjeant Wilde. May Heaven grant a happy new year to you and all your household. Most truly and most respectfully, I am, dear Sir, your friend, S. PARR.

Right Hon. Charles James Fox, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Jan.* 2, 1794.

I return you many thanks for your letter, which I received yesterday. I wrote immediately to Lord Lauderdale to recommend consulting Hargrave, who, I think, may be of great use. I agree with you in lamenting that so much was stated to Dundas, or, indeed, unless there was a ship going to

sail immediately for Botany Bay (which I do not believe to have been the case), that any application was made to him.

It is, indeed, a business of great importance, for it is endured without a remedy, at least for the future. Every man in Scotland is at the mercy of the government there, since sedition, in the vague way in which the Scotch Jefferies's have understood it, may be proved against any man. However, the times are such, that I shall be more grieved than surprised, if all that has been done should be supported by Parliament, and acquiesced in and even applauded by the public. At all events I will not be deficient in doing my duty, and will content myself with the satisfaction of doing it.

I am, very sincerely, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

We have just heard of the evacuation of Toulon, but we have not yet learned what is the number of wretches, deluded by our promises, whom we have left to the guillotine.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Jan. 5, 1797.*

I return you many thanks for two letters, and especially for that containing the Greek and English verses, with which I was very much entertained, and which I believe to be very justly applied. I am very sorry to say that I am far from being the scholar that you suppose me, and that so far from being intimately acquainted with Euripides and Aristophanes, I never read more than three plays of the former, nor of the latter one line except that which you have put under my print in Bellendenus. I, like most other men who live much in the world, have neglected the study of Greek far more than I wish I had done for my own pleasure and satisfaction; for though no great scholar, I have as eager a love, and even thirst for literature, as most men who are not very young; and, indeed, it is a favourite project with me to give up some time in the summer to perfecting myself in Greek, very much with a view to the Greek tragedies, and still more to Demosthenes, of whom I have read but little, but whom that little has taught me to admire to the highest possible degree. I do not mention Homer, because I can still read him with tolerable ease.

I hope you will not think the worse of me for the ignorance I confess, as it is accompanied with a desire to learn.

I shall not be in town at the next meeting of the Whig Club, but will give directions that Mr. Greene may be proposed in my name. With respect to what we are about in regard to an association, all that is yet determined is, that there shall be one directed to the repeal of the late bills. The form of it will probably be settled at a Committee on Thursday, but I think we shall not be able to publish it to the world with proper signatures at the head of it till the latter end of the month, when the town will begin to fill. I will write to him again on the subject when I have something more precise to tell you. The lines you quote from Euripides at the end of your letter, I mean—

"Οσοι δὲ σὺν νῷ, &c.

appear to me the best possible motto for an opposition, and I think ought to be written up at some place where we meet. The notion contained in them is one which I could have hardly thought would have suggested itself to any one, who had not known the nature of a Parliamentary Opposition in this country.

Yours ever sincerely, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, July* 18, 1797.

I have received your letter with its inclosure, the epitaph for Gibbon, in which I think you have acquitted yourself extraordinarily well in a very difficult undertaking. How far *morum simplicitas* is a just account of Gibbon, may perhaps be doubted; but in these cases we must look for the language rather of partiality than of strict truth. I certainly was very much misrepresented, if I was ever stated to have the smallest objection to the idea meant to be conveyed by "*probatilis poeta*," on the contrary, I thought it exactly the truth, and what ought to be said. I might perhaps express a doubt in regard to the use of the word *probabilis*, but at the time gave you credit for being correct in point of language, and have since found the word used in that way by Quintilian. I cannot think there is the least opening to ecclesiastical malevolence in the part

where you say, *in momentis observandis*, &c. *perspicax prudentia*, but a person to whom I shewed it thought there might be.

You certainly fought a noble fight in Warwickshire, and if you can keep up a spark of Whiggism in Oxford it is a great point, but I fear the country *will not* be saved. I am, with great regard, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Sept.* 12.

I understand there is something going on for the purpose of relieving my friend Dennis O'Bryen from some of his embarrassments, and I hope you will excuse me for troubling you with this line, to say that if it should be in your power, by declaring a favourable opinion of him to persons who may be able to assist in it, or otherwise, as you see proper, to forward the plan that has been undertaken, you will very much oblige me, as O'Bryen is a man full of good qualities, and for whom I have a great regard. I am, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *Chertsey, Feb.* 24, 1802.

I was in town when I received yours on the 9th, and being there seldom, I am always in a continued hurry when I am there, which prevented my answering your letter. Mackintosh wrote to me upon the subject you mention, and I think he took my answer rather more favourably than he was strictly warranted to do; when he said, I would *second* the proposition, I believe *support* was my word. The truth is, that, though I do not feel any malice against Burke, nor would I have in any degree thwarted any plan for his advantage or honour; though I feel the greatest gratitude for his continued kindness to me during so great a part of our lives, and a strong conviction that I owe to his friendship and conversation a very great portion of whatever either of political or oratorical merit my friends suppose me to have displayed; notwithstanding all this, I must own that there are parts of his conduct that I cannot forgive so entirely as perhaps I ought, and as I wish to do. His public

conduct may have arisen from mistaken motives of right, carried to a length to which none but persons of his ardent imagination would have pursued them. But the letter to the Duke of Portland and Lord Fitzwilliam, with the worst possible opinion of me, is what I never can think of without sensations which are, I trust, as little habitual to me as to most men. To attempt to destroy me in the opinion of those whom I so much valued, and in particular that of Fitzwilliam, with whom I had lived in the strictest friendship from our infancy; to attempt it too at a time, and in a way, which made it almost certain that they would not state the accusation to me, and, consequently, that I should have no opportunity to defend myself—this was surely not only malice, but baseness in the extreme; and if I were to say that I have quite forgiven it, it would be boasting a magnanimity which I cannot feel. In these circumstances, therefore, I think that even not opposing, much more supporting any motion made in honour of his memory, as an individual among the rest, without putting myself forward as mover or seconder, is all that can be expected or desired of me by those who are not admirers of hypocrisy. I shall have great pleasure, however, in seeing your plan of an epitaph for him; and will tell you freely my opinion of it, both in general and in the detail. He was certainly a great man, and had very many good, as well as great, qualities; but his motto seemed to me the very reverse of μηδὲν ἄγαν, and when his mind had got hold of an object, his whole judgment, as to prudent or imprudent, becoming or indecent, nay, right or wrong, was perverted when that object was in question. What Quintilian says of Ovid, si ingenio temperare quam indulgere maluisset, was eminently applicable to him, even with respect to his passions. Si animi sui affectibus temperare quam indulgere maluisset, quid vir iste præstare non potuerit? would be my short character of him. By the way, I do not know that affectibus is the right word, but I know no other.

I am flattered, as you may suppose I must be, by your comparison of Demosthenes, whom, as a speaker, I had much rather resemble (almost with any degree of inferiority) than Cicero, or any other. But though, as a speaker, he appears to me to have been far above all others, I own I have the bad taste to have

more pleasure in reading Cicero's Orations than his; so very different in my judgment is that which is good to be heard, from that which is good to be read. And for this reason, among others, I have always hated the thoughts of any of my speeches being published.

I have looked again at the opening of *de legibus*, and am, as I always have been, delighted with it. In my case, I am sure it is, in every respect, most eligible to begin at least as far back as the revolution; even if I had thoughts of ever writing of my own times, which, to speak fairly, I have hardly any hope of bringing myself to do. Here is a volume in answer to your obliging offer, but I hope you will excuse it. I am, with great regard, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

P. S. I must own that I could not decipher your Greek, except κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι, and ἀμνήστια, and this last was rather from memory than from ocular inspection.

I happened last night to see, in the Annual Register, vol. xx. an extract from a letter to a Dr. Smith, supposed to be written by a divine of Oxford, relating to David Hume. The writer puts queries, by which he seems to flatter himself that some book, either of his own or of some friend, had broken poor David's heart. I suspect the book he alludes to is Beattie; but, if you know who the writer of the letter is supposed to be, you will oblige me by letting me know. The letter was published, I imagine, upon the appearance of Hume's account of himself.

C. J. F.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Sunday.*

I received your two letters at Woburn, and am very happy I had anticipated your request by signing a proxy in favour of Chevalier, which I sent to O'Bryen.

I ought to have thanked you long since for your sermon and notes, which I read with great pleasure, but I own I think you have given more countenance than truth warrants to the hypothesis that Atheism was concerned in the French Revolution; I do not know that Deism was, but certainly the most popular writers among the French philosophers, and whose works are

supposed to have had most influence, are not D'Alembert, or Helvetius, but Rousseau and Voltaire, neither of whom can, with any colour, be called Atheists. I am, with great regard, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday.*

I ought sooner to have thanked you for your obliging letter; I had before heard of your dreadful loss, and felt for you as a friend ought. The hendecasyllables are very pleasing, and, with the lines you have added, will make a very proper inscription.

I have not had a moment to look into the Εἰρήνη, and as I go to London to-morrow my leisure will be every day less and less. If these times and events do not unite a strong body against the court nothing ever can. Pitt is certainly ill, and will not, I hear, be well enough to attend on Tuesday. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

Bertie Greatheed, Esq. M.P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Jan. 4, 1796.*

I have at last received your trilingual poem* from Williams, and hope you will authorize me to insert it in the Morning Chronicle anonymously; and may the day come when he, the priest of darkness, shall feel the weight of your open and avowed indignation! What evil days have passed since we last met! How great a loss of liberty in two short months! You know that I have always thought the prospect before us most gloomy, and that we are rapidly proceeding through incurable corruption to abject slavery; nor is my opinion altered notwithstanding the short-lived appearance of spirit which, to my astonishment, manifested itself in the country. That spirit is suffered to expire by the procrastination of us Whigs. We want energy, we want discipline. An association is begun

* Greek, Latin, and English verses on Bishop Horsley.

by us. Good. A select Committe chosen. Good again. We meet, for I have the honour to belong to it, and what happens! Why, we receive a letter from Fox (*letters from him, why comes he not himself*), to say that he will meet us next Thursday, but hopes it may be early that he may get out of town, and wishes for delay that more of our leaders may be in town, as they will be by and by when they have done hunting, the end of this month or the beginning of the next. O fy, fy! Is this a moment to wait for the return of this man, or that, from country recreations. He was just rising into popularity, the corresponders inclined to look up to him as their strong rock of salvation, and Pitt beginning to tremble. Would Pitt have delayed? No; nor he does not delay, for his tools have been long at work to prevent the effect of our association, when at last this ten-month's child shall come puling into the world. These things I say to you, my respected friend.

Now to fresh pastures. I have seen Ireland's papers twice; the last time with Erskine, who went, like Thomas, an unbeliever, and like him was convinced by the evidence of his senses. As to myself, I see so many reasons to create suspicions, and so many to dispel them, that I know not what to think. The spelling is certainly strong against their authenticity; it is of a time much more remote than that in which Shakspeare lived; the letter from Elizabeth to him at so early an age, is also very suspicious. But, on the other hand, the quantity, the marginal notes in his books (for I suppose you know that Ireland has his whole library), and the style, and manner of the few passages I have seen, are strongly convincing. They say they have discovered Henry II.; a play, according to them, in Shakspeare's best manner; young Ireland repeated forty or fifty lines of the beginning, which seemed to me to have much spirit. The opinion of the town is strong against the business. I cannot make up mine yet. Pray let me hear from you soon, and do not be so brief. I have this moment heard from Williams, and think, from what he says, I may venture to print your poems. Mrs. Greatheed and Bertie unite in best wishes to all at Hatton.

I am ever sincerely yours,

BERTIE GREATHEED.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Guy's Cliff, March* 18, 1819.

Many thanks for your sober, sincere, and hearty congratulations on the remarkable event which has placed so large a fortune in my hands. If we consider, my good friend, that fourteen years ago, in the same country, at the same age *our hope* sunk under the same fatal fever that has now carried off young Colyear; if we reflect on this, it is impossible but that feelings of a sacred and awful nature, yet free from superstition, must occupy the mind: it seems as if Providence, always active in secret, had deigned, in some degree, to display its agency to mortal view. Enough of this. Now let me also assure you of the very great pleasure it has given to us all, to hear of the great improvement that has taken place in your property. We have long known the generous nature of your soul, and that the increase of your fortune is a blessing to those around you. I have been quite ill since my return home, but am recovering. I am, my dear Doctor, ever yours,

BERTIE GREATHEED.

James Greene, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Lanover, Nov.* 9, 1803.

You will probably have learned by the newspapers that I am arrived in England, and I am persuaded that amongst all my friends there is no one more interested about my welfare than yourself.

Your friends, the Greatheeds, had obtained permission some time before my departure, to go into Germany for six months on their parole, and I am very happy to say that I was instrumental in obtaining that permission; more friendly people I have never met with.

You will naturally be surprised how I could return to England with so much facility, when Englishmen of the highest rank, and apparently of the greatest interest, were constrained to remain at Paris; but I was lucky enough to enjoy the friendship of General Junot, the Governor of Paris, who exerted himself to the utmost for me, and I was also vigorously

supported by my old friend Logiard, who is at present in the confidence of the First Consul.

It does not need my assurance to inform you that France is at this moment the seat of the most iron-handed despotism that ever was exercised over man. I think it the only government fitted for them, I rejoice that they feel it in all its rigour, and that they are fully sensible of the difference between a log and a stork. But it is also a government dangerous and terrible to the rest of Europe, it possesses the most tremendous military force ever recorded in history, and leaders whose military talents can only be surpassed by their love of plunder and bloodshed. I have full hope and confidence that when they appear on English ground they will feel what the energies of Englishmen, who alone enjoy any degree of civil liberty, can do when roused to defend their lives, their properties, their government, and their King; but if they do land much mischief will be done before they can be driven away, and Satan himself is not a fitter instrument of devastation than General Massena. If you hear from Greatheed, he will tell you that I was particularly acquainted with all the Generals of eminence. I rejoice that I was, for I have been thereby enabled to point out to my friends here the names and the characters of those who, should a landing be effected, which God avert, are likely to prove the most ferocious plunderers.

After having told you all this, borne away by feelings which, I hope, at this moment beat in every English breast, I ought in justice to add, that nothing could equal the kindness, the friendship, the respect, with which I was treated in Paris. I have made very many personal friends, whom I should be very sorry to meet as national enemies; I cannot even help admiring many parts of the character of the First Consul; I am certain that he is right in believing that the French, and possibly all other turbulent people, are to be governed by the reason of force, and not the force of reason, and therefore in doubtful cases he always applies to the very forcible and comprehensive argument of the sword. My host and hostess join with me in best compliments to yourself, Mrs. Parr, and Catharine; they desire me to say, that although they were only at Wellsbourne for four days, they should have called upon you if they

had not heard that you were absent from Hatton. Direct to me here. Adieu, my dear Doctor, ever yours most truly,

JAMES GREENE.

Francis Horner, Esq. M. P.

Dr. Parr's intimacy with this rising statesman and most accomplished and excellent man, was just ripening into friendship, when he was snatched away from the hopes of his country by a premature fate. The narrow limits to which I am confined, are more especially a subject of regret to me, when they oblige me to curtail the insertion of letters of such men as Francis and Leonard Horner.

Francis Horner, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Friday, Dec.* 13, 1811.

I regret that I was unable to answer your letter yesterday by return of post, in consequence of being kept late at Guildhall. Your question is, "What sum of money, as it is now valued and denominated, is equal to five pounds in the reign of Queen Elizabeth?"

The *denomination* of our silver money has not undergone any alteration since the 43d year of Elizabeth's reign; the sum of five pounds sterling consists now, as it has done from that year downwards, of 100 shillings, each of which is $\frac{1}{60}$ part of a pound Troy of standard silver. In that 43d year of Elizabeth the silver money was debased a little from the denomination at which it had been fixed soon after her accession, by Burleigh's reform of the coin; for by his regulations, which subsisted from the second year to the 43d of the reign, a shilling sterling was as much as $\frac{1}{60}$ part of a pound Troy of standard silver. This fractional difference must be added to any sum in our present denomination, to make it equal, in weight of standard silver, to the same nominal sum between the second and 43d of Queen Elizabeth.

The *value* of money, by which I understand the exchange-

able value of silver for any thing else, has changed prodigiously since the reign of Elizabeth. To find in what ratio the value of silver has fallen *generally*, that is, as exchanged for all sorts of commodities and wares, is a problem of which many writers have often affected to give a determinate solution, but which does not appear to me to admit of a solution, even by approximation, near enough to be of much practical utility. The alteration of the value of silver in exchange for any particular article, corn for example, is of course a matter easily ascertained.

I suspect I have said more than you wanted, without giving you any information applicable to your particular purpose. But I shall be happy to answer, as far as it is in my power, any more special questions that you can suggest; for I need not assure you, I trust, that it will give me real satisfaction to work under your direction in so good a cause as you speak, or indeed in any cause that you undertake.

I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Robert Smith since his return from India. And what vexes me, I have been so much engaged since I came to town, that I have been forced to postpone from day to day what I promised to do for you, the inquiring among the booksellers for the metaphysical treatise of which I cannot recollect the title. But I shall find time for this before Christmas.

You must feel much indignation at the course of political intrigues in our new court; they are more devoid of public principle than any that has been known in this country for a long period. Believe me, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

FRANCIS HORNER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Dec.* 20, 1811.

It is a question of casuistry, as I take it, that you wish me to solve; to what sum in the present day your candidate may in conscience swear, as being no more in effect than £5 in Elizabeth's days? For, I apprehend, if these hospital or college statutes were to be expounded legally, and after an objection taken to any evasion of them, that the qualification would be exacted literally.

In order to answer the question, it appears to me, that the only thing that can with propriety be adverted to, is the change in the value of money itself. Bishop Fleetwood is a more indulgent casuist; permitting all the changes that have taken place in the value of all commodities, to be taken into the account, arising from improvements in the modes of life, or from alterations in the methods of production and manufacture. This seems, in my opinion, to throw the matter so loose, that no conscience can go through it with any thing like conviction; but it is right to apprize you, that the rule I take is different from his.

Changes in the value of money may be estimated, with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes, by comparing the money prices of a given measure of wheat. Your question, in this way, is reduced to a comparison of the price of the quarter of wheat in Elizabeth's days with its price in our own. But it so happens that, to make this comparison justly, an important distinction must be taken with respect to each of these two periods.

With respect to Elizabeth's reign, it is to be observed, that during the course of it, the whole of that sudden and remarkable change in the value of money took place, which is ascribed to the discovery of the New World. This change was so great, that during the first part of the reign, prior to the year 1570, the average price of a quarter of wheat appears to have been no more than 10*s*. of our present money; and, for the rest of the reign, the average price was as high as about 32*s*. The answer to your question, therefore, will so far depend upon the particular date of the hospital statutes, which you have not specified.

With respect to our own times, a recent and extraordinary change has taken place in the value of our English money, which I should date from about the year 1800, though its progress has been most rapid in the course of the last three years. The cause to which this is to be ascribed is still a matter of controversy; but every body agrees that it is a depreciation local and temporary in its nature. It may be doubted, therefore, whether your candidate ought to take into account this recent and temporary change in the value of money.

The average price of wheat in the first twelve years of

Elizabeth, was 10*s*. During the rest of her reign 32*s*. The average price of wheat for thirteen years preceding 1799 (a fair average) appears to have been 62*s*. The price of wheat during the present progressive depreciation is progressively rising, so that an average from a number of years would mislead; but I conceive that, at the present rate of the value of money, the price of wheat, in an average crop, would be found to exceed 80*s*., perhaps considerably, if to the depreciation from excess of paper currency be added the effect of the increased abundance of the precious metals in the general market.

Upon these data, it appears that £5 in the first twelve years of Elizabeth was equal to £31 of our money previous to the year 1799; and to more, perhaps considerably more, than £40 of our present depreciated currency; and that £5 in the subsequent period of that reign (after 1570) was equal to £9. 13*s*. of our money previous to 1799; and to more, perhaps considerably more, than £12. 10*s*. of our present depreciated currency.

Pray let me know whether this is of any use to you; if not, pray try again whether you can put me in the way of giving you any assistance in this business.

What judgment is to be formed of these late proceedings at Cambridge, and of these controversies about education and the distribution of bibles, which appear to be spreading the flames of religious discord over the whole kingdom? formed, I mean, by those who would maintain and strengthen the Church, but who are attached to it not upon the principles of the reformation and of toleration. In these present disputes, the Methodists seem to have the whole reason and argument on their side; yet they menace such a war against the establishment as may endanger its existence. The Saints are far from toleration in their real principles; yet there are symptoms of a disposition on their part to seek an alliance with that principle, and with those who would give fuller effect to it. I would go all that length with them; but I would not part with the Church, which is our bulwark against vulgar fanaticism. Excuse my stating to you, in the views of a Layman, the difficulties and doubts which I feel in consequence of these recent proceedings;

which, though they have not yet attracted much notice, seem to me pregnant with weighty consequences to the peace of the State.

With respect to our Regent, my persuasion is, that there will be no material change of Ministers; not that he has made up his mind in favour of the present set of men, but because he has *not* made up his mind to dismiss them. It may be prudent, however, for the leaders of opposition to act with forbearance a little while longer. It is a question of management and conduct which ought to be confided to their discretion. The most important thing for the country is to keep the Whig party strongly together in number and determination. Yours, my dear Sir, most faithfully, FRANCIS HORNER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Feb. 14, 1815.*

Your letter to-day gives me the first intelligence I have received of your late illness, your account of which gives me the most sincere and painful concern. No one, I can assure you, my dear Sir, can feel a deeper interest in the long preservation of a life which is constantly employed upon every object that is most useful to mankind, and in every duty of benevolence and kindness. That it may very long be preserved in such health as shall give you every enjoyment of it, is my most fervent wish. And you will do me a very real favour, if you will now and then permit your amanuensis to send me a single line, to satisfy me of the progress you make in your recovery.

It is a great satisfaction to me to see that the opinions I hold about the income-tax, and the proposals of substitutes for it, are sanctioned by your authority. The victory which the people, by their constitutional vigour, have gained over the King's ministers, a victory which the present House of Commons, if left to itself, never would have gained for them, will be left wholly incomplete, unless it leads to a systematic retrenchment, and to a considerable reduction of all the establishments, especially those of a military sort. On this view of the subject I suspect the public in general are by no means so much agreed as they have been against the continuance of the means of sup-

plying the expenditure. Yet, in a financial light merely, much injury will have been done to the ultimate interests of the people, if, continuing the same heedless and pernicious profusion, we are to substitute for a very simple and efficient tax the spendthrift expedients of new loans in peace, and an encroachment upon the sinking fund. In all other respects, however, the repeal of the property-tax by the temperate and strong voice of the people, is one of those wholesome efforts of our constitutional liberty which must be attended with many and lasting good consequences. It is good to let the people feel that they can beat their rulers upon a wrong measure of government, particularly in the old line of supplies; it is no bad thing either to associate in the minds of the people themselves those two expectations, a renewal of the property-tax, and a renewal of Continental wars; but it is best of all, in the present circumstances of this country and its government, to put Ministers upon a short allowance of money, and force them, for want of ways and means, into a plan of frugal expenditure.

I should have doubted the propriety of abandoning the idea of a meeting of your county. The Ministers still hold out a remote possibility of the property-tax as an alternative if their proposed substitute be rejected. The voice of the people cannot be too generally and repeatedly exerted; particularly if, besides the continuance of the tax, they will petition for economy and low establishments.

Leonard Horner, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

58, *Great King-street, Edinburgh, Nov.* 13, 1819.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

I thank you most sincerely for both your very kind letters. To have received such expressions of regard and friendship from one whom I look up to with so much respect and admira-

tion is very flattering to me, and I trust that I value this distinction as I ought.

It is very agreeable to find that your visit to Scotland has left so favourable an impression, and that you spent the time you were with us so happily. If you come again, as I sincerely hope you will, you will be welcomed, not by strangers, but by friends delighted to have you again amongst them. I have delivered your kind messages to almost all those you name, and I shall not fail to do so to every one of them. I have been charged by those I have seen to return their warmest acknowledgments for your remembrance of them.

Mrs. Stewart has been very unwell since you were here, but she is better. They propose spending a few weeks in Edinburgh this winter, which will be very agreeable to us.

I am not surprised at your high admiration of Mr. Thomson. It was impossible for you not to discover, even in the short time you saw him, his rare and excellent qualities. To the finest understanding and most profound sagacity, he unites perfect integrity and the best affections of the heart. There is no such man here besides. You ask me to tell you more about him. I presume you mean his occupations. He is at the Scotch bar, and a distinguished lawyer; he is also Deputy to the Lord Register, and has accomplished a great work in preserving from decay and in arranging the records of the Scotch Parliaments, and the State Papers connected with Scotland, that are deposited in the custody of that officer, in the building, which you will recollect, at the end of Prince's Street, called the Register Office.

Pillans and his colleague, Mr. Carson, have been very highly gratified by your approbation of the little grammatical work of the latter. The observations you propose sending will be very highly valued. Pillans has had letters from Dr. Gabell and Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, ordering several copies of the book. Mr. Carson proposes to send to each an interleaved copy, with the authorities quoted. Nothing I regret more than that you did not see Mr. Pillans at the head of his boys, for there he is seen to best advantage. He has begun his winter campaign with 280 boys under his sole tuition.

A meeting of this county was held a few days ago, and, as usual upon many similar occasions, a servile address to the ruling powers was sent up, not without an effort on the part of the very virtuous small band in this place, who prefer public virtue to private emolument. Jeffrey made a most excellent speech, and moved an addition to the address, very skilfully drawn up, I think, considering the persons whom he was to endeavour to get to agree to it. I send by this post a copy of our Whig newspaper, which contains an account of the meeting, as you will feel some interest in Jeffrey and Murray's speeches. Murray is also an advocate at our bar, whom you dined with at my house; and when I say that he was the most intimate friend of my dear brother, you will admit that I could say nothing more strongly in favour of his purity and of his understanding.

We have, I fear, sad times to look forward to; and the greatest cause of alarm I think is from our friends, who appear to have become strangely terrified by the meetings of the poor famished creatures, who listen to the raving nonsense of the itinerant Radicals. But let Parliament pass what resolutions they may, unless some means of relief are found for the starving, and I believe literally starving population, we cannot fail to have very serious disturbances, which may be put down by kindness, but will never be so by the sword. I know that at this moment, in the county of Fife, there are many thousand weavers who cannot earn *5s.* a week working from six in the morning to six at night, and without a farthing of parish relief. I remain, my dear Dr. Parr, your obliged and faithful servant,

LEONARD HORNER.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR, *Edinburgh, April* 8, 1820.

You will have been deeply afflicted I am sure by the death of Dr. Brown, whom you so lately saw in the full vigour of his powerful understanding. He began his academical course of lectures, as usual, in November, and continued them till January, when he was confined to the house by a severe cold, which fell upon his chest, and terminated in a rapid consump-

tion. He went to London with the intention of going to some of the milder situations in the south of England. His loss will be severely felt in our University; for there does not seem the least hope of supplying his place with any man who has gained a reputation. No person has yet been named, but every thing may be feared when we consider that the election is in the hands of the corporation. Most fortunately, Dugald Stewart's name is joined with that of Dr. Brown in the commission appointing him as Professor. This may be of some use in preventing the appointment of an improper person, if Mr. Stewart feels himself entitled to interfere, as the putting in his name was intended as a mark of respect merely, and at first it was objected to by him.

When I hear any thing more precise as to the Candidates, I will let you know. The only person I have heard named is Malthus. Were he to offer himself, I have no doubt that he would bear down every opposition; but I fear it would not be consistent with his views. It is considered to be worth £1400 or £1500 per annum to a Professor of reputation, who would give a course of lectures on political economy as well as moral philosophy.

Mrs. Horner unites with me in kind regards. We hope you have got quite well. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were in Edinburgh very lately, and perfectly well.

I am, my dear Dr. Parr, most faithfully and respectfully yours, LEONARD HORNER.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Edinburgh, Jan. 5, 1824.*

I beg the favour of your particular attention to the pamphlet which accompanies this letter. It gives an account of a new public school here, which I have had some share in establishing, and I feel a great interest in its success.

All my colleagues and myself are of opinion that, to make any real improvement in the attainments of our children in classical literature, we must look to England for our masters, certainly for our rector; and although we cannot vie with the splendid endowments of the public schools of England, we hope

that the emoluments we offer are such as will be worthy the attention of persons fully qualified for the offices. There is a free competition to every one! no *test*; no subscription of the confession of faith; nay, such is the spirit of liberality in the directors, that I verily believe, if a Catholic were to be found the best fitted for the situation, his religion would be no obstacle.

It may perhaps surprise you, that in such an establishment there is no churchman in the management. They certainly were not excluded, but they are in general, in this place, I speak chiefly of the ministers of the established church, so little distinguished for classical or literary attainments of any sort, that they hold no station in society, or possess no influence that should have led the promoters of this scheme to consult them.

I am sure that for the regard you bear to Scotland, you will be happy if you can render us any service on this occasion; and if you will have the goodness to call the attention of any of the heads of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and of the head masters of the public schools, to our statement, you will be conferring a great favour upon us.

Believe me always, my dear Sir, most respectfully and faithfully yours,

LEONARD HORNER.

Joseph Jekyll, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Westminster Hall, July* 19, 1813.

To have conflicted with you on a point of criticism, is no mean honour, and though you left me discomfited on the arena, you have used your triumph graciously. I have published my defeat to all who knew of our controversy.

Formidable as your hand is, I dread your pen still more than your cestus. It has conveyed to me expressions of kindness calculated to intoxicate a stronger mind than mine.

We have Madame de Staël, who in her new work on Suicide, speaks of the Phædon of *Socrates*.

On Thursday next will expire the most vapid Session of Parliament I remember, and I have sat in the House nearly thirty years.

Should you visit your friend at Eling in Hampshire during the months of September or October next, remember that you will have me in your neighbourhood, at Mr. Sloane's. Believe me, dear Sir, with great esteem, most sincerely yours,

JOSEPH JEKYLL.

R. P. Knight, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Jan. 22.*

Fox and I have been lately reading Lycophron, and having been both startled with the distinctness of some predictions of events which happened long after the age when he is supposed to have flourished, we have had some correspondence upon the subject, but without any other effect than encreasing our perplexity. The "Testimonium Veterum," published with Potter's edition, are strong in support of the authenticity of this poem, and of its being written by one of the Pleiades, as they are called; yet in v. 1226, et seq. there is a distinct prediction of the universality of the Roman Empire; and in v. 1446, as distinct a one of the fall of the Macedonian monarchy μετ' ἕκτην γενεὰν from Alexander, who is clearly described. Perseus, indeed, was not the sixth King of Macedonia from Alexander; but, nevertheless, he was the sixth in the line of descent of his own family from that conqueror, which is more in point. Cannot you prove that Lycophron was a Jew or Atheist who conversed with some inspired persons of that nation? What a triumph would it be for Revelation! for, except the prophecies of Isaiah concerning Cyrus, there are none in the sacred volume half so unequivocal; and the merely human testimony (the only one which infidels will admit) in support of the authenticity of the prophecies of Isaiah, is weak indeed when compared with that in support of Lycophron.

I have long observed and lamented the intimacy to which

you allude, and have both written and talked to the lady and her relations upon the subject more than is consistent with good breeding. A year ago I had succeeded in entirely breaking it off, but the infatuation and stupidity of him who ought to be the guardian of her honour, revived it again, though acquainted with the state of her mind on the subject. The next person interested, who is in a state to hear reason, is the brother, and I went so far as to tell him last week, when he talked to me confidentially upon the subject, what I should do if she were my sister; but these philosophers, who view the affairs of life only in the abstract, forget that its actual circumstances are all that really concern us, as members of society. Many unanswerable arguments might be brought to prove the injustice of letting suspicion have the effect of conviction; but this Court of Honour, which governs the civilized world, and I hope will long continue to govern it, listens to no logical or metaphysical distinctions. Indeed, I cannot but wish that such distinctions had always continued to be matter of amusement and mere intellectual exercise; for since they have been employed to frame articles of faith in religion, and practical dogmas in morals and politics, they have only produced ill humour, bloodshed, and persecution. The *Contrât Social* of Rousseau would have continued to be as innocent as the Republic of Plato, had it been considered as the author meant it to be. Wilkes used to tell of a wise Swiss Synod, which, to suppress at once profane swearing and religious dissention, decreed that for the future no one should speak of God *ou en bien, ou en mal*. It was the same that decreed, with equal wisdom, and more liberality, ut unus quisque sacerdos, ne adultetis placeat, unam saltem honestam concubinem sibi adsciscat. I am happy to hear that you are employing printers, and shall impatiently expect the result. Ever truly yours,

R. P. KNIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Arundel Castle, Sunday.*

I have been here since Wednesday, and proceed to-morrow to a place where I shall always be happy to see you; and where I hope still to enjoy some years of tranquillity, notwithstanding

the turbulence of the times and the menaces of invasion, to which I do not give much credit, though the only way of rendering them abortive is to act as if we thought them likely to be effective. It is always with great diffidence that I dissent in a question of general politics from the opinions of our most enlightened friend Mr. Fox; but I cannot agree with him in thinking this war undertaken upon slight grounds; for, though I would readily consent to sacrifice twice the value of the island of Malta as the price of real peace, I cannot see the policy of giving even a small consideration for temporary forbearance, when that consideration is professedly and avowedly meant to be employed as the means of a future attack. How far it is important, either as a point of offence or defence, I am not sufficiently skilled in political and military geography to decide; and there are such respectable authorities on both sides of the question, that they only serve to render it more doubtful. Mr. Fox and Lord Nelson agree in thinking it of very little importance; but Buonaparte evidently considers it as the key to the east, and the citadel of the Mediterranean; and his consular Majesty has given Europe such disastrous proofs of his deep and comprehensive knowledge in matters of this kind, that I cannot but suspect him to be right.

Both the great rival Dukes of this county are building magnificent mansions; and I have been much diverted in comparing their different modes of proceeding. Here everything is solid, massive, ponderous, and (in some instances) clumsy magnificence. At Goodwood all is glitter and tinsel; and every contrivance employed to make much of a little, so that the pursuits of vanity and parsimony may be equally gratified. The different minds of the two men are absolutely modelled in the two houses.

Ever truly yours,

R. P. KNIGHT.

Whitehall, March 12, 1805.

Mr. Butler's having obtained your friendship, my dear Sir, is a testimony of his merit sufficient to recommend him to me,

and to induce me to do everything in my power to promote his interest. I therefore lost no time in speaking both to Lord Aberdeen and Lord Northwick; but the former is no governor, and the latter had before received so favourable an impression of Mr. Butler's character, that my recommendation seemed to be superfluous; so that I hope there remains little doubt of his election. The Duke of Hamilton has given up everything belonging to the family in Scotland to his son the Marquis Douglas, to whom I immediately spoke in favour of Mr. de Lys, and received the most friendly assurances that he would instantly write to Scotland, and if his friends there had not previously disposed of the ———, give it to Mr. de Lys, who, I trust, is by this time in possession of it.

The answer is arrived from Russia, and I was told yesterday by a nobleman of high rank in that country, that it is not only unfavourable, but angry towards us; the emperor being extremely offended at our attack upon Spain, and also at our presuming to insinuate more than we had any right to do, concerning the views and dispositions of Russia in our answer to France. Mr. Hill is not therefore more successful in his foreign than in his internal projects; yet the same blind infatuation continues, and prevents the country from turning to the only man who has a mind sufficiently vigorous and comprehensive, to meet the difficulties into which a long train of errors has brought us.

Be assured, my dear Sir, that no event or circumstance concerning myself is more grateful or more flattering to me, than having merited your friendship and esteem; and believe me ever faithfully yours, R. P. KNIGHT.

MY DEAR SIR, *Downton, June* 8, 1805.

I mentioned your kind offer of assistance to the Townley family, but they now seem doubtful whether to have a Latin or English inscription; and wish to have some acts of private generosity particularised, which I do not think even your skill and learning will be able to express satisfactorily in the former language.

If our Greek verse under the bust in the exhibition has not

succeeded, it has not been for want of labour either in Burney or myself; we having both tried it in every possible shape in which such a thought could be expressed. In a volume which I wrote your name in, and desired Payne to forward to you at Hatton, you will find a bolder attempt in Greek verse, which might be even considered as a rash one, were it not for the quality of the wretched abortion to which it is opposed. I should have begged your judgment upon it before it was printed, had not our friend Burney been at hand, and kindly given me his; of which I know you think as I do. These two insolent blockheads have, without any provocation, and merely to court favour with some high-church prelates, attempted to injure me in so many ways, that even the meekness of *real* Christianity would excuse my taking advantage of so fair an opportunity of retaliation. There is another of the museum squad of critics and antiquaries who has equally laid himself open; but as I have no personal grounds of complaint against him, and as he has candidly acknowledged to me that he is utterly incapable of reading the author whom he has honoured with a *learned* and *elaborate* dissertation, I have taken no notice of any of his most impudent misrepresentations. My volume is most abominably printed, and they will probably avenge themselves by attacking some of the errors of the press: but as the booksellers have already given me notice to prepare a second edition, I shall soon have an opportunity of correcting them.

I was principally induced to undertake the inquiry, by your thinking our friend Price's Dialogue upon the subject a satisfactory explanation of it; for it was this that convinced me that the philosophy of mind had never been applied to it; otherwise a person so well acquainted with that philosophy could never have formed such a judgment. No one is more ready to do justice to our friend's taste and talents than I am; but depth or acuteness in philosophical research does not belong to him. Whether or not it does in any superior degree to me, the volume in question will prove. There is no person for whose judgment I look more enviously than yours.

I hope the coming on of summer will restore Miss Parr to

health, and relieve you from that state of fearful suspense which is worse than the worst that can happen.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

R. P. KNIGHT.

Downton, June 20, 1805.

I do assure you, my dear Sir, that Voltaire was not more gratified by all the flattery of all the princes of Europe, than I have been by the warm and cordial approbation which your letter has expressed. It was to your judgment that I most anxiously looked, as it was the impression which Mr. Price's Dialogue seemed to make on your mind, that first determined me to answer it: for, with all my respect for his taste and talents as an elegant writer, I should not otherwise have thought his arguments as a philosopher worth answering. My first plan was confined to a mere answer; but considering that a private controversy between two private persons concerning the meaning of a technical term, belonging to their own particular pursuits, was not likely to be of much interest to the public, I resolved to give my whole creed upon the subject in a form which might have one merit which his Essays want,—that is, method of arrangement; and as my mind was before tolerably well furnished with metaphysical lore, I was enabled to do it without engaging myself in any new course of study. If I have borne at all hard upon a person whom I so much esteem, it has been unintentionally; though as a professed antagonist to his philosophical opinions on the subject in discussion, I could do no other than bear hard upon them; but I have endeavoured to do it with all the temper, and more than the candour, of an advocate who pleads the cause of his client against his friend or brother retained on the other side. Concerning terror and the word δεινός, he stood forth the volunteer advocate of Burke, whom I had then only attacked in private conversation, nor meant to attack publicly. I had twice discussed the matter with Mr. Burke personally, once at Blenheim with Dr. King, and again in London with Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he very candidly owned his errors, and laughed at them with much good humour: I trust that I have done so too, and not treated him with any asperity, though it is impossible always to treat his philosophy with gravity. Amidst all his glittering bril-

liancy there was a strange mixture of coarse alloy, which occasionally blunted the edge, or perverted the point of every faculty.

As for the *British Critics*, Nares and Beloe, they may do their worst; they cannot traduce and calumniate me more than they have done already, both publicly and privately, nor show more pointed malignity. My Greek lines opposed to theirs must appear to advantage; and I have been particularly on my guard to use no word or expression without even Lyric authority. The metre, too, of every individual verse stands on good grounds; but what particular verses might, and what might not, succeed each other, I will not pretend to say. The ancients had probably some rules or restrictions on this point, but I know of no traces of any extant, nor can any be collected from their practice, as it now appears in the existing remains of their works. I should have requested your judgment on the lines before I printed them, as I mentioned to you in a letter directed to Dr. Johnstone's, which you have probably received; but our most learned and excellent friend Burney was at hand, and kindly gave me his.

If ever I print again, I must either do it here or in a season when London is empty; for to attend to correcting of the press amidst the distractions of a life of social indulgence, requires faculties much more various and flexible than mine. Not only the printer, but the author also, deserves to be scolded, and probably will be by those who wish to lay every fault to his charge. The verse so miserably mangled by a transposition is from Juvenal. I am preparing another edition, which will, I trust, be free from such errors, and I shall gratefully accept and eagerly avail myself of any improvements or corrections that you shall have the goodness to suggest. But pray do not forget the *subjunctive mood*: I often think with pleasure of the hopes you gave me of putting down your thoughts upon it in Latin; and I indulge the expectation of seeing you apply metaphysics to grammar, and explain accurately what particular modifications and limitations in the operations of mind, each particular mood and tense respectively signifies. It is a most interesting and important subject, and one to which I really believe you are the only man living who is fully competent.

Metaphysics, that consist in abstract reasoning applied to final causes, such as my Right Honourable friend Wm. Drummond has just published an elaborate volume of, may properly be called *vain wisdom all, and false philosophy*; but the science of mind, applied to the moral and prudential concerns of life, has always appeared to me the best foundation of practical as well as theoretical wisdom, and the safest guide in directing every kind of intellectual exertion.

I am too well acquainted with the severe trial to which you are exposed not to condole with you most feelingly; but I am also too well acquainted with you not to know that your own mind will spontaneously apply all the consolation that can be derived from virtue and fortitude, mellowed and refined by learning and philosophy. It is under such circumstances that we feel the value of moral and intellectual treasures, which open their sources of gratification when all others are closed, dried up, or embittered.

I return to London next week to complete, if possible, the troublesome business of changing my house; but mean to be there during the autumn, and shall be happy to see you.

Ever faithfully yours, R. P. KNIGHT.

MY DEAR SIR, *Downton, Oct. 21, 1805.*

The enclosed having been sent to Whitehall, and from thence here, has, I fear, met with some delay, which, I hope, has not been of importance. The account which the writer gives of the flourishing state of his school, must be peculiarly gratifying to you, who exerted yourself so effectually in procuring his election. He seems, indeed, from the little that I have seen of him, to be a most able and excellent person, and perfectly adapted to the situation.

I hoped, before this time, to have sent you a copy of the second edition of the book which you have honoured with approbation so truly flattering to the author; but though the booksellers were extremely pressing for the corrected copy (the first impression having been all sold before I left town), they do not seem to be equally urgent with the printer. I have

added a little on some points which appeared liable to be misunderstood, but merely in explanation; and my friend Payne has undertaken that the correction of the press shall be well attended to. The applause of an ecclesiastic of the *highest* church ought certainly to be peculiarly flattering to me, as it is of that class which I have least courted; though I know that men of real learning and ability, whatever their abstract opinions on particular points may be, will always judge candidly and temperately. They have learned to *know how little can be known*; and by becoming less confident in their own opinions, become more indulgent to those who differ from them.

Finding much retirement and solitude necessary both to my bodily and mental health, I am in a manner forced into sedentary employment, which, more than any ambitious desire of distinction, has been the cause of my becoming an author: and that this employment may never fail me, I have resumed a task alone sufficient for the longest life and most unremitted industry, that of investigating the Homeric language, the peculiarities of which appear to have been very little understood. Two of the most difficult points are the use of the article and the use of the moods; on the latter of which no person is so capable of throwing a light as yourself, if you will consider it as you have that of the Latin moods, and apply your profound and accurate metaphysical philosophy to it. To attribute, generally, the more promiscuous use of the moods *grammaticæ nondum perfectæ*, is shunning, not explaining, the difficulty, as grammarians are apt to do: for in a primitive language there could be no different mood or tense without a different use; as the difference in the use was the cause and origin of the difference in the form; words having only multiplied and varied from the previous extension and more various modification of the ideas which they are to express. I wish you would take this subject fully into consideration, and give a concise analysis of it in that clear and elegant Latin of which you are so perfectly master. Faithfully yours,

R. P. KNIGHT.

Soho-square, June 19, 1809.

I beg you, my dear Sir, to accept my most sincere thanks for your very kind and friendly letter, and to be assured that I shall be as grateful for any corrections and emendations that you may favour me with, as I have been flattered and delighted with your most valuable approbation. It was to obtain the critical assistance of my friends, in purifying my latinity, that I printed the fifty copies, of which I sent you one; and pleasing as it ever is, *laudari a laudato viro*, I feel more solid obligation to him who points out an error and suggests a remedy for it. To discover as many faults as possible before publication, and as few after, is the part of a friendly critic; and if my work has only half the merits, and only twice the faults, which your letter implies, it is much less imperfect than I apprehended it to be. I have sent copies, with a request of free and unreserved criticism, to most of the persons known to me, who appeared in any degree competent; and I have already received a large mass of observations—some from doctors of great name that would make you laugh; but as it has been friendly, it shall be confidential, and nothing communicated that is not calculated to do honour. I have never doubted of your being the person most capable of giving me the sort of aid that I am in quest of, and I now begin to believe that you are the only one in any degree capable. Pray, therefore, find and remove as many faults as you can; without, however, attempting to raise my Latin to a level with your own, or to give it any other merits than those of accuracy and clearness. ὡρίσθω λέξεως ἀρετὴ σαφὴ εἶναι. I only wish to be clearly understood, and, as for my opinions, *valeant quantum valere possint*. Till they are illustrated by the text, printed as I propose, no adequate judgment can be formed of them; for I know of no external evidence more than the little that I have cited; but the internal, arising out of the exclusion of all licence of metre or grammar, will, I think, be unanswerable. At all events the pursuit affords me infinite amusement, and your approbation and assistance will encourage me to proceed with increased activity. May I trouble you to employ an amanuensis in such corrections as you may favour me with, that I may commit no mistakes; and I have no kind

of objection to the obligations that I may be under to you being generally known. On the contrary, your thinking my book worth so much attention and trouble, will be, in my estimation, one of the most valuable testimonies that can be given to its merit. All my *supellex critica* is now transferred hither, and joined to my collection of antiquities, in a spacious library and museum that I have built secure from fire for that purpose, in which I hope to have many entertaining and instructive discussions with you. Increasing attachment to objects and pursuits of this kind has so alienated me from the habits and modes of life of a country gentleman, that I have put my brother and his family into possession of Downton, and am myself a mere guest of summer and autumn, coming and going as I like, without preparation or precaution, and enjoying all the comforts without any of the cares or distractions of a fixed country establishment; which, though it often procured me the company of friends whom I liked, oftener obliged me to entertain guests who were by no means entertaining. I found too, that by having more than one dwelling I had less than one home, and have never been so truly happy and comfortable as since I have concentrated all the objects of my wants and desires into this one spot, and devoted myself

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis.

I am, my dear Sir, your ever sincere and obliged,

R. P. KNIGHT.

Chandos Leigh, Esq. of Stoneleigh Abbey, is called "The excellent" by Parr, in one of the insertions in a book; and on the presentation copies of his works is inscribed this sentence:

The gifts of the author, an ingenious poet, an elegant scholar, and my much esteemed friend. S. P.

Dr. Parr, to J. H. Leigh, Esq. M. P. father of Mr. Chandos Leigh.

I write to you with some haste; but you know very well my unfeigned solicitude for the intellectual improvement of Chandos. His travels, and the conversation of his enlightened comrade Mr. Shuttleworth, have fortunately turned his mind towards the curious and valuable learning which is contained in Latin inscriptions. Knowledge of this kind is now widely extended among gentlemen, who travel after their education in our public Schools and Universities; and my desire is, that your ingenious and accomplished son should be largely furnished with that information, which will qualify him for the conversation of real scholars. Under these circumstances I submit to your parental consideration, the propriety of purchasing for him the Latin inscriptions, of Muratorius in four volumes folio, and Burman's Anthologia, in two volumes quarto. I am sure, as an indulgent father, you will not blame me for what I am suggesting to you with a direct and anxious view to the right employment of time in a son whose happiness is so dear to you. Pray tell Chandos that I shall expect to see him at my Parsonage on Sunday the 28th instant, if he should then be in Warwickshire, to meet some enlightened and well bred men; and as some of them must return early to meet their clients at Warwick, I intend to dine a quarter before four, and I intreat Chandos to be punctual.

Chandos Leigh, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Stoneleigh Abbey, Sept.* 14, 1817.

I have enclosed the writings which Grace sent to you; the character is well drawn; it would be better, however, if Grace had read more of Addison, as the English in *his* letter rather borders on the *bombast*. Will you do for me what you can in relation to my poems. I am anxious, very anxious, to bring out a second edition of my poems immediately, and therefore wish for an extensive sale; your recommendation would perform

wonders, perhaps you might recommend them at *Birmingham*. The reason why I wish to bring out a second edition is: First, to put my bookseller in *good humour*. Secondly, to introduce the proper corrections of false punctuations, &c. &c. which are very visible, and which corrections I wish to introduce before the critics attack me. Thirdly, to get some fame *before I publish a poem which I am now composing*. Will you also mollify the heart of a critic towards me? If I am not impertinent in my request, you will take it into your gracious consideration. Pray do your utmost for me. I will sing aloud for joy. I am too sensible how little I am entitled to your recommendation as a poet; it is not for what I have been, but what *I shall be*, that I am induced thus to make this application to you. With Shakspeare, Milton, Dante at my elbow, I might hereafter do something worthy of notice. It is because I had such a very low opinion of my poems that I suffered so many errata to creep in. I did not think it worth my while to *correct the press*. Pray present my very best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and believe me to remain, my dear Sir, yours very gratefully and sincerely,

CHANDOS LEIGH.

I am endeavouring to sustain an elevated flight without approaching to bombast. I hope I shall not meet with the fate of Icarus. Is it not too daring to study Æschylus as a model? I bitterly regret, now, that I did not read when at Oxford. My politics must be offensive to Gifford, and he would have thought it flattery on me to have commended him in my preface, but I longed to do it; *not* for his politics (by the bye, what does he say to his intimate friend *Lord Grosvenor*), but for his fine severe taste, truly Grecian, his vigorous translation of Juvenal, his boldness in opposing the checks of poverty, and in *triumphing over a host of foes*. I must love the man, notwithstanding his vehemence in politics, his sanguinary disposition towards unhappy poets, and his *connections with* * * * *

DEAR SIR, *Friday, March* 12, 1819.

As I intended to leave Stoneleigh on Wednesday, I came over to Hatton for the purpose of requesting you to give me a

letter of introduction to the celebrated Dugald Stewart, in case I set off for Edinburgh in June. If you would confer on me such a favour, I shall be *very much* obliged to you. I intended to have offered to Mr. Bartlam a little satire I have printed at Warwick, but I would not have ventured to have presented to you a copy, as your judgment, being too severe and correct for my little attempts, would perhaps have condemned it. It is printed at Sharpe's, and if you think it *may be* worthy of your notice he will send to you a copy. The truth is, I want to get out of the mire in which the malevolent critic who attacked me in the B. C. last year has plunged me. I wrote this little poem in two days; and such a hasty production must be full of faults. I will take care to send back safe the books which you were so kind as to lend me.

Believe me to remain, my dear Sir, with the greatest regard, yours very sincerely, CHANDOS LEIGH.

N. B. Will you be kind enough to inform me what are the *most* powerful and strongly argumentative discourses on the "*atonement*," as I should like very much to study them with attention.

Dr. Parr, to C. F. Palmer, Esq. M. P.

Hatton, Dec. 22, 1812.

Dear Mr. Palmer, and dear Lady Madalina Palmer,

I shall begin my letter with presenting to you my hearty good wishes and the compliments of the season; I shall then proceed to rebuke both of you for not writing to me, as I desired, and as I expected that you would; and in the third place, I shall tell you some merry tales about Peter the Great, who has long reigned as a political autocrat at Solihull, and in Bedfordshire, and who, like other despots, would extend his dominions by force over every club of attornies, country parsons, and country justices, and every gang of fox-hunters through every county in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. About five weeks ago I happened to say in Peter's hearing, that I thought the war of France against Russia unjust and inhuman.

Peter frowned, and stuttered, and muttered, and cast about in vain for something which should have the shape of an argument, and as nothing even with the size of a common grammatical sentence came to his relief, he prudently held his tongue, and escaped the ignominy of refutation before his loyal mother-in-law,* and more loyal brother-in-law. I thought no more of the matter; for who, that understands the value of time or of reasoning, would expend them upon Peter's paradoxes when he is not within the reach of castigation? Not so with Peter himself, he chewed the cud again and again upon my position: he went home, and resumed his favourite studies of newspapers and pamphlets; he closed himself in a complete suit of armour, offensive and defensive, from the materials which they supplied. He for a fortnight performed the office of a drill-serjeant to himself. At his own word of command, he with his own feet advanced, halted, and retreated; he sheathed and unsheathed his sword, and brandished it most valiantly to the right and to the left; he charged and discharged his musket, and set a mark before it, sometimes near and sometimes distant: he bade the village blacksmith sharpen the edge of his bayonet, fixed it with both hands quite fast to the top of the musket, strained both his eye-balls in taking aim at the grim spectre of his Hatton antagonist, who stood frowning and murmuring before his frightened imagination; and then in the spirit of ancient chivalry, calling out, "God and my right, St. George of England, and St. Denis of France," bravely he rushed on to the combat, and with one mighty blow he laid prostrate at his feet the ill-fated opponent of his logic, and his

* Mrs. Steward of Winson is the lady here alluded to, and even with the tory principles, which were the only obstacles to Dr. Parr's admiration, she had a claim upon his respect, which he always acknowledged. Indeed, he must have been blind to the chief excellencies of the female character, had he not admired in her the best sense, adorned with the best manners. Mrs. Steward's life was, indeed, a pattern of prudential conduct; she was not only the ornament of the society to which she belonged, but a bright example.

wit, and his fox-hunting, and his Napoleonism. Such were his military manœuvres at Solihull in the way of preparation, but he did not as yet feel bold enough for marching into the scene of real combat; and so he made a tour to Bedford; he made trial of his strength upon some of his Bedford adversaries at your house; he refreshed his body and his mind with a fox-chace in your company; he would not trust his rage till it was reinforced by a little intoxication; and then, exasperated, as he especially owns, by your taunts, and animated, or as he phrases it, fired with your port wine, and stimulated yet further by sharp hunger, he became conscious of sufficient courage to rush into the field of battle, and made a most desperate attack upon the parson at Hatton.

Now Mr. Palmer and Lady Madalina, the parson, though taken a little by surprise, was neither dismayed at such an assailant, nor vanquished by such an assault. He wrote a long, a very long letter to Peter, and so long that he could not venture to put it in an envelope, but directed to the Marquis of Tavistock on one side, and wrote upon the back "P—— P——." Yesterday parson Eyre brought me Peter's reply; from which I found that, after his return to Solihull, he had received my letter, that he thought himself beaten in all the preceding parts of it, but that he supposed me, in the postscript, to have taken wrong ground in the eagerness of pursuit; that he had seized this unexpected and favourable opportunity for rallying, and had given a total overthrow to his powerful but precipitate and ill-starred foe. Now, my good friend, mark the issue. Yesterday afternoon I received his letter, heard it read hastily by Peter Eyre, and then hied away to take care of eleven virgins, real or reputed, who were to dine with me under the watchful eyes of four matrons and three parsons, and amidst the wanton smiles of one lusty young academic; I hobbed and nobbed with the women; I smoked and drank port with the men; I sipped tea and played at cards in the evening; I supped with nineteen people, and went to bed at twelve at night; I slept in perfect forgetfulness of my danger from Peter; and this afternoon, after a late breakfast, I made my scribe rehearse Peter's letter in the presence of the first reader; and then brandished my pipe, and rolling volcanic

fumes of tobacco to the top of the ceiling, I dictated an answer upon THIRTEEN FOLIO PAGES; and the parcel, far too heavy for the post, was instantly dispatched to Peter by Parson Leigh, who sat by and heard me dictate it.

Now as Peter is very brave when I am not present, and crows very loudly upon his own dunghill at Solihull, and raises his crest very high among squires and females at Bedford, I have insisted upon his shewing my two letters, and letting me shew what he would call a brace of his own, to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, to the Marquis and Marchioness of Tavistock, to Lady Madalina, and I would have added Mr. Palmer, if it were not a sound more terrific to Peter's ears than the name of hangman to a felon, or the name of raw-head and bloody-bones to naughty boys and girls. Mr. Palmer, you are not to see the letters; Lady Madalina, I desire you to demand them from Peter, and I have this day told part of the story to the Duke of Bedford, and requested the Duchess to join you in compelling Peter to let both of you be witnesses of his ideal victory over the Hatton polemic. Pray, my Lady, write to Peter instantly and peremptorily, and entice him by wishing him victory, and console him by a promise not to make Mr. Palmer one of his tormentors. I am, most truly, your well-wisher and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

J. Richardson, M. P. Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *2, Brick-court, Temple, Jan.* 30, 1787.

I remember having told you at Mr. Sheridan's that there was so direct an implication of good nature in the very severity of a drubbing, which I had sustained at your hands on the subject of Cicero's speech against Q. Cæcilius, the evening before, that I consider it as an invitation and a sanction for the liberty of troubling you with the revision of any attempt at composition, with which a literary prevalency might hereafter betray me. I will now convince you that my menaces are not to be totally disregarded. The subject is not of a nature to admit much display. I just hint this as an anticipated plea for lenity in the quarter of that high judgment whose decree I am soliciting.

This pamphlet (viz. *The complete Investigation of Mr. Eden's Treaty*, which I send by the Stratford waggon) has cost me a great deal of pains, and I have had good assistance in the supply of its materials. The most remote symptom of approbation from the *docti Trebati* will at once satisfy every expectation of my own vanity, and convince me that I have not been mistaken in the supposed accuracy of my information.

You have incurred this misfortune by an imprudent exercise of some of the best wit I ever heard, and therefore I will not even palliate the disaster by an apology, but beg leave to subscribe myself, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obedient and faithful servant, J. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of troubling you with the third number of the Citizen. As Tickel told me you had never seen a letter signed the "Englishman," in which I took the freedom of making some allusion to you, I have also ventured to send that. I know you and myself too well, to have any motive of vanity in requesting you to submit to the trouble of their perusal, but as your good nature may incline you to mention faults which your judgment cannot but discover, I do not like to forego the possible opportunity of great improvement.

I was truly sorry to have been out of the way when you favoured me with a call at my chambers. I am sincerely and most respectfully yours, J. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *Essex-street, April* 1, 1787.

I assure you, upon my honour, it is no easy matter to obtain a very decisive answer to any small question from our good friend, to whom you referred me in your last. What with politics, theatre, the play of conversation, &c. an unimportant interrogatory may be often put, before it is favoured with a distinct reply. I am authorised at last to say, that as the purchase of Pollesden has not been, nor is likely to be soon accomplished, it would be trifling with Mr. Osbourne, to confound him in all the suspense and vexation of the law's delay. A

query has started up about the title, which is still in the purgatory of the Inns of Court,

"Till the foul *deeds* done in their state of nature,
Are burnt or talk'd away."

Literally, he cannot obtain possesson; an *anti*-sterling, he cannot get *in*. If, however, Mr. O. has, in consequence of a premature engagement, subjected himself to any inconvenience, I can have no doubt our friend will think it right to make a fair and liberal compensation.

I am sorry to have been so bad a correspondent; but the truth is, that the fatigue of a regular attendance in the House of Commons in the working part of the season is not so congenial to the quiet interchanges of communication as you may suppose. To be in your place till three or four o'clock in the morning and to have to dine afterwards, leaves little to the exhausted materials of the most willing *umbra* to employ in correspondence. I am amongst the best disposed of these hard-fighting tenuities to you, and shall always be happy to draw the fiction of a crow's quill for your information.

We are in a pretty state of politics. Nil desperandum. I think I see, through the heavy gloom that lowers over us, the faint, but yet distinct glimmer of a mitre, that would just fit the brows of a most deserving friend of mine. I am, with great respect, very sincerely yours, J. RICHARDSON.

Richard Sharp, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 23, 1807.

"I have long since sent your letter to Sir James Mackintosh, and I can assure you, that I derive a very great gratification from the prospect of the renewal of your intercourse and friendship with each other. He languishes for England, and its excellent society, and he will, I hope, return in 1809, with a decent fortune, which will enable him to live here, as he wishes, in leisure and literary luxury. Smith may be expected in 1809 or 1810.

I shall watch the professor's looks and tones, and when I catch one of the "mollia tempora," I will certainly ask him for the Greek line of his hand-writing, and I will transmit it to you, for your curious friend.

It gives me pain to say, that it is not in my power to assist you in your benevolent purposes towards your neighbours, the clergyman and his son. I have of course many objections to asking favours of ministers, and especially as I am in Parliament, where I shall probably be obliged to vote against them, not unfrequently, much as I respect their principles, and much as I am attached to most of them, as my private friends.

Yet I have been compelled by compassion sometimes, and sometimes by a sense of justice, to speak in favour of many applicants; although I have scrupulously avoided asking, even for well-merited attentions to the claims of my *only* brother, because I would not be pecuniarily obliged to them, however indirectly. I have not been successful when I did speak, and indeed, so numerous are the petitioners, that this want of success did not surprise me, and certainly did not pique me in the least.

I did hope that it was not possible that they could be in power ten months without promoting, in you, great learning, great genius, and a great character, to some ecclesiastical situation, eminent enough to enable you to provide for your deserving connections, and to encourage the young men in your own honourable profession to look for advancement by distinguishing themselves in good things. You, I always considered as representing, and defending too, during the long and active persecutions of Mr. Pitt and his statesmen, and of his churchmen, the independent and liberal-minded part of your important community. Lord Erskine did the same for the Bar, and, much as I love him, I rejoiced more in his elevation as an encouragement to the honest young men in the law, than as a personal gratification to himself.

What I am now writing, I say whenever I prudently can, to the persons who have it in their power to do as they please.

My attendance in a morning on a great commercial committee at the House, and in the House itself afterwards, added to my innumerable avocations in the City, has obliged me to de-

lay answering your favour: and now I am employing a midnight half-hour in writing, which is due to my bed, where I have been much less for the last month than I ought to be, considering the laborious days that I spend, and the want of health which distresses me at present.

I sincerely wish you and yours all possible good, and pray believe me yours, my dear Sir, with great respect and regard,

R. SHARP.

I am aware that you, like myself, must have great repugnance to make applications; but I am sure that you must have more weight with them than I can have, whenever you think it proper to write or speak in favour of any suitor.

It is very likely that I shall be called by business to spend two or three days at Mr. Watt's near Birmingham, and I shall certainly not leave the country till I have called at Hatton.

Robert Smith, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Mudeford, Nov. 25*, 1811.

I hope Lord Holland has, indeed he assures me he has, taken my apparent sin of omission upon his own shoulders. He had put your letter by when he received it, and forgot to forward it to me till three or four days since, when it reached me here. First of Stobæus, I feel your kindness very sensibly. I shall value the gift as a curiosity, but infinitely more from my respect and regard for the giver. I hope you will gratify me by inserting what you have written in a blank leaf in your own hand, that I may have two autographs to value my book upon. I will never part with it but to one of my own boys, when I can keep it no longer.

Your illustration of tempus erat is very striking. I have not Livy here to refer to; but does not the occasion of the speech make the beginning of it expostulatory, and if so is not erat employed in a sense of the past to contrast the late conduct of the Romans with what it ought to have been? I think it is coupled rather more boldly with nunc in the Ode. However, even without reference to the usage of the language, I do not

think it impossible to bring these adversaries together without much impropriety. If you understand nunc of a present time a little wider than the very moment, and erat of a past hardly over, or rather of an opportunity over, though the time in which the act should have been done is not over, "to-day was the time to do this" would not shock you in English. Supposing it no longer practicable to do the thing on the day, so I would read the passage as a sort of expostulation for having delayed to go round to the temples, &c. The difficulty had never struck me before; to say the truth, I am not a great admirer of these Laureate Odes of his, nor do I think he was himself. He has made nothing of Augustus in this but a kite and a bloodhound, as in plain prose he was; but when he comes to Cleopatra it is another thing—

Generosius
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem.

There he breathes again. I have heard with great concern, my dear Sir, since my return to England, and only since, of the coolness (I hope I need not call it more) to which you allude in your first letter. I am uninformed of the circumstances, and have preferred being so till I could get information from those of whom you and I know many who value both parties alike, and regret as I do that there should be any interruption of a friendship in which we were all interested, and would interpose, as I would most willingly, their good offices to restore it, if it may be done. I do not enter further into the subject with you for obvious reasons, but I cannot help earnestly to pray that I shall have good occasion to renew it. Believe me, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours, R. SMITH.

Saville-row, Dec. 12, 1812.

Can that be called a letter which letter hath none distinguishable? If the priest will shroud himself in the sacred character, how is the poor layman to *answer* what with the little ingenuity and diligence God has given him, he finds it utterly impossible to decipher. The mystery of my silence, my dear

Sir, is in the mystery of your ductus litterarum. I am glad your spleen at my beautiful tunic has driven you to an amanuensis; the only new hope I own is the hope that now you have once come forth you will always stand revealed to me, and incarnate in good legible Greek of six letters to the inch. Be sure my ears will never like any name so well as Bobus from you. And that the costly vestment covers neither more nor less than you have known these twenty years. I knew your intolerant Whiggism would be at me with bell, book, and candle, for seeking salvation out of the pale; and that you would make me a limner by the same rule as you make B—— G—— a saint: I will not fall down and worship your double-headed idol. While the Whigs follow such gods be my soul with the Titans. I know not what merry stories you have got about my free electors—I have heard of some such, but however grateful I feel for their votes, I do not hold myself bound by their theologico-political opinions. My zeal for the church you have been long convinced of—it is, I flatter myself, according to knowledge. I shall do all I can for the old Lady of Babylon, if she will but behave herself decently; but I must say there has been some twang of her profession about her lately. If it were possible in your august presence to impute anything sinister to the priesthood, I should say their Bishops were playing their laity foul, and were against the emancipation for the very reason that all sensible men are for it—that it will unhorse the priests.

It was only the day before yesterday that I heard from Mackintosh himself; he was come to an anchor at Bath, and by return of post I sent him your letter. He has been wandering all the summer, and I have been always intending, especially since I got your commission, to write to him; but having made the best of my defence against your charge, I must advert with shame and penitence that my habits of agraphy are abominable. You will be sorry to hear that Mackintosh is far from well: India has not dealt with him so kindly as with me. He has made such arrangements that if this Parliament lasts six months he will probably be in it, but I am afraid too late for the Indian Charter, on which we shall want all the strength we can muster to temper your occidental despotism which has trimmed our

poor Hindoos so much to its own notions. Fare you well, my dear Sir; believe me, as you have always known me, with the sincerest respect and regard, your friend, R. SMITH.

DEAR SIR, *Saville-row, Sept.* 21, 1814.

The master of Eton lays himself at the feet of the master of masters, and joins with me in the following return to your precept; first, you have inclosed a copy of Foster's epitaph; next I subjoin the proof, not that some of his topics were *suggested* to Foster, but that he *stole* all of his epitaph that was worth stealing from Thomas Crowch, who was buried in 1679 in one of the vestries on the northern side of King's Chapel. Crowch was M. P. for the University in 1660 and 1662:

Aperiet Deus tumulos, et educet nos e sepulchris;
qualis eram, dies isthæc cum venerit, scies.

I cannot answer for the correctness of the copy, but have preferred giving it to you as we found it. Now with all deference for the Prince of Lapidarians, I think this much finer than Foster's—first, it is shorter and more simple; there is a sort of point in "quo egomet qualis et tu fueris," &c, which adds nothing to the beauty of the thought, and takes off from its simplicity; then Abi orator, &c. is quite trivial. The whole merit of the conception is in its modesty and reservedness, and its aptness to turn the reader's reflection upon himself, and you weaken this if you tell him expressly what he ought to be thinking of. This I offer not in the spirit of ————, and shall be glad to know what you think. I had like to have omitted that, in No. 518 of the Spectator you will find the thought noticed as a fine one by a correspondent of the Spectator's, who had forgotten where he had met with it. Foster could hardly have forgotten Snape published three octavo volumes of Sermons in 1745: a copy of them was sold at Horne Tooke's sale, with notes by him, showing that he had preached many of them when he was Parson of Brentford, and that he thought highly of them. We could learn nothing of any Latin of Snape's. The tradition is, that the Ecclesiastes, the Camera Obscura, and ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ in the second volume of the

Musæ Etonenses, are George's. I read the last in running over the volume at Eton—it is but paltry; George's iambics (which I quite agree with you, dear Sir, are noble) were written when he was an elderly man. There is, I think, no poetry in them, but a great deal of gravity and eloquence. We could learn nothing of Barford's Tripos. Perhaps it was unlucky that Goodall, who is the best informed of all the Eton men upon these subjects, was absent. Yours ever, dear Sir,

ROBERT SMITH.

Abington, Dec. 9, 1814.

Many, many thanks, my dear Sir, for the canons. I have considered them very attentively, and I own that you establish them irrefragably, that is, upon authorities as positive laws of the language, for ut ferula cædas I must say that I cannot very clearly make out to myself a good logico-grammatical reason for the whole of your rule. Where there is really any thing indefinite in the sense, I see that there may be inconvenience and a beauty in modifying the verb, as in *Quis sit iste homo planè nescio.* I know not who he *may* be; here there is a natural *potentiality* in the sense: but the *subjunctive* modification, the change of the verb, not because there is any thing undeterminate in the sense, but merely because, in a proposition equally affirmative and definite in all its parts, the brunt of the affirmation is borne by another verb. Of this I cannot equally see the reason, though again I admit the rule, and that you have cleared it most acutely of all objections from instances to the contrary. Dico Titium esse qui hoc fecerit. It is true that dico is affirmative, but so is all the rest of the sentence in its nature, for it expresses positively that a certain act was done by a certain person; indeed, dico is merely intensive, being no more than an earnest expression of Titius hoc fecit. It is true that this earnestness throws Titius hoc fecit into the back ground; but to change the termination merely on that account, where the sense is not in the least altered, seems to be a mere superfluity, and therefore a vice in the language; for I know but two good reasons, distinction of sense, or euphony for multiplying

changes in words; and this appears to have a further inconvenience, that the change being the same as is made where a degree of indefiniteness is intended to be expressed, it leads to confusion rather than to distinction. Qualis fuerim dies iste indicabit. There is an uncertainty in the sense. Not but that a man was what he was; the uncertainty is not in the fact, but in the mind of the reader, who is supposed to expect an account, and therefore to ask the question, qualis fuisti? according to the main clause in your rule. Indeed, quis, quantus, qualis, do, of their nature, generally imply that the speaker does not exactly fix the meaning; so vereor always imports some uncertainty, and ut, how, i.e. to what degree, leaves the degree to the hearer: it is only the merely subjunctive cases which have nothing potential in their sense, that I cannot reconcile to any *reason* of grammar.

But now, my dear Sir, let me put you one or two more cases of the use of the subjunctive, which do not appear to me to fall *within* this rule. I open at hazard in the pro Muræna about twenty lines from the beginning. Quæ quùm ita *sint*, Judices, et quùm omnis deorùm immortalium potestas aut translata *sit* ad vos &c.; very well—I see no potentiality here, and therefore my former objection to the reasonableness of such a construction would apply to this. But a little lower down: Et quoniam in hoc officio studium meæ defensionis ab accusatoribus atque etiam ipsa susceptio causæ reprehensa *est*, antequàm pro L. M. dicere instituo, pro me ipso pauca dicam.

But I have scribbled on till they are come for the letters, et pro me ipso nihil dixi. I am anxious to tell you for myself, and for all the ladies, how much we enjoyed the day you passed with us. We have, I assure you, often talked of it since with very real pleasure, and you cannot have carried away a stronger or better impression than you left behind you. God bless you, my dear Sir. I am, most indicatively, that is, most directly and sincerely yours, ROBERT SMITH.

MY DEAR SIR, *20, Saville-row, July 6.*

It is really true that I have not, nor do I know where to get, a copy of my Triposes. My boys, I think, have one of them,

but where they have put it I know not, nor probably do they; at least, I am sure they will not be able to tell me till they come home. All I can think of for the recovery of the others, is to write to Davy, the only surviving Cambridge-man of my friends, to inquire if any antiquary among the residents has preserved them. This you will know to be an honest account, because you know I am not an affected person, and that I should be very proud of a niche in your temple; but, as matters stand, it really is the Lord that keeps me back from honour as your friend Balaam, or Balak says, I forget which, for I remember thinking there was not much to choose between the king and the parson, and that the ass (pro hâc vice) was an honester and more interesting person than either of them. Well, now, to propitiate you, and to expiate my sin of omission, I have picked up Andrew Snape's Sermons, which I want to send you, if you will tell me what is your most usual and safest conveyance for parcels. I have had them for some time, but am so lazy about writing, that, till you goaded me, I have been putting it off from day to day.

What you have heard of Mackintosh is no more than the truth. He has made two or three very powerful and eloquent speeches, full not only of those talents which we always gave him credit for, but of talents for debate, which is rare when a man begins at his age. What he has to correct is not so much a Scotch tone as an uncouth mobility in his person while he is speaking; it comes from nervousness, and he would get rid of it if he spoke often; but I fear he will not speak often, and that his health will, if nothing else does, check him in his parliamentary career. Do not talk of Whigs, my soul is sick of them. They are honest fellows enough in questions of home policy, and I generally vote with them upon those; but such drivelling, such strange fanaticism upon what is passing abroad, nothing either of principle or prudence, swallowing camels in France, and straining at gnats in Vienna! There, now I have put you in a rage; storm away for my amusement, for I have got the gout. Alas! I am interrupted by a piece of news which gives me great pain, as it will you, and every man who loves the country, be his politics what they will. I have this moment heard that poor Whitbread died this morning of an apoplectic

fit. He is a loss which we shall not easily replace. Nine-tenths of the vigour and industry of opposition were in him. God bless you, my dear Sir. We live as in a battle. I am, till my time comes, sincerely yours, ROBERT SMITH.

W. Smith, Esq. "the excellent Representative of Norwich," to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DR. *Norwich, Wednesday, June* 30, 1802.

I am sure it gave me pleasure to hear from you the other day respecting yourself, and I dare say it will be pleasant to you to be informed that we go on extremely well here. I am not one to indulge myself in sanguine expectations in these matters; but I can safely say that, from every appearance of our canvass in every part, it is difficult to imagine the possibility either of exerting undue influence, or of devising unfair expedients in any degree sufficient to defeat our hopes. Our friends think we cannot fail, and their spirits are proportionably raised. Notwithstanding all the compliments you are pleased to pay me, I can assure you that I had made up my own mind to be very easy out of Parliament, and should not have given myself any more trouble than merely that of going down to Sudbury, and proposing myself to their choice without canvassing and without expence. The being invited to Norwich, and the prospect of assisting to gain a victory over such a champion, such a Greek as Windham, has infused into me so much electioneering ardour, as that I have actually been here, on the spot, engaged actively in the business for nearly four weeks out of the last five, sacrificing all my peace and quiet to noise and uproar, exchanging my home and my family for alehouses and meetings of freemen, &c. &c. &c. I find, however, many agreeable people, much private friendship, and abundance of zeal in the common cause. I see Dr. Parr's portrait in their houses, and I feel the influence of principles like his own in their conduct; on the other hand, the opposite party treat me with much personal civility, while the agents and scribblers abuse me like I know not what. This, however, I bear with all Christian patience, and allow them to write what they please so long as

they excuse me the task of reading it. If, per discrimina rerum tendimus ad Latium, the buffets of the voyage will not discompose me for a moment. Health and success; the former to you, the latter to myself. Yours truly, W. SMITH.

The Hon. W. R. Spencer, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Richmond, July* 4, 1796.

I have sent you a trifling publication, which perhaps may be worthy of your acceptance from the beauty of its typography and engravings; it was done merely to give the world a specimen of Lady Di's wonderful talents.* And she would not consent to appear in public without a chaperon. I need not say that if ever you visit this part of the world, I shall be sincerely happy to receive you in my cottage; it is poor and small, but in an enchanting situation. I had hoped to meet you at Oxford last February, but on my return from Blenheim you were unfortunately at Sir J. Throckmorton's. I beg my best compliments to all your family. I shall ever remember Mrs. Parr's former kindness to me with real gratitude and affection. Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me to be your very faithful friend and servant, W. R. SPENCER.

If you have ever any commands for me my poste restante is Richmond, Surrey.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Curzon-street, Monday.*

I found your letter on my return to town yesterday, and most willingly contribute my younger brother's mite. I sincerely hope that your new set of bells may soon be worn out by repeated peals of joy at your private prosperity; as to public events, I fear, with you, that they will have but little employment. You will be glad to hear that Horner is once more a senator; had we many more such we might still be saved. Our friends Sharp and Ward have eminently distinguished themselves, their trophies do not hurt my sleep; but, as you say, I am still auditing revenue accounts, "Semper ego auditor tan-

* Lady Diana Beauclerk.

tum?" Had I affluence, at least with my obscurity, I ought to be contented, but my dirty fiscal bread is soon devoured by six children! Mrs. Spencer, since her last child, has been better in health than I ever remember her; she would desire her kindest regards to you, but she is angry at your desertion of London. Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Parr, and believe me very cordially yours, W. R. SPENCER.

P. S. I shall publish a volume of poems soon, which shall be sent to you.

Right Hon. George Tierney, M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 13, 1797.

I am much flattered by your letter; so much so that I have thought it, if not polite, at least prudent, to suffer some time to elapse before I returned an answer, in order that the fumes of my vanity might be passed away, and that I might write like a man of this world. I am now pretty well recovered, but not so entirely restored to myself that I dare touch upon the subject which has been the cause of your compliments. That I may not be exposed to the hazard of a relapse, I will beg leave to go at once into quite another matter.

I wish you would give me your opinion on Pitt's Poor Bill. How is it relished in the neighbourhood of Warwick? Are the provisions of it practicable without (for the present at least) a considerable increase of the poor rates, and must not the accession of influence to country magistrates be enormous? These are questions which I know you are peculiarly qualified to give me information upon, and which I will be much obliged to you for. I cannot but think that Pitt expects to gain much popularity by this Poor Bill, particularly with the country gentlemen; and I should therefore be glad to understand whether it is really liable to the objections which occur to me, or it is a wholesome and beneficial measure. If, in the estimation of those who are most likely to form a proper judgment on the subject, it is thought to be of the latter description, no party views ought to be allowed to encourage any opposition to it; and if, on the other hand, it is as objectionable as I conceive it to be, it ought to be thoroughly explained

to the country at large, that the imposition may be detected and exposed.

I hear no news. Ireland has had a narrow escape, for which she owes every thing to the winds. In the course of the spring I shall hope for the pleasure of meeting you in town, and remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

GEORGE TIERNEY.

DEAR SIR, *Grafton-street, Nov.* 20, 1809.

In your character of Mr. Fox, where you do me the honour to mention my name, you state that I obtained a very high place *and a very lucrative pension* under Lord Sidmouth.

Now the fact is, that I never, either directly or indirectly, applied for a pension, and certainly never received one, or any thing in the nature of one for myself or any of my family. I state this to you that you may not continue in an error as to the fact, and not from any feeling that it would be matter of reproach if I had obtained what you, by mistake, suppose me to possess, or from any wish that you should take the trouble to contradict what, from false information, you have been led to affirm. Indeed, the only favour I have to beg of you is, that in the next edition of your work you would have the goodness to make the necessary correction without comment or observation, and in the mean time let the matter rest as it now stands. Nothing would be more unpleasant to me than to have my name brought into public discussion by any formal explanation of the mistake into which you have, I am sure, most inadvertently fallen. Believe me to be, dear Sir, very truly yours,

GEORGE TIERNEY.

G. V. Vernon, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, 72, *South Audley-street, April* 28, 1820.

I should have written from Woburn to thank you for the copious information which you were good enough to send me on the topic of music, but I thought it would have been more useful to you that you should hear of my actual establishment on the London pavement, and of my readiness to execute the

offer which I made to you relative to your correspondence. I had also hopes to see before now my brother William, who has been expected here, and to obtain from him a sight of the paper you allude to about the poor gerund, which may be useful to me, though not to that imaginary being whom you have invested with the shape and substance of my son, and with the moral qualities which, if I had one, I should be most happy to hear assigned to him; but, unluckily, I have no Astyanax to plague with gerunds and prosody, which I do not mean to inflict on the little girl whom you probably saw at Woburn. The Bedfords are in town for a few days, but go next week to Devonshire. The Archbishop has desired me to make his best compliments to you. I am very faithfully,

G. V. VERNON.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn, April 2.*

I am much indebted to you, and to your assistant scribe, for the trouble you have taken in sending me the authorities for your derivation of Mosaic. There seems, indeed, to be no doubt on the point, but I shall be glad to see the quotation from Spon; as I believe he describes a pavement at Lyons which I have seen, and thought a beautiful specimen of that art. I have seen the process of composing these *eternal* pictures both at Florence and Rome. In the former place pietra dura is almost exclusively used, and the artificial material in the latter. We have all regretted much that you could not make us a longer visit; we have the pleasure of expecting Dr. Maltby to-morrow, he will find a Westminster Usher here who is making us a paschal visit, but I hope they will have no controversy about the gerund in *do*. I have the pleasure of learning from him that my youngest brother, who is about to become captain of the school, is a good poet, and likely to be worthy of your notice at your next visit to Bishopthorpe.

Lord Gower desires me to assure you that he is grateful for your recollection of him, and wishes he could induce you to call upon him at Trentham. Lady Elizabeth begs you to accept her best regards, and I should be charged with more compliments if I were not writing in the solitude of my own room. I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully, G. VERNON.

Mr. Whitbread was admired by Dr. Parr for his consistent and manly course of politics, and steady patriotism. There is not much of his correspondence, but I copy the following letter as bearing testimony to his esteem for Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Southill, August* 17, 1812.

You gratify me exceedingly by your expressions of approbation. Among the highest rewards which can be conferred upon a public man, is such an encomium as that with which you have honoured me, signed by such a name as your own, which confers honour in proportion to its own undisputed claim to be most highly honoured.

I avail myself of this opportunity to assure you that it will give me great pleasure to receive you here, and perhaps I may indulge the hope that you will, at some convenient time to yourself, favour me with your company, as we are situated at a very little distance from your direct road from London to Graffham. I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

S. WHITBREAD.

Right Honourable W. Windham, M. P. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Hill-street, May* 25, 1784.

I sent you by the coach last night some new publications; two of which, the "Popular Topics," and the "Letter to a Member of Parliament," I have read, and think you will not dislike. Yesterday was our first day of business. You will have in the papers an account of our proceedings; and will see by them what the spirit and discipline is of our new ministerial troops, and on what services they are likely to be employed by their young commander. They march in the face of truth and argument with the steadiness of veterans. I was never witness to a debate in either House of Parliament in which the merit lay so wholly on one side. Ministry, when the question was

put, seemed to have said nothing for themselves; and were, as I thought, left in such a minority on the merits of the debate, as precluded the possibility of any great majority on the division. The numbers were, however, as you have seen, 283 to 136. This was on the motion relative to the High Bailiff of Westminster. The figure they made on the other motion of the amendment was not much better; but the question there being of a more general nature, the proof could not be so directly brought home to them. In the midst of all these dreary prospects I should feel some consolation, if an idea of Burke's, that ought in part to have been executed yesterday, but of which the better part still remains, is not, like other advice of his, suffered to pass away without notice. He had proposed and drawn up, as an amendment, to be substituted in the room of the obnoxious paragraph, a spirited and dignified defence of the late Parliament and of the party, against the calumnies of the court and the nation, and wished that such a vindication of themselves might stand upon the journals, whatever the numbers might be by which it was supported. How much more satisfactory would a minority of 50 have been with such a protest, than our present 136 to 114 without it. The measure, however, was rejected, or, more properly, disregarded and neglected; and such, probably, may be the fate of another proposal, founded upon the same principles, but comprehending a wider view, and greater objects: viz. the publishing a similar vindication, signed by all public men who like to sign it,—Peers, Commoners, Members of the late Parliament, and others, and addressed in effect to all Europe. You will imagine what such an address would be in Burke's hands; and, I think, will agree with me, that nothing will be so likely to give effect to the principles it will contain, as the sending them into the world enforced by such powers of writing, and sanctified by such authorities. I see but little prospect, however, of its being carried into execution. There is a petty spirit in the majority of persons, long practised in parliamentary business, and which sometimes infects even those of a superior order, that binds their attention too much to the mere detail of the House, and will not suffer them to extend their views beyond the fate of the next question, or the accession of a few votes on a division.

Among such persons Burke's judgment is a standing topic of ridicule; and possibly, in mere questions of detail, it may be inferior to that of many others; but on an occasion such as the present, where the inquiry is rather περὶ τῶν καθόλου than περὶ τῶν· καθ' ἕκάστα, his judgment, in my opinion, ranks with his highest powers in the best times. A regard to character should be the first consideration with a party such as ours; but, in the present temper of the House and of the nation, there seems to be nothing else to look to. I am anxious, therefore, in the greatest degree, that a manifesto, such as Burke proposes, may go forth to the world, for the vindication of the party to the nation, and of the nation in some sort to the rest of Europe. As to the character of the present House, nothing can give stronger evidences of its being a legitimate offspring of the people. It already exhibits evident symptoms of the furious and insane spirit in which it was conceived and brought forth. The malignity felt towards Mr. Fox is such as hardly to contain itself within bounds of decency; and, on the other hand, there seems an eagerness to convince Pitt that there are no lengths to which they are not willing to follow him. It is really dreadful to be obliged to behold such insolence without the power of chastising it. As things arise, I will have the pleasure from time to time of sending you a line; but begin already to feel that, between the hours spent in attendance, and the effects of it in point of fatigue, but a very small portion of the four-and-twenty hours remains for one's own use. Believe me, dear Sir, with the greatest truth, your faithful servant,

W. WINDHAM.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, Oct.* 21, 1784.

I shall rejoice much if a letter, which I have just dispatched to Lord Sydney, can co-operate in any degree with your laudable exertions in favour of the unhappy offender, Barker. The ill-disposition shewn by ——— to the work, is a circumstance sufficiently alarming; and by being upon the spot, and in possession of Lord Sydney's ear, he has abundantly the power of doing mischief; and I am afraid he is one of those, to whom the power, joined to the opportunity of exerting it in secret, is

nearly equivalent to the motive. If anything yet remains to be done, wherein I can be supposed to be useful, you will of course command me without scruple.

By the letter you enclosed to Professor White, you understand, I perceive, that I am still in Oxford. The Professor, by the way, told me the other day of a whimsical distress he is in, which I may, perhaps, in some measure alleviate, by communicating. He has been incited, by a dread of the malicious interpretations of his bigoted and hypocritical brethren in this place, to introduce into his sermons some subjects, from which he was under a sort of engagement to you to abstain. He laid open to me without reserve, the state of his motives; and I in return, though I might admire more the resolution that would refuse in any instance to sacrifice sincerity to prudence, could not help admiring the frankness of his confession, and promised to use my good offices in making his peace with you. One is, not to expect from every man the courage that can encounter martyrdom. The remainder of my stay here will be short. Burgess,* who is just returned, would be an inducement to me to extend its limits, if the members that are flocking into the University formed a less powerful reason for my removing.

Sometime about the beginning of next month, I think it likely that I may have the pleasure of seeing you in Norfolk. As to politics, I have been in the way lately of hearing all that is to be heard, having gone for a day to Burke's to meet the Duke of Portland; but all that is to be heard, is of little consequence. The ministers are all at daggers drawn; but it does not follow from that that any change will happen, much less such a change as I should feel at all interested in. What change can happen, to any effect, with a country not disposed to support one set of men more than another, or, if they have any preference, inclined to the worst. We had much talk on the state of things, and several grand, and at the same time wise, proposals from Burke; but I much doubt whether any of them will be adopted, and whether our conduct will be anything more than the consequence of our chusing nothing. Some of Burke's ideas I would tell you, but that I think it hardly pru-

* The present Bishop of Salisbury.

dent to commit them to a letter. They may be the subject of conversation, when I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Norwich. Burgess is come over-charged with Theses, Orationes, Dissertationes, &c. of the Dutch Universities, and much pleased with his tour. Believe me to be, dear Sir, with the greatest truth, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

W. WINDHAM.

DEAR SIR, *Felbrigge, July*, 26, 1792.

I must not delay to thank you for your warm and active exertions in favour of my nephew, which are such as your friends are sure always to meet with, and as I myself have experienced on more occasions than one. As much, I am persuaded, has now been done by application, as application can do, or, indeed, as ought to be wished. I could not look with pleasure to the success of my nephew, if it were to be owing to the violation of a rule which does so much credit to its authors, as that which you mention: I shall be convinced, if he fails of his object, that it is not from the want of good wishes, on the part of Dr. Routh or Dr. Bridges, but from an adherence to principles, which I could not wish them to depart from. I shall not feel less sensible of their good will: certainly not of yours.

Our proceedings on the address were not of much consequence, otherwise than as they might affect my interest at Norwich. What their operation has been in that respect, I cannot certainly estimate; but my last opinion is, that they have not done me more harm than they have good. For some time before they had been forming secret combinations, said to have gone to considerable extent, to vote for no person that was not a friend to reform; and probably what passed on that day did not contribute to check their progress. On the other hand, all the better kind of my friends remain as firmly attached as ever, and numbers, of course, seem to be brought over from the other side. But this is only a temporary impression; and they will find reasons enough probably, before the time comes, why, though they may praise, they cannot vote for me. It is in vain to speculate much either upon their friendships or their enmities, though less so, I fear, upon the latter than upon the former.

My speech was a mere extemporary production, containing, as you may suppose, no very nice or laboured discussion of the question, and brought as near to the tone of conversation, as a little warmth that arose occasionally, would allow. It was not expected that we should have had any debate, nor would any probably have arisen, but for a young gentleman, just out of his time, who, forgetting the good adage in his own profession, of "periculum facere in corpore vili," had a mind to try his head as a statesman, in new modelling the British Constitution. All that I endeavoured, was to give such short and familiar statements as might be carried abroad among my constituents, and while they might check, in some degree, the wild rage of the time, might be of service to myself.

A young man, employed by Crouse and his partner, published, as I understand, what was inserted in their paper; and which, I hope, bore but a very coarse and distant resemblance to what I said.

On the mere measure of the address, or the proclamation, I was by no means eager. The measure of the proclamation I rather endeavoured to divert; and the requisition to the Sheriff for the Meeting I could not sign. Those who did sign it, left the measure, almost to a man, to be supported by those who had discouraged it. I rather think, however, that the proclamation was right, and that the machinations of those who wish for confusion, at least for total change, will not be defeated by silence and disregard. To the reformers I am as warm a foe as ever; and was sorry to find that you were a little relaxed. No creature has yet told us what reform is to do; but the cry is gone forth; and moderate people, yourself I suspect, give way to it a little, merely that they may not appear uncandid by a total rejection of it. It appears to me that there never was a cause so wholly unbottomed, either in good practical sense, or acute speculative arguments.

Were Poland secured against this wicked and outrageous attack from Russia, I should feel, I confess, no very lively solicitude for the affairs of France. Neither their object, nor their conduct has been such, as to engage one very heartily in their cause. My affections for them have been for some time rather upon the wane. I am not without thoughts, however, of making

them a short visit; and shall be very happy, if by those means I may have a chance either in London, or by an excursion to Oxford, of passing a day or two with you. Believe me to be, dear Sir, your very obedient and faithful servant,

W. WINDHAM.

DEAR SIR, *Felbrigge, Aug.* 4, 1792.

The last thing for which an apology from you can be necessary, will be the having made your letters too long. One can never think that long which must be read with so much pleasure.

The success of my nephew at Magdalen revives only, without increasing my sense of your kind exertions, which would not have had less claim to my acknowledgments though the event had been less favourable to my wishes. I should have acquiesced too in the decision with a persuasion that no inference was to be drawn from thence of a want of wish to oblige me, and much less to oblige you, on the part of the gentlemen you had applied to; I now feel myself to have a proof, both from the proceeding itself, and from the manner in which they are so obliging as to express themselves, that such a wish was entertained; and will request of you accordingly to convey to them, whenever an opportunity occurs, how much obliged I feel myself in the transaction. It will be great satisfaction to me if, in consequence of this introduction, I shall be enabled hereafter to rank myself among Dr. Routh's acquaintance.

On the subject of politics I am quite sure that we shall never much disagree, or at least disagree only as a man may do with himself in considering the same subject at different periods. I should be glad to think too, that I could agree more nearly with Mr. Mackintosh, for whose talents and powers I have a high respect, and of whose work I was one of the first to sound the praises. I saw it by chance at Mrs. Crewe's, and was so pleased as to send for it instantly to Debrett's, nor to quit it till I had read it through. I fear, however, that his ideas of reform go so much further than mine, or rather that he will be drawn so much to that side, in the situation in which he is

now planted, that he must be considered as belonging wholly to the reformers. I grudge them the acquisition, and wish that they had not the use of his clear judgment to soften down some of their wild paradoxes, and put their whole cause into a more defensible shape.

What you say of the reception which your opinions have met with among Tories, as well as among the Whigs, relates I presume, at least is applicable, to the political part of your letter to Mr. Curtis. There is, however, as I understand, another publication of yours, which in this remote region I have not met with. Tam aversus equos, &c. If I have not made any acknowledgment of the first work, it is a very culpable omission; for I received a copy in your name, and read it with my usual satisfaction. It is no small part of the praise, that you should have made a work so extensively read out of such materials. I shall not fail to procure the other the first opportunity that I have. I beg you again to accept my acknowledgments, and to believe me, dear Sir, with great truth, your very obedient and faithful humble servant,

W. WINDHAM.

P. S. I have just received a piece of intelligence, not coming from any party friend, but from a correspondent of mine at Oxford, which you are probably apprized of, but which otherwise it is fit should be communicated to you without loss of time. It is, that in the present melancholy prospect with respect to Lord Guildford, of whose recovery I fear there is no hope, it has been proposed to bring forward the Duke of Portland for the office of Chancellor. It is wished, of course, in the present state of things, nothing like a canvass should be set on foot. It is desirable only that a certain number of friends should be upon their guard, and ready to start the moment the vacancy happens; the period when this may be expected is, I fear, but too near. I had an opportunity of hearing an authentic account a day or two ago at the assizes. You will be pleased to know, that Christ Church is almost unanimous in the Duke's favour. A majority may be reckoned upon in All Soul's; and that ministry are not adverse. The only competition likely to be formidable is the Duke of Beaufort. I have heard nothing from any of our friends in London.

I feel sincere concern at the loss of Lord Guildford, who, with all his faults as minister, was certainly a very amiable man in private, and will carry away a deal of happiness from his family.

DEAR SIR, *Pall Mall, July* 3, 1805.

I have no difficulty in soliciting your assistance, when I think you can be of service to me, without any violence to any wish or feeling of your own; and I owe it to the memory of times, when, from circumstances, such instances of friendly intercourse were more frequent, to ask this assistance directly from yourself, rather than through the medium of any common friend.

You may have heard that the rumour is so strong of an approaching peerage to Sir William Scott, that a sort of canvass, at Oxford, has been already begun, and two persons named. Mr. Dickenson of All Souls, a member of the present Parliament and a Lord of the Admiralty, and a Mr. Heber of Brazen-nose, the brother, as I understand, of a young man who has lately very much distinguished himself by several prize Poems and Essays.

Till the motion on the Catholic question, I thought my interest so strong that in the case of a vacancy like the one now expected, in which the difficulty of two from the same College would be avoided, I should have had little doubt of success; but from the moment when the question was started, with the decided opinion which I entertained upon it, and, of course, did not mean to dissemble, I considered my chance at Oxford as pretty much at an end. I am, however, very agreeably surprised at finding that, from some cause, either from that of greater strength in the patient, or less violence in the disorder, my interest has survived this attack, and is so sound and healthy as to give me very reasonable hopes of its prevailing against any opposition that may be made to it. I am particularly glad to find that, even in the senior part of the University, where my interest chiefly lies, and where a jealousy of any thing affecting the Church does and ought most to prevail, there is a very fair disposition, either to be convinced by the arguments

in support of the Catholic claims, or at least to give credit to those who are so convinced, and not to believe that their endeavours to save Ireland from falling into the hands of France, are a proof of any lukewarmness with respect to the interests of the Protestant church. A proof of this disposition in one or other of its parts, I was peculiarly happy to meet with in your respectable friend the President of Magdalen, whose sound judgment and enlarged understanding not only resists, as it was likely to do, any such illiberal prejudice, but whose very kind and flattering partiality to me has made him refuse the solicitations of one of the candidates, Mr. Heber, founded on claims of close family connection. I have met the same in quarters where I was less authorized to look for it.

But with all this I am sorry to find, by letters received since writing the above, that great doubts are entertained by my friends, partly on account of the effect of the Catholic question, and partly from the advantage gained by an early and active canvass on the part of Mr. Heber, who is, I find, the formidable candidate. There is a question, moreover, not yet decided, whether Queen's will not have a candidate of her own, Mr. Richards, a pleader of eminence in Chancery; and in that case I shall lose the support of that very powerful College, as far as any College is to be had entire. Now circumstances are changed, I find, since former times, and the junior members of Colleges no longer think themselves bound to go with the head and the seniors. This, in one instance, is favourable; for, I am sorry to say, that I shall not have the head of my own College, though, I believe, all the rest. Those whom I may consider as decidedly my friends, are Dr. Routh, Dr. Hughes (Principal of Jesus), Dr. Cooke of Corpus, Dr. Marlowe, head of St. John's, and eventually, I believe, Dr. Collinson of Queen's. I have a good prospect also of Dr. Landon of Worcester. Oriel and Baliol decidedly adverse, and I fear the greater part of Trinity. Upon the whole, it hangs greatly in suspense, and as far as my own opinion goes after perusal of the letter this morning, I should be glad if it did even that. Some chances may arise, should Mr. Dickenson give up, a great force would come, I apprehend, to me from All Souls.

No direct canvass has yet, as I understand, been made in my name.

I have put you in possession of a general view of the state of things, presuming on the concurrence of your opinion as to public grounds, and not doubting in that case the offer of the personal good wishes which I will flatter myself you entertain towards, dear Sir, your very obedient and faithful humble servant, W. WINDHAM.

Dr. Tatham of Lincoln is a person to be applied to, if I knew how. It will be a little hard upon me if, being turned out of Norwich by the hostility of the Dissenters, I should now be rejected at Oxford as an enemy of the church.

Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, insuper ipsi, &c.

DEAR SIR, *Pall Mall, July* 13, 1805.

I was in hopes to-day to have written you rather a long letter, but must confine myself to the thanking you for your very kind and zealous exertions, and to the mention of a subject, which I can least of all pass over, but in consideration to you ought least to dwell upon—the afflicting intelligence which your letter first conveyed to me of the illness of your daughter. Instead of apologizing on this account for troubling you with my concerns, it is perhaps a reason why I should feel less scruple in trespassing upon your kindness, however much I may feel that it adds to my obligation, that your exertions are made at such a moment.

Sir William Scott's hopes, on whatever grounds they were originally conceived, are not likely, according to the best intelligence that I can obtain, and the best conjecture that I can form, to be realized at the present moment. But my endeavours through the assistance of friends, are not discontinued, nor meant by me to be so; notwithstanding the very new and serious impediments created by the conduct of a certain friend of mine (not by any means our friend the President of Magdalen),* who, if he had meant deliberately to betray my cause,

* As the President of Magdalen (Dr. Routh) is mentioned in the above letter, it is proper to observe in this place, that he

certainly could not have taken more effectual means for the purpose. So strong, however, does the interest appear to be, that with perseverance I trust it may survive even this shock, as I clearly think it would that of the Catholic Question.

In a future letter I may, perhaps, trouble you with the particulars of this statement. In the mean while let me only recommend myself to a continuance of your good offices; and beg you to believe me, with great regard, and with a deep sense of your family affliction, dear Sir, your very obedient and faithful humble servant,

W. WINDHAM.

DEAR SIR, *Pall Mall, Aug. 7, 1805.*

I am so far fortunate in being in town, that it enables me to thank you earlier for your obliging letter.

I see all the evils which you state in Mr. Richards' standing; and can easily conceive it to be the effect of procurement; but can hardly persuade myself that the contrivance comes from the quarter which you suppose. The strong part taken by the Master, beyond the course of his usual caution, certainly looks like it, but it is possible also that it may proceed from a view to Lord Hawkesbury's wishes for the Chancellorship, and a desire on this account to take strong ground on the Catholic question in opposition to Lord Grenville; I don't know which of the two, Lord Eldon or Lord Liverpool, he would consider as his principal patron, or the best future patron for his sons. The same line of conduct will in the mean while serve for both. As against any adverse interference on the part of the Scotts, is the part taken by Mr. Moises of University, and others who have been obliged to Lord Eldon, and would naturally look to him for further advantages. Against it also ought to be, and I hope in some consideration of what Sir William Scott owed to me for withdrawing. I may

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was entirely ignorant of Mr. Windham's sentiments on what is called the Catholic Question, previously to his having engaged to promote, to the extent of his power, Mr. Windham's wishes.

almost say, in his favour; certainly for forbearing to prosecute my hopes in opposition to him. Though we have had but little conversation upon the subject on the present occasion, what little there has been, has been of a sort not to be consistent with any adverse machinations. I rather suspect the profound Dean "the close contriver of all harms," whose whole mind is laid out upon objects of this sort: who for some reasons, I don't know what, possibly from suspecting me not to be among his admirers, is, I have reason to conceive, decidedly and eagerly hostile. No means, however, that I know of can be taken to avert or mitigate this hostility, that would either promise to be of any use, or that would not expose me to the suspicion of paying my court to him, a suspicion which I am afraid I could not bring myself to incur, though my success were wholly to depend upon it. It was from these joint considerations that I earnestly entreated His Royal Highness the Prince not to write to the Dean. I was persuaded that no good would be done, and that an occasion would even be taken for vapouring at the Prince's, as well as my own expence. If the Dean was the contriver of this measure, he found, unfortunately, a ready organ for carrying it into effect, in the uncertainty and hesitation of Dr. Hughes. At all events he may be presumed to have confirmed the members of Queen's in their offer, and Mr. Richards in the acceptance of the offer, by an indirect assurance of the support which Ch. Ch. would give, if the numbers could be brought sufficiently near. This unquestionably is the shape in which things stand; and the knowledge of this ought to stimulate the University to take that course which may best defeat what without some exertion is likely to be the result, I mean the throwing the decision into the hands of Ch. Ch. I am far from sanguine, however, in my expectation that such will be the feeling or conduct of the University. They seem to give themselves up a prey to this Leviathan Dean. Indeed, his position is now peculiarly advantageous, without any effort or management on his part, the prey is ready to come into his mouth. What I chiefly want now, as far as my own exertions extend, is a sort of catalogue raisonné of persons to be applied to. I have a list, but it is in a great measure useless for want of more indications of the situation of

the persons, and the means of applying to them. Any hints of that sort which could be furnished from time to time, would afford me almost the only means which now remain to me of helping myself.

If I see Sir William Scott, which I shall endeavour to do, I shall state to him the fact which you relate of the language held by the friends of Mr. Richards. Any interference from Dr. Buckingham or others towards the Bishop I am afraid cannot be expected. A great variety of considerations might enter the question: one may be some secret understanding between the Bishop and the Dean with respect to a future vacancy, and when Mr. Grenville might be brought forward. With that possibility, and indeed independent of that, it would be hardly possible for me to take any step about it.

I need not explain to you how much indebted I feel to the friendly, zealous, and liberal support which I have received and am receiving from your host, and how much reason I have to subscribe to the character which you give of him. I need as little say how glad I should have been to have passed a day or two at Oxford during the time of your residence with him; I could have continued it if prudence had not forbid me.

Let me beg you to make my best respects to him, and to believe me, dear Sir, your very obedient and faithful servant,

W. WINDHAM.

I forgot whether I mentioned how active Mr. Coke has been in my behalf. I wrote to him upon finding it, and have had a most kind letter from him.

The following correspondence of the Honourable Philip Yorke, and the amusing verses included in one of the letters, cannot fail to be of great interest to the reader.

DEAR SIR, *New Cavendish-street, March 22, 1784.*

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 14th inst., and am sorry you hesitated a moment in communicating your wishes upon the subject of the Athenian Letters. I have in my library in the country two sets, one printed before the year

1750, in 4 volumes, the other reprinted by Lord Hardwicke about a year ago. One of those is very much at your service, and you are welcome to keep it as long as you please; but as I wished to procure one for you from Lord Hardwicke, I mentioned your request to him, and desired him to give me a copy for you. He informs me, however, that he is under a difficulty with respect to giving away any more copies, having lately refused one to a person who applied through a friend, so that he is prevented from complying with my request as completely as I wished. He will, however, furnish me with a copy, which I will transmit to you as a loan from Lord Hardwicke, and without any restriction as to the time of returning it. The first opportunity I have I will endeavour to procure you a copy for yourself.

I am glad you were pleased with the defence of Demosthenes. There is a delicacy in publishing posthumous papers that has prevented me from thinking of printing it at present, especially as it is imperfect, being only transcribed from a copy which Dr. Taylor took of it in short hand. The original was burnt, with all my father's juvenile papers, in a fire at Lincoln's Inn near thirty years ago, together with all Lord Somers' valuable papers.

I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you soon at Cambridge, to which place I expect to be summoned by the dissolution of Parliament. Permit me to canvass you on behalf of Mr. Pitt, for whose success I am extremely anxious, and whose cause I hope will be supported by the respectable part of the University. I forget whether you voted for him at the last election; he is now, however, placed in a different situation, and I really believe that there is no minister we ever had who possesses more ability to plan, or more zeal to carry into execution the most effectual reforms in the finance of this country. From the circumstance of his being of a small College Pitt has much lee-way to fight up; I trust, however, that he will succeed in his views, and I hope he will meet with your warm support.

I remain, dear Sir, very sincerely your obedient servant,

PHILIP YORKE.

DEAR SIR, *New Cavendish-street, July* 21, 1784.

I flattered myself that it would have been in my power to gratify your curiosity much sooner in sending you the Athenian letters. The delay has been principally owing to Lord Hardwicke's frequent removal from London to Bath, Richmond, &c. and to his having little else to think of when he is here than to consult the faculty upon the subject of his health. That, indeed, is so precarious, and engrosses so much of his attention, that forgetfulness is more excusable. He has now, however, furnished me with a copy, which I have ordered my bookseller to pack up carefully, after he had previously put it in boards. Lord Hardwicke is rather scrupulous about giving away any more copies, but has given me permission to say that you may keep it as long as you please. I observe that there is no explanations at the end of this volume of the initials at the bottom of the letters; but I will send them by the post when I have had an opportunity to extract the list from my own copy. The principal ones, however, are P, which is the initial at the end of those letters written by the present Lord Hardwicke, and are chiefly the narrative part. Those marked C, are written by my father. G, by Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln. W, by the late Mr. Wray.

I hope you will receive some amusement from the perusal; and, at your leisure, I shall be glad to know your opinion of them, what parts you think might have been more extended, and what parts might have been pruned with advantage.

I remain, always, dear Sir, very sincerely, your obedient and humble servant,

P. YORKE.

DEAR SIR, *Erthig, July* 9, 1798.

It was yesterday only that I laid my hands on the papers, of which, as I promised, I send you copies. I wish they may amuse you, and I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

P. YORKE.

Mrs. Yorke, and the rest of us, that you know, join in respects to yourself and family.

St. James, Oct. 7, 1786.

The following address of the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, and Clergy of St. Asaph, has been presented to the King, by his Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, which address his Majesty was pleased to receive very graciously.

"To the King's most excellent Majesty,

"We, the Bishop, Dean and Chapter, and Clergy of the diocese of St. Asaph, ask leave, with unfeigned and loyal humility, to congratulate your Majesty on your late deliverance from the knife of the assassin. When such dangers are sometimes permitted to threaten the greatest of the sons of men, we are authorized by Scripture to regard them as awful admonitions of Providence, to consider the importance of their duty, and the uncertainty of the time allotted to fulfil it. May your Majesty's mind be always duly impressed with a religious sense of those virtues and public services which the highest of all human stations requires at your hands. May you always possess those powers of mind, and that enlarged and active benevolence, which are requisite to preside with wisdom over a people that was once virtuous, and that is still generous, brave, and enlightened. In offering up these prayers we depart not from our character as shameless * ministers of the gospel, and we wish to enrich your Majesty with greater blessings than is in the power of flattery to invent; we wish you the glory, the virtue, and the heavenly prerogative of making a great people happy, under a mild, uncorrupt, and able government; and we include in our wishes the lasting security and splendour of your royal House, that warm attachment and fidelity in your subjects which only the sense of their own happiness can inspire. And may that happiness every day encrease by a general imitation of those amiable domestic qualities, of which your Majesty and your Royal Consort have given the world so fair an example."

Signed by the Bishop, and fifty-eight of the Clergy.

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* The printer actually put it shameless; he, no doubt, meant blameless.

Parody of a certain Loyal Address.

Dread Sire! permit your Clergy loyal
Thus to approach your person royal,
With joy sincere that Margaret's knife
Too flimsy was to take your life.
"The greatest of the sons of men"
Should be reminded now and then,
By way of caution, that they must,
Like their inferiors, turn to dust.
Young Pitt was shot at by mistake,
And George may cross the Stygian lake,
A new assassin's stiffer blade
E'er long thy bosom may invade:
For why—the Holy Scriptures tell us
That monarchs are but mortal fellows;
In short, if you neglect your duty,
Beware, lest we should stab or shoot ye.
Suffer us, therefore, to explain
How Britain's Monarch ought to reign;
For, since we wiser are than you,
'Tis meet we tell you what to do:
Deign then, good liege, to listen to us,
Or else you'll certainly undo us;
There's now no worth throughout the nation,
No virtuous man in any station,
Save three, whose virtue never fails,
North, Charley, and the Prince of ——
"Once we were virtuous," still are brave,
Enlighten'd, generous, and 'twill save
The falling State, if you'll permit
Fox to command instead of Pitt:
May you the virtue have, and glory
Of persecuting every Tory;
Whigs and Republicans alone
Have talents to support thy throne.

How blest your Government would be,
Mild, able, uncorrupt, and free.

" In off'ring up these pious prayers "
(Not for yourself, but for your heirs),
" Our characters we still adhere to,"
Scouting all modesty and fear too,
Such *conscientious priests* are we,
True sons of gospel purity,
That persons we have ne'er *respected*,
Flatter'd the great, the poor neglected.
But tho' our characters are blameless,
The printers have miscall'd us shameless.
What! turn us into self-accusers?
The vile preposterous press abusers!
Now, to conclude, in private life
We grant you constant to your wife,
To every child (save one) most kind;
Were but the nobles of your mind,
Then should we have no more divorces,
No matrimonial kicks, nor curses.
Throw all the addresses in the fire,
Excepting ours, most gracious Sire!
They do but flatter, ours speak out,
And must be well received, no doubt.
Take our advice, and on the head
Of Shipley the arch mitre spread;
When Moore, that servile fellow dies,
Shipley will teach you to be wise.
Alas! that time is at a distance,
Without Peg Nicholson's assistance.
Th' arrangement of their age is wrong,
Shipley is old, and Moore is young.
But Peg, once more at large again,
Then live King G—— the Fourth we mean.

With professor Monk, Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Parr became acquainted during his visits at Cambridge; and the scholar selected by that great University to fill the chair of Porson, was not insensible to the honour and advantage he might derive from the learning of such a master. He sent him his Hippolytus with one of the following letters, and I add the other, as it gives some account of Dr. Monk's preparations for the Life of Bentley.

MY DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, Nov.* 29, 1811.

I take the liberty of sending you a copy of the new edition of the Hippolytus of Euripides, which is just finished, and will be published to-morrow. What your opinion of this volume will be I hardly dare to conjecture; I heartily wish it were more worthy your acceptance. If you think that I have sincerely and bonâ fide pursued the objects professed in the preface, I am sure you will extend to the performance as much indulgence as is consistent with your justice.

I remain, dear Sir, with the utmost respect, your most faithful and humble servant, J. H. MONK.

MY DEAR SIR, *Nuneaton, Warwickshire, Jan.* 21, 1820.

For the liberty which I now take in addressing myself to you, I have but one excuse, the wish to express those feelings of gratitude which my heart entertains towards you for your kind disposition to serve me on a late occasion, with which I have been made acquainted by my friend Mr. Blomfield. This flattering kindness of yours I feel the more, because I am aware that some matters, of no amicable nature, occurred at our last meeting. As I now recollect nothing but your kindness, I sincerely hope that you will think of me only as of a person who is proud of your favourable opinion, and who is gratefully sensible of your goodness.

You will have heard that the living for which I was a candidate is *not* to be disposed of by our University. However, I must always look back on the circumstances of my canvass

with sentiments of pleasure and of gratitude. Though there were five other candidates, the support which I was promised was extensive beyond the most sanguine hopes, and certainly beyond all precedent.

As I am now doing myself the honour of writing to you, I cannot forbear mentioning a subject which has occupied much of my thoughts and my time during the last two years. I am employed in collecting and arranging materials for the biography of Dr. Bentley, which it is my intention to give to the public in a form as complete as my researches and opportunities of information will allow. Several considerations led me to adopt this scheme; particularly, remarking the great inaccuracies as well as deficiencies of all the memoirs of that mighty scholar which are in print; and the conviction of the necessity which exists to consult the various documents in the *arcana* of our college, in order to give a fair account of those contentious circumstances in which so large a part of his life was involved. My subject will, according to my present view of it, involve much of literary history of about half a century, and all that is material in the history of our university for above forty years. I am anxious not to omit any accessible sources of information relative to the personal or literary career of my hero. Above all, I wish to obtain a sight or a copy of as many letters of Bentley as possible. I have already several of his, but more relating to him from the hands of his adversaries, Conyers Middleton, Provost Snape, &c. I wish, of course, to illustrate and enliven my narrative with such original productions.

It has been a great disappointment to me to find that Bishop Hare destroyed his letters and other papers, before his death. I have never yet ascertained in whose hands the papers of Dr. Samuel Clarke, Dr. John Davis, and Dr. Mead may now be found. Should these collections have escaped destruction, I cannot doubt but that unpublished letters may be found among them. Should you be able to indicate the probable quarters to which application might be made for such documents, or for any other remains of his epistolary correspondence, you will confer a serious obligation upon me and upon my book. I am induced to mention this subject to you not only on account of your universal acquaintance with the writings of scholars, but because you have had the opportunity of conversing with many

learned persons, from whom traditionary information respecting Bentley and his contemporaries might be received pure and unadulterated. Besides this consideration, I am led by other circumstances to believe that Bentley is a scholar, who has much engaged your attention. In reading his critical works, I have often been struck with the force, the justice, the discrimination, with which his character is pourtrayed at the conclusion of the review of the Variorum Horace, in the British Critic. I am going to-morrow to pay a visit of a few days in Rutlandshire, where I expect to have the opportunity of conversing with Mr. Bentley Warren, the heir of Dr. Richard Bentley, of Nailston, the executor of his uncle the Aristarch. Next week I return to Cambridge to examine the candidates for an university scholarship. I am with sincere and great respect, dear Sir, your most faithful and humble servant. J. H. MONK.

Dean Vaughan, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Granby, Harrowgate, Aug.* 16, 1814.

I feel most truly obliged to you for your kind and friendly letter, which I had the pleasure of receiving on Sunday.

I wrote to Eginton yesterday, and desired him to reserve room on a piece of the glass for an inscription of five or six lines. I also told him of the commendations that have been pronounced by several intelligent judges (particularly by the Oxford Professor of Anatomy), on the window which he lately sent to Hatton, and I did not fail to add, that he would, as far as I could understand from you, very largely increase the stock of his reputation, by executing in his best manner the two windows that are not yet completed. Moreover, I ventured to say, that if he should by accident meet with you in the course of the next fortnight, it was my particular wish, that he would shew you the outline of what he was to do for me.

I cannot tell you, my dear Sir, how happy you have made me, by your kind offer of an inscription for a small marble tablet. With regard to this mode of commemorating the Imperial visit, it is the one which, of all others, I like the best; but to say the truth, the inscription was the thing that frightened me. I am very happy, however, that you do not disapprove of the

painted window. The college, I am confident, will be proud in putting up the tablet; but if I could for a moment suppose there would be a single dissentient hint on the occasion, I would most gladly anticipate it, by taking the expence upon myself.

I don't know whether it is in any way to the purpose to mention (what I believe you know very well), that the bedroom in my lodgings, which the Emperor occupied, was always called the Queen's bed-chamber, from the circumstance of Charles the First's Queen having inhabited it during the residence of the King at Oxford.

Have the goodness to make my kindest remembrances to Bartlam, who will be glad to hear that our friend Tracy is, in my opinion, very much better for Harrowgate. He is rather shy of acknowledging it himself, but his countenance, &c. bear indubitable marks of substantial amendment. I am, dear Dr. Parr, your much obliged and faithful servant,

PETER VAUGHAN.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, March* 11, 1823.

With many thanks for your kind letter, I send you the following account of poor John Bartlam's academical career,* which I believe to be correct:

Entered as "Commensalis" of Merton Coll. May 16, 1789.
Elected "Portionist," April 26, 1790.
Took the degree of A. B. Feb. 13, 1793.
Gained the Chancellor's Prize for the English Essay, 1794.
Elected Fellow of Merton College, August 3, 1795.
Took the degree of A. M. May 25, 1796.
Pro Proctor, 1805. And spoke the Latin speech for the Senior Proctor, who was confined by illness.
Presented to the Vicarage of Ponteland, Oct. 1, 1811.

I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the President of Magdalen, though I hope to do so to-morrow. Have the goodness to remember me very kindly to the Precentor, and believe me, dear Sir, with the highest esteem, your grateful, and much obliged servant,

P. VAUGHAN.

* Dr. Parr had made enquiries of Dr. Vaughan on this point, previously to writing his Memoir of Mr. Bartlam, in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1823.

Archdeacon Butler, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Shrewsbury, March* 15, 1802.

I should have taken an earlier opportunity of addressing you had I not waited fruitlessly for a frank, to thank you for the high honour you have conferred on me, in mentioning my name in the notes to your Spital Sermon. I beg to assure you that I feel no less satisfaction from reflecting who it is that has so much distinguished me, than from considering who they are with whom I find myself classed. And though I can readily suggest many worthier names than my own to supply its place, yet I feel the highest gratification at finding myself noticed in the defence of those institutions which want not such defenders as I am, and which have found a vindicator truly worthy of themselves. The acquaintance of a scholar so eminent as yourself was too honourable and gratifying to me to be lost without regret; may I add, that I should be happy on a favourable opportunity to renew it. But I am now never above a week in the year in Warwickshire, and that time, being so short, I wholly appropriate to my father and mother. Should you, however, visit Shropshire, as I understand you sometimes do, I should be much flattered by endeavouring to shew you with how much respect I am, Reverend Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant, S. BUTLER.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Samuel Butler.

MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND, *Aug.* 28, 1806.

No man living is more deeply impressed than I am with a sense of your great attainments as a scholar, and of your numerous and solid qualifications to preside over a public school. No man can be more ready than I am to bear a direct, sincere, and public testimony to your merits. I therefore could not be displeased with the contents of your last letter, and, while I thank you for the marked, and manly, and delicate attention which you shew to my possible scruples, I will tell you, with all imaginable plainness, the real state of my mind. I believe that the approaching election will be determined by the overbearing influence of Lord A———. I dislike that influence, and

I have long seen very offensive vestiges of his Lordship's pride in various forms and upon various occasions. My political sentiments, and the habits of my thinking, as produced by my love of letters, my intercourse with learned men, and my extensive and varied acquaintance with the best classes of society, have always determined me to stand aloof from the gentlemen of Warwickshire. They perhaps are sensible of my shyness, they indulge not very agreeable suspicions upon the cause of it, and they are not very likely to pay that attention which wiser men assuredly would pay to my recommendation. For these reasons I am unwilling to address any testimonial directly to the Rugby Trustees. But I will, in my own way, and with sufficient formality, put upon paper what I *know* of your intellectual, literary, and moral worth; and what I wish, not merely in justice to you, but for the general interests of education, upon which I am able, perhaps, to speak with as much precision as any scholar or any instructor in this kingdom. I will send it you in less than a fortnight, and, after reading it, you will be left entirely to your own judgment as to the use which is to be made of it.

I commend you for the dignified manner in which you have made your application, and, for your own sake, for the sake of your family and friends, and for the sake of our youth, I most heartily wish you success. I thank you, dear Sir, and Mrs. Butler too, for your repeated and kind attentions to Mrs. Parr, to Mrs. Wynne, and to one whose memory will ever be dear to me, whose loss is irreparable, and whose correct and feeling mind was properly impressed with the reception which she met under your hospitable roof. I have found some relief from my ramble into Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Middlesex. But I have not strength or spirits sufficient to sustain me in forming any plan. I act according to the impulse, or the convenience of the passing hour. I endeavour to disperse my sorrows by study, and in the society of my friends. But, though I am restless here, I cannot trust myself with any concerted scheme for going elsewhere to a distance; still, ah! still, I am resolved to visit you when I am able to do so without annoying you by the gloominess of my own mind. I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

Dr. Butler, to Dr. Parr.

Nov. 5, 1808.

..... With regard to my notes on Æschylus, I am glad that you approve of the general style, and much more so of the temper of them. I abhor the system of dagger-drawing for a Greek particle, and I am persuaded that they who are bigots in philology would be bigots on occasion, in greater matters. For the structure of the mind is the same, though the field for operation is happily different.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Dr. Routh.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *June 25*, 1809.

Permit me to take the liberty of introducing to you Mr. Butler, the master of Shrewsbury School, and my most valuable friend, who is passing through Oxford, and who has a kind of literary claim, or rather duty, to pay his personal respects to one whom I esteem the most learned ecclesiastic in this empire. My dear friend, you will welcome Butler when I tell you that he is my namesake, my friend, and a Tory; that he had the unexampled glory of gaining seven academical prizes at Cambridge; that he is the Editor of Stanley's Æschylus, one volume of which has been lately published, and is to be succeeded by three more; that he is a thorough scholar, a man of sense and honour, and a most zealous well-wisher to the Established Church. Every attention shewn to him will be agreeable to my feelings and his own, and from scholars and men of virtue he is entitled to look for esteem. Indeed, Mr. President, he is a most valuable man.

I thank you for your last wise and kind letter. You give the very best advice, and it is so far followed as single duty is concerned. But I have to complain of additions, and *far worse* things than those I mentioned. I am worn down with affliction; Mrs. Wynne is in a deep decline * * * *. She goes in a few days to the sea; but I have no hope of her recovery. I have much to say on this subject when I write next. I am now incapable of all intellectual exertion. I pray God, dear Mr. President, to

bless you, and for my own sake to preserve such a friend as you are.

I am truly your friend, S. PARR.

Dr. Butler, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Kenilworth, June* 27, 1809.

I have just finished my attentive perusal of a book which I trust will make both myself and all who study it (and what thinking man will not study it) wiser and better men in every relation of life.

The important topics which you handle with such profound and unrivalled erudition, such acuteness of reasoning, such depth and variety of research, and above all, such uniform and genuine benevolence, are so essential to public and private happiness that there is no member of society whom they do not deeply concern. I say nothing of the graces of composition, which would alone immortalize your work, because my thoughts are engaged in higher and more interesting contemplations. Nor do I, knowing the great disparity between us, imagine that the tribute of my warmest approbation should be paid to you with any pretence to criticize, but only as conveying the sentiments of one *longè adorantis vestigia.* In this view only I wish to express to you my thanks, both for the honour you have done me in presenting me with the book, and for the very great delight and instruction which I have received from it.

Your kind letters reached me yesterday. I am most unfortunate, and perhaps shall not reach Oxford at all. On my return from Hatton I found a letter from Cambridge informing me of Watt's sudden removal from the University Press, and I fear he has left my title page and dedication unfinished. A new printer will not be appointed till October, so that, unless by my own personal exertions there I can get the half-sheet struck off and the books sent to London, I shall not be able to bring out my book till October next. I am about to set out for Cambridge this afternoon; from thence I shall go to London, and thence to Oxford, if I can find time. I hope at

all events before the holidays are over to see you once more at Hatton.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours very faithfully, S. BUTLER.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Samuel Butler.

DEAR NAMESAKE, *Hatton, April* 1, 1814.

You know, as I do, the folly of women; and you may conceive the vexation I feel upon sending you an extract from the letter I received this afternoon by the very post in which I had written to you about the two boys. I shall say plainly that you are the best Greek scholar among all the schoolmasters in England, and as honest a man as this day adorns either the English Church or society. Namesake, we must have patience with these foolish petticoats. I shall say something about the ulteriorities, and you must sympathise and co-operate with me. Never, never, never were women right about the education of boys—never, never, never have they been, nor are they, nor will they be, while the present race of beings inhabit this terraqueous globe in its present relation to the solar system. Oh, my dear namesake, you have a heart as well as a head, and with the head you would approve, and with the heart you would love me for what has lately been passing in my mind about Samuel Butler, S. T. P. May God Almighty bless you and yours. I am really your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR NAMESAKE, *April* 3, 1815.

You may find few such searchers as I am about the "innocenter actam," and my taste is nearly satisfied with it. But I do not like "piè," as it is a little ambiguous, and "sanctè," is a little too much, and yet "innocenter" must have some adjunct. I cannot relish senis placidissimi, and then as to felix before decessit, I vote for its expulsion; for it has scarcely any meaning, and certainly not the meaning of one who has an εὐθανασια. I am σύμψηφος upon the preference to *suæ* over *sui*. Now about all the rest we shall not agree. There is too much, and the parts do not harmonise; there is a want

of simplicity, and a want of conciseness, and a want of perspicuity, and a want, as I said, of harmony. Pray, namesake, leave room on the monument for what you will hereafter say of your excellent mother, and of her it may be more truly said than of most women in the heathenish phrase, *quacum vixit sine querelâ.* This you know, as well as I do, is the language of good husbands about good wives. Let us meet, and let us discuss, and let us wrangle, and let us make it up, let us doubt, and then let us resolve. O that nominative case! After all I would not quarrel with it, but you have loaded the verb, and so let the whole relinquatur, as you love a pun.

Well, you shall have my creed, my political creed, which is nearly as long as my theological. I am for Norway versus Sweden; for Genoa versus England; for Belgium versus England and Holland; for Saxony versus Prussia; for Italy versus Austria: for Poland versus Russia; for Murat versus the Vienna plunderers, who were going to dethrone him and are now courting him; and above all, for the French people, in the choice of their own sovereigns, against any and every foreign potentate who shall dare to oppose the exercise of that most sacred right. My toast therefore comes to this,—Where justice is, there, Deo volente, be success. As a calm observer of characters, I believe Louis to have intended well, but to want the power of executing his good intentions. As a Frenchman, I might have been content to be governed by Louis, if I could have trusted his family, which I could not. As an Englishman, I would rather see France governed by Louis, or the weak Bourbons, than by Napoleon. As an honest looker-on, I view Napoleon with that admiration which is mixed with fear, and from which love is quite excluded. As a politician, I would watch him, but not provoke him. If Napoleon offers to give up Italy to some fair sovereign, and makes no frantic war upon commerce, he will have fewer enemies. Ireland to me, as well as to you, presents a scene of endless woe. The blindness of ministers has let the season of reconciliation pass by. Catholics of property have lost their weight, and Jacobins will now take their lead, and what will the parsons say? Is that Pope, whom they dreaded as the instrument of Napoleon, to be less dreaded when he acts for himself? Are we to support Ferdinand and the Inquisition, and to sacri-

fice the Spaniards, who the other day were our allies? Talk to Campbell about Alexander; he will tell you a famous story, and a true one. Alexander cannot but be a barbarian autocrat, and who, that reads and reflects, must not tremble at the ultimate consequences, if Russia is to be employed as the umpire for Europe? Such is my creed. To be sure the Parliament is uncorrupt, the ministry is sagacious, the Prince Regent is patriotic, the wealth of the country is inexhaustible, the patience of the people is boundless, and these are precious consolations. I dare not tell you what in my sober judgment is my first wish. But it is the wish of an honest and considerate Englishman, though I should be hoisted into a pillory and shut up in a jail for avowing it. Farewell! yours heartily,

AN OLD FRIEND.

Hatton, July 19, 1815.

DEAR AND LEARNED NAMESAKE,

Nothing can be more wise, nor more magnanimous, nor more virtuous, than your remarks upon the state of public affairs. Poignant will be our sorrow, and fierce our indignation, when we talk about them at our next meeting. I was grieved, namesake, at our not going this year to Rugby. For at my advanced age I cannot look with much confidence to another summer. But you are in the pursuit of health, and may heaven grant it to you. I think you fortunate in having such an enlightened companion as Corrie. How cruel was the caprice of fortune in making him a Presbyterian parson! The variety of his attainments, the clearness of his judgment, the elegance of his taste, the politeness of his manners, and the uprightness of his principles, would have rendered him a bright ornament to the Established Church. Bid him write out from a naughty book, which I lent him, what is said of Palearius, when he was dragged to the stake, and took fright on seeing two wretches in the flames, and retracted, and then relapsed into heresy, and then was himself destroyed. I want the passage in aid of an extract from the notes on the letters of Sadolet. But I must not pay for postage, and Corrie must bring with him the extract, and let me have it from Birmingham.

To-morrow Edmund Barker leaves me. He has been a most active, patient, faithful, useful auxiliary in that which I am preparing for the press, and among other good qualities he reveres Samuel Butler. I set off to-morrow morning in my carriage between three and four o'clock for Oxford, and at Oxford I shall read your papers *privately*, and from Oxford I probably shall send them by the Shrewsbury coach, and at all events you shall have them in three weeks. I dare not talk of public affairs. The world at present is made for Cæsar, and I am not Cæsar's friend. I shall often think of you, when I am rambling in Magdalen Grove. When you return to Shrewsbury, pray consult your catalogue in order to find some Latin squibs in verse and prose, which passed between Dr. John Burton the Whig, and Dr. King the Tory. Their Oxford wrangles made a great noise, and Warton alludes to them in the triumph of Isis. I think it hardly possible that the things should not be among Taylor's books. I want them to illustrate some elegant hendecasyllables, which Robert Sumner wrote, and which annoyed Johnny Burton. Pray get them. God bless you: I am truly your friend,

S. PARR.

DEAR NAMESAKE, *Jan.* 7, 1817.

I send you a duplicate of what has been sent also to Kenilworth. Dr. Johnstone, with a deep sense of your intellectual and moral worth, has, in the very strongest terms, charged me to request that you would do us the honour of meeting the birth-day party at his house in Temple Row on the 27th. Namesake, the occasion is not ordinary, the invitation is not ordinary, the inviter is not ordinary. No, no; all is as all ought to be with such parties. Judge and act for yourself, and pray write with your usual animation to Dr. Johnstone. Come to us if you can; it will be a joyous party.

My wife goes to church next Sunday, and the ceremonious visits begin upon the Tuesday, and continue through all the week. Sagacious, learned, manly, sincere namesake, I speak joyfully, and even triumphantly, from the very bottom of my soul, when I state to you the just, and therefore the very high opinion which Mary Parr holds of Dr. Samuel Butler; and

then as to Harriet, why she and Mary will enter into a confederacy against you and myself. Never, never, never, shall we forget your noble present—never, never, never! George Butler gave the boys a holiday at Harrow in honour of my marriage; you must do the same at Shrewsbury. God bless you all. The other day a friend of Bartlam's told him that Otter said that Butler is the next Grecian after ——— in the opinion of the Cantabs. Otter did not make himself responsible. Jack Bartlam kindled and said, "I should like to see ———, or any of them, write a piece of Latin fit to stand by Sam. Butler's." I add, that I should like to see a page of their criticism upon Greek fit to be compared with Sam. Butler's notes on Æschylus. Namesake, you and I belong to no critical gang.

I am truly your friend, S. PARR.
And so am I, J. BARTLAM.

DEAR NAMESAKE, *Hatton, July* 19, 1817.

Lose not one moment in writing earnestly to Mr. Dauncy, who is a Bencher of Gray's Inn. The Preachership will soon be vacant. Edward Maltby is a candidate, and surely by his publications, literary and theological, he has entitled himself to the highest situations in the church. The obstacles are his principles in religious toleration, and his attachment to civil liberty. But about those two qualities, for which you and I honour him, drop not one syllable to Dauncy. The topics are these: Ned was educated first by me at Norwich; then by Warton at Winchester. He gained the University Scholarship under circumstances peculiarly honourable from the abilities of his two competitors. He was the seventh or eighth Wrangler; he was first Medallist; he got a prize or two for Greek epigrams; he published a very learned and a very judicious book on Divinity, and inserted in it the Thesis, which he wrote for the Degree of D.D. and which in point of Latinity is very excellent. He is known to scholars thoroughout Europe as the editor of Morell. He upon many public occasions has been solicited by many Vice-Chancellors to preach at St. Mary's. He is now one of the select preachers, and this

very year has delivered four sermons to crowded and delighted congregations. He is generally and deservedly considered as our first Cambridge preacher. He is preparing for the press a large volume of sermons partly speculative, partly practical. He through life has been a very studious man, and his studies have been directed quite as much towards professional knowledge as classical literature. He has educated private pupils, several of whom have distinguished themselves in examinations for academical honours. His morals are quite irreproachable, and his conduct as a parish priest is even exemplary. Perhaps upon such an occasion it will not be amiss to say, that his delivery from the pulpit is serious without gloominess, and impressive without ostentation. To these praises, dear namesake, Maltby is entitled. He was my pupil—he is my friend, and perhaps to my counsels he is indebted for most of his intellectual and for many of his moral excellencies. Write, I beseech you, to Dauncy without delay: write copiously—write energetically.

May heaven bless you and yours. S. PARR.

MY DEAR NAMESAKE AND LEARNED FRIEND DR. S. BUTLER, *June* 22, 1819.

You know my foresight and my anxiety in manifesting my friendships. I am preparing to settle my worldly affairs. You will by one and the same post receive this letter and a most important and confidential one, which you are not to open till I am no more. That paper contains certain serious requests which you are to execute in case Bartlam should die before me; and in case Bartlam does not so die, he will be requested to execute directions nearly similar, and your own good sense and good principles will point out to you the propriety of preserving this letter, and of sealing up the paper of directions, which will reach you by the same post. As to the particulars in that paper, I had reasons for not inserting them in my will, and among those reasons was .....; but I had other reasons. Both you and Bartlam will see the entire confidence which I repose in you for the faithful execution of all my intreaties. In the will, which I am now preparing, and which I hope to sign before I set off on my tour, I have

not lost sight of you, my dear friend, under the contingency of John Bartlam's death before my own, and if he should outlive you, even in this case I have received from him a solemn assurance that, after executing all the directions in my will, and all the directions of a paper, the contents of which resemble the contents of the enclosed addressed to you, he soon after my death will prepare and sign his own will, so as to fulfil all the purposes which I had in view for your sake, when I directed this or that to be done, on the other supposition of his death before mine. Every thing has been well weighed. My will, namesake, has many peculiarities, because I wish to shew my regard for many persons, and I believe that you, and all other good men, will see, that in making my will, I was actuated by the same principles, religious and moral, which have regulated my conduct through life. I have put aside all paltry distinctions of sects and churches. I have looked well to my choice friends. I have now and then assigned reasons. You will see, namesake, the sincerity, and the compass, and the discrimination, which pervade my will. I am conscious of a fearful responsibility to the wise, holy, and merciful Being to whom I look up for pardon and acceptance. But upon these hallowed matters, I say nothing, for you know my aversion to all ostentation upon religion. Let us turn to other matters. I hope that your tour will be quite pleasant to you, and that you will return from it with recruited strength and spirits for your arduous and meritorious duties. I shall write to you in the month of September. Remember me affectionately to your wife and children. Preserve this letter, for it flows from the heart of your friend

S. PARR.

Dr. Samuel Butler, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Shrewsbury, Feb.* 26, 1821.

You will be glad to hear that the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry has appointed me to the Archdeaconry of Derby vacated by the death of Dr. Outram. I returned from Lichfield yesterday, where I went to take possession, but more forms remain to be gone through, before I am throroughly established, such as induction and reading in.

The Bishop has shewn me great kindness for the last two and twenty years. He has but little to give, and he has twice thought of me, and given me that preferment which is most acceptable to me, for if he had offered me the living of St. Philip's, I must have left this school, and even independently of that consideration, it is a species of preferment which nothing would have induced me to accept; I would not live in Birmingham to be master of all its wealth. Believe me, dear Dr. Parr, yours very affectionately. S. BUTLER.

DEAR DR. PARR,

Once more, remember there is no change in my opinions, they always were, and I hope always will be, *free*. I hate and abhor the present radical faction, (who profess also that they hold in abhorrence the Whigs) but I am no advocate for the *ultras* of any sect or party. I neither court, nor contemplate the courting, nor aim at the possession of any favours, nor would I surrender my freedom of opinion to any man, or any set of men upon any terms which they could offer. These are the principles on which I have acted, and hope to act always; but violent and coercive measures I always abhor, whether they originate with a court, or with a mob. I will never join in them, from whichever side they originate; but, if I am to be under any tyrant, I would rather be under an educated man than the rabble. I hope never to be under either, though times are serious, and the rabble, not the people, are furious; and public virtue, among many who are most clamorous about it, I believe to be an empty sound.

In another letter:

Who told you I was courting ministers? and who that told you so brought proof? What word or deed? I am exactly what I was, and what I hope to remain, a free man; and if my preferment depends on my asking for it, you may be assured I shall die as little beneficed as you are.

I hate all radicals and will never join them, as you have heard me say again and again, at your own table, and I have seen no cause to change my opinion.

I hate, and will ever oppose, as I ever have opposed, all attempts to degrade Christianity. My opinions on that subject are already in print, and will be again.

But I hate equally, all persecuting and vindictive proceedings, and wish to see extensive and *mutual* toleration; and to see those sects tolerate *us*, whom I could wish to see *us* tolerate.

I never have been, and, while I live, I never will be, the slave or tool of any party; and disdain to applaud, without reserve, measures which I cannot in my heart approve.

I think Lord John Russell's speech in the House of Commons, on parliamentary reform, one of the ablest and most convincing productions I ever read: and Mr. Canning's, on the same subject, one of the most unsatisfactory. But I am not *therefore* bound to applaud every thing said by the former, should he put forth what I cannot approve; or to condemn every thing said by the latter, should he advance what I cannot in my heart condemn, for instance, Catholic emancipation.

In a word, as a friend to liberty, I claim the *exercise* of it, and in that free and fearless exercise I feel and enjoy my independence, with which I am not disposed to part for any boon that Ministers or their opponents can offer. I have been thus explicit, that you may fully understand me. I conceive no despotism so truly tyrannical as that of the radicals, and will never join *them* in their attacks on the Christian religion, or on our constitution, both which I am sure they would gladly destroy. This I will ever oppose to the best of my power, but in doing this I consider myself the best friend to real liberty.

Believe me, most affectionately yours, S. BUTLER.

DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

I send you my Charge, not because you will like it, but because it is due to our friendship, and my deep respect for you, that you should have all I publish.

I have just heard that an event, at which I most sincerely rejoice, as being likely to promote Miss Wynne's happiness and your own, is on the eve of taking place. I therefore request you to present her with the little piece of plate which accompanies this note in Mrs. Butler's name and my own, and to add our most sincere good wishes on the occasion. I shall hope to see you see *τὴν τετάρτην γενέην*, like my good mother.

My journey, though very laborious, and not free from peril,

completely succeeded. I visited every spot connected with the most interesting parts of the Roman History—including Mons Sacer, Tibur, Tusculum, and Alba, and, of course, part of the old Appian way. From Cicero's Tusculan Villa I looked down upon that of his neighbour Cato, and from what may have been his Portico had a fine view of Mons Algidus, still covered with wood, and the site of ancient Alba. I visited the Alban Villa of Domitian, of which there are great remains, but no turbot; and the emissary of the Alban Lake, made by Camillus, a stupendous work before the invention of gunpowder, piercing a mountain. At the grotto of Egeria I trod upon a fragment of marble, and drank from the stream running once more through its native tophus. I returned, not sad, from the Fabrician bridge; I descended into the sepulchre of the Scipios, where, instead of the sarcophagus of L. Scipio Barbatus, which I saw in the Vatican, I found a huge tun of wine; I went to Phaon's Villa, where there is still a reedy marsh, and a small stream or ditch of muddy water running from it. In short, I could fill a volume with interesting reminiscences of this kind.

I was in time for all the grand ceremonies of St. Peter's day—and, of course, for the illumination of St. Peter's and the grand fireworks, in which four thousand five hundred rockets are discharged at once, to give an imitation of an eruption at Vesuvius. In a word, I saw all that could be seen, much more than I shall ever remember, and much more than I shall ever forget.

Believe me, dear Dr. Parr, yours most faithfully,

S. BUTLER.

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*ΠΛΗΜΜΑΡΡΑΩΙ Ἀττωνιῳ τεθρίππῳ.

MY DEAR AND VENERABLE FRIEND,

If I were in spirits and health I would certainly write a Pindaric on your tethrippobamonous exploits, but, in truth, I am miserably out in both.....

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* Plemarraus (anagram of Samuel Parr) was often the signature of our friend. The letter was written in answer to one of Dr. Parr's stating that he had paid a visit in his coach and four.

The ῠ in λελῠ̃ται is short in Æsch. Pers. 594 and 916. But in λῡ́σων and ελῡ́σε, Prom. 770, Agam. 816-885 is long. I should say, that Keate is right, and that λελῡ́κα follows the analogy of δεδῡ́κα, πεφῡ́κα, &c., but that it is shortened in the passive on the same principle as εῡ is turned into ῠ̃ in πεπνῠ̃μαι ἐσσῠ̃μαι, &c., which must have been written πεπνεῡ́κα, ἐσσεῡ́κα in the active, from the analogy of their futures πνευσω and σευσω. Nay, I have no doubt that the υ in πεφῠ̃γμαι and τετῠ̃γμαι is naturally short, though they come from πεφευγα and τετευχα. If, therefore, Maltby argues from the passive penultima backward to the active, I think he argues wrong; and if he argues from the uncertainty of the υ in the present tense of λυω, I think he is still wrong; for φῠ́ω, which I think is always short, has never been supposed to make πεφῠ́κα, but φῡ́σω, πεφῡ́κα. I am, therefore, with Keate, &c. &c.

Dr. Parr, to Archdeacon Butler.

DEAR NAMESAKE, *August* 28, 1824.

All is well, be assured. I was hurried to death when I was leaving home. I hastily rolled my eye over the precious pages, and with my hand put them by for an intellectual and moral repast after my return, and no human hand can approach the little choice mass. Now let me thank you once, twice, thrice, and the square of three, and the cube of the square, for your generous contribution. I was dragged to London, inevitably, by important business. I shall endeavour to finish it in the course of the week. I stand in need of relaxation, and I shall stay in London longer than I intended, but I will write to you before I return. I am shifting my abode in the capital, and dare not point out my next direction. All my Oxford friends are Hebrews, but I told the President of Magdalen, that, among other objections to his friend and relative Heber, I was displeased with him for not treating a Shropshire neighbour, far more learned than himself, with the respect due to him. From apathy and from cunning Heber was half Whig and half Tory, but by subscribing to the test against the Romanists, he is now a proclaimed Tory, and the Tories, by adopting such a test, have adopted the practice of the Radicals.

I am, truly, your friend, S. PARR.

Archdeacon Glover is styled by Dr. Parr "an acute reasoner, and an eloquent writer;" and was respected by him as a zealous advocate for toleration.

Archdeacon Glover, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *South Repho, April* 24, 1819.

I must rely upon your kindness and condescension towards me when we met under the roof of our common friend and patron, to excuse the freedom I now use in troubling you on a few points of classical authority, which can be referred to no oracle with the decision of which I should be so well satisfied. Happening some time ago to meet at Holkham that distinguished statuary, Mr. Westmacott, whose matchless monument of Mr. Fox has entitled him to the thanks of every patriot, and to the admiration of every lover of sculpture, for it has done whatever sepulchral honours can confer, and Mr. Coke being anxious to have some specimen of his talents to decorate the Egyptian Hall, as a corresponding tablet to the death of Germanicus, which you will no doubt remember, I was directed to select some classical subject which I might deem appropriate to such a purpose. The subject I chose is the trial of Socrates, at the moment when, being demanded to pass sentence upon himself, he exclaimed, "for my attempt to teach the Athenian youth justice and moderation, and to render the rest of my countrymen happy, &c. &c." A subject which when we reflect upon the lesson it conveys, on the miseries of political factions, on the obloquy and persecution which, under bad government, are often the lot of the purest patriotism, and that public virtue is always an object of hate to the supporters of public vice, I hope you will not think ill-suited to the place it is designed to occupy. I was further induced to make this choice from the assemblage of great characters it was adapted to combine; as Alcibiades, the handsomest man of his time, Plato, Xenophon, Lysias, and Crito, of all of whom I believe a few busts have been transmitted to us from antiquity, would naturally form a part of the intended groups; and I also believed that the whole scene might be so managed as to admit of considerable graphic

effect. Mr. Westmacott has drawn a sketch, which I regret that I have it not in my power to send you, but the general outline is, that before a crowded assemblage, Socrates stands in the middle of the intended tablet, *elevated on a small pedestal*, and energetically addressing the Judges, whilst he points with his hand to the Prytaneum. Now, Sir, with this arrangement I am not quite satisfied, and yet find some difficulty in attempting to correct it. May I then beg your opinion, or rather authority, to inform me *where the philosopher stood*, with respect both to his accusers and his judges, when he pronounced the words above-mentioned. Whether we are to suppose that the same arrangement took place as we read of on trials for murder, viz., that the accuser and accused were both placed on silver stools, face to face, where I can come at any drawing or fac-simile of these stools, if we conclude upon their being then used, and what you should suppose the probable number of the judges before whom Socrates was tried. Any elucidation you may be able to give us will be most thankfully received, and if you will be so good as to direct it to me, under cover to Mr. Coke, St. James's-square, London, as early as convenient in the next week, as I am going up to town finally to arrange the subject, you will still further augment the obligation.

I remain, dear Sir, with the most perfect admiration and esteem, your ever faithful and obedient servant,

G. GLOVER.

Archdeacon Nares, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Reading, July 23*, 1813.

I open without preface, knowing your ready benevolence, a plan on which I am labouring for the benefit of a common friend. It seems there is still a large surplus, unappropriated, of the sum formerly subscribed for Porson; which, if it could be made over to Beloe, would be of no less service than it would have been in its original application.

Persecuted by misfortunes, and borne down by the expences of a large family, he has been obliged to contract some debts, which would be completely liquidated by a small part of this

sum, while the remainder might furnish an annuity for the joint lives of himself and Mrs. Beloe, who otherwise may be left with very inadequate provision. Beloe's health is in the most precarious state, but nothing could be more favourable to it than to be tranquillized upon these constant subjects of anxiety.

If the trustees and principal subscribers will consent, this arrangement may easily be made; and I apply to you, as I am applying to others, with strong hope that you will favour and promote it. Mr. Bankes, the friend of Dr. Raine, is a trustee, but him I know not: it is probable that you do, and would have irresistible influence with him, if you thought proper to exert it. I assure you that the case presses, on account of Beloe's health, who may drop at any moment, and leave a scene of deep and unmerited distress.

I have been applied to for my interest to get the son of your late neighbour, Mr. Eyre, into Christ's Hospital, but I fear I have very little. Have you been applied to about it, whose interest must be extremely powerful?

I am sure that I need not apologize for the subject of this letter, and that you will speedily favour me with your sentiments. And I remain, with much regard, your obedient and obliged servant, R. NARES.

MY DEAR SIR, *Reading, May* 30, 1817.

To you, who so well know the merits and virtues of Mrs. Beloe, it must be superfluous to apologize for the step I am now taking. Poor Beloe left debts to a pretty large amount, but being chiefly for money borrowed of friends, in times of exigency, a great part of the sum has been remitted by those to whom it was due. Another part will be met by the sale of his books. The remainder might be covered by the sale of his furniture, but this would leave Mrs. Beloe without a home, and yet with the burden of a lease upon her. To prevent this, and yet spare her the pain of a public subscription, some of those who were friends or patrons to Beloe when alive, have come forward with voluntary contributions. The Bishop of Durham has given fifty pounds, the Bishop of Lincoln and others in pro-

portion to their circumstances. May I hope to gain you also as a contributor on this occasion? which, from your known liberality, I am strongly inclined to expect. I have not accepted very small sums, because that would demand an open subscription, which we anxiously wish to avoid. An early answer will be esteemed a favour.

I take this opportunity of congratulating you upon a change in your situation, which all persons, who know the lady, represent as truly happy in its circumstances. I remain, with much esteem, your obedient and faithful servant, R. NARES.

DEAR SIR, *Reading, June* 15, 1817.

This morning's post brought me your second letter, with a draft for fifteen pounds, being five more than you first had promised. This, from Dr. Parr, did not surprise me; from many other persons it would. Several other friends have given liberally, but none (in proportion to their means) more largely than yourself. Some friends, of whom money had been borrowed, have, indeed, conceded very largely. Still I fear the object will hardly be effected.

Much will depend upon the sale of poor Beloe's books, which is to take place on Thursday next, the 19th, at Evans's, in Pall Mall. Had I a frank, I would send you a catalogue. There are some good books, but the quantity was sadly reduced by various exigencies. I remain, dear Sir, with cordial thanks for your kind expressions, and still kinder conduct, your obedient and faithful humble servant, R. NARES.

Archdeacon Wrangham, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR,

I will not allow a post to escape me without conveying to you an assurance of the delight with which I shall receive you. I ought to have said, with which we both shall receive you, at Hunmanby, whenever circumstances may lead you into our neighbourhood. And we have lions—at Flambro' Head a

raging and a roaring lion—to show to those who condescend to visit this nook of existence. I should wish it, if possible, to be in July, or early in August, for my boys' sake, who have, even to a father's eye, their faults, but who, I am sure, would attend to all your observations, and feel them to be kind in proportion as they were sharp (for unneeded sharpness is not in your nature); and could not fail to be importantly improved by them. But at any time you would be most welcome—and I must remember that "beggars are not to be choosers." I could probably accompany you to Bishopthorpe, where I am certain your flattering prepossessions in favour of the Archbishop would receive abundant confirmation. And if I could prevail upon you to go five-and-twenty miles further, I could show you Harewood and Farnley, and their truly respectable inmates, the Lascelles and Mr. Fawkes. I trust you would leave Yorkshire, not indisposed to return among us, after such a tour. You will, probably, find your old friend Brooke here.

Having the honour of knowing, personally, a little of Drs. Keate, Page, and Butler, I can conscientiously subscribe to your attestation in their favour; and my impression in favour of the Charter House was such, that I think, if its capacity had admitted, I should have rejoiced to place my sons there, previously to their passing under Mr. Brasse's care. But it was full; and what I know, hear, and read of Mr. Brasse, raises him almost daily higher in my estimation.

With respect to Dr. Zouch, whose works I have been requested to re-publish, adding such as were left obviously more or less prepared, or intended for the press, and prefixing a short memoir, in looking over his papers, I found a letter or two of yours, bearing an admirable testimony to his valuable character. One of them alluded to the A. E. A. O. subscribed to your dedications of the re-print of Bellendenus, and explained its meaning; and as Dr. G., on a similar principle, used to sign communications to the Gentleman's Magazine, and the York Herald, by the *last* vowels in his name, A. U., I could not help anxiously wishing for permission to give so great an authority to the world. I shall need the *purpureus pannus*, if not to hide, to divert attention from my own scanty and trite garb. Indeed, a curious note, if I had preserved my materials, might

be written on the *mysteries of signatures*. Shall I send you the letter in question? Or rather, as they are Mr. Lowther's, not mine, a copy of them?

I wish I had any right to obtrude upon you, by whom all learned subjects are discussed *ἀνιδρωτὶ*, the subject of my meditated re-print of the Prolegomena to Walton's Polyglott. I would ask you for a great outline of what should be done in the way of marginal notes, or appended exercises; not, however, on so large a scale as to exceed the dimension of a good-sized octavo. I have already abbreviated Kipling's preface to his Beza, and thrown into hasty and compendious Latinity the sum of Kennicott's argumentation on Elval and Gerizim; with some extracts from Professor Hunt's Arabic Philosophy. But I want a pilot in this oriental ocean.

With regard to the Cambridge readership, I had presumed to press Mr. Musgrave on the Archbishop, as recommended by his being a Fellow of Trinity, and having recently devoted much time, and some health to the study of Arabic. But Mr. M. himself, by a letter received lately, nobly told me he should scruple to oppose Mr. Lee of Queen's, as most admirably qualified. By the same post, his Grace requested my opinion of Mr. Lee. My only hope, therefore, at present, for my highly-valued friend, to whose father I owed great obligation, is, that Mr. Lee may be elected by the University to succeed Mr. Palmer.

With the sincerest respect, I remain, dear Sir, your truly obliged, and most faithful F. WRANGHAM.

Dr. George Berkeley, son of the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, was the friend of Dr. Sumner, and through him became warmly attached to Dr. Parr. On Parr's disappointment in obtaining the Head Mastership of Harrow school, he consoled him, and vindicated the character of Dr. Sumner. On the inclosure of another letter, which invited

him to meet Doctor, afterwards Archbishop Moore, is the following superscription:

I value the inclosed highly. It was written by my friend George Berkeley, Prebendary of Canterbury, and son of the celebrated bishop. I visited him, and at his request preached for him the Christmas day Sermon in the Cathedral, and not knowing how to open the door of the pulpit, I pulled up a side fastening; the pulpit turned round, and I was in danger of death. Moore, Bishop of Bangor, who had been Dean, and was a favourite preacher, had been engaged to preach. He feigned a cold, not choosing to preach before me; and when I was fixed upon to preach he forgot his cold; he ate a hearty Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding,

S. PARR.

Rev. George Berkeley, to Dr. Parr,

DEAR SIR,

I did flatter myself that the trustees of Farmer Lyon's school would have suffered our amiable friend's plan to operate in favour of that seminary. By absurdly deviating from it, they have given just cause to suspect, either that they chose Dr. Sumner, without knowing what they did, or that, having repented of a wise choice, they meant to atone *in the next instance* by setting aside the person whom *I know, and they know,* Dr. Sumner to have honoured by his preference.

Your character, Sir, cannot be materially affected by the decision of *such scholars as the trustees,* any more than by the incredible suggestions of malice, with which the enemies of Dr. Sumner's memory solicit the attention of the public.

In this place I take what care I can, to set matters in a true light, and I should be very glad of an opportunity to wait on you under my roof here.

My most cordial good wishes attend you, as do those of Mrs. Berkeley. Pray where, and how is the relict of our regretted friend? I charged the Guires to offer the kind respects of this family to her, and I asked those questions of them; but they never replied.

I had the pleasure to vindicate Dr. Sumner's character, yesterday, to a gentleman of consequence in this neighbourhood,

from the scandalous aspersions of *gluttony, and neglecting the literature of his disciples.*

I flatter myself that *Stanmore* will reap all the benefit which *Harrow* has lost. We hope that you will contrive to give us at least part of your Christmas vacation; and indeed I reckon so much upon the pleasure of seeing you then, that I have put off another friend until after your recess. The inclosed will shew you how much I was in the dark as to the Guires. It needs not to be returned, and I wish I had a frank for it. The ladies send compliments, and I am, dear Sir, your ever faithful obedient servant, G. BERKELEY.

P. S. Be so good as to make our kindest compliments of condolence to poor Mrs. Sumner, whenever you have an opportunity. I should also be obliged to you if you could purchase for me any snuff-box of the Doctor's at his sale.

DEAR SIR, *Canterbury, Nov.* 24, 1775.

From the time of my very great disappointment at Stanmore, to last Friday, I have been very little at Canterbury. Here I mean to pass my winter; and it would be very particularly agreeable to me if you could favour me with your company on Wednesday the 20th of December, not to depart, at the soonest, until after Christmas-day. Besides my own wishes to enjoy again the pleasure of your conversation, I confess that I have a still farther design. I have often conversed with my amiable friend, the Bishop of Bangor, on the subject of Stanmore school; the Bishop will pass the Christmas week in our precincts, and to dine with me, in a *small company* on Christmas day. It would be very satisfactory to me, if I could make the founder of Stanmore school and Bishop Moore acquainted with each other. Having, in the style of theology, *premised thus much*, I proceed to inform you that by a marvellous instance of care in my house-maid, your letter of September 16, has lain quiet in a *portfolio* until this *very day*; this port-folio she removed after having deposited your letter in it; and accidentally looking into an open drawer this morning I twisted over the contents of my port-folio, when, to my great surprise,

I found a letter from Mr. Parr. Indeed, I had resolved to spend three or four days under your roof; judge then of my concern at finding my hopes frustrated. We are very sorry that Mrs. Parr has suffered so severely from her imprudence, and we shall hear with much pleasure that her *punishment* is at an end.

God was pleased, last April, to deprive me of really one of the most amiable boys that was ever seen: the sweet child was in his ninth year, and must ever be remembered by his parents with bitter regret. My, now alas! only child has long been destined for King's College, principally as the Fellows of that Society are not tied to any particular profession. He is therefore in College at Eton, and I have the comfort of hearing that he gives satisfaction to his superiors.

I write by this earliest opportunity after the receipt of your kind letter, in hopes that my application may be sufficiently early.

My brethren are around me in the Audit-room, talking on twenty subjects, all so remote from every philosophical hypothesis, that I must defer taking notice of such topics.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and that you would believe me to be with great regard, dear Sir, your affectionate and most faithful servant, G. BERKELEY.

Rev. Dr. Blayney, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Hert. Coll. May* 28, 1775.

I am extremely obliged to you for your letter in recommendation of the merits of a young gentleman, the ingenuity of whose appearance perfectly corresponds with the excellent things you report of him. He is very happy in having had so able and friendly an instructor, to whose care I willingly resign him again for a time, in full confidence that both he and I shall find the advantage of his longer continuance under your direction. When he comes to reside here, he may then depend on my best services to complete a work so happily begun. Permit me, Sir, to add, that I feel a singular satisfaction in being thus far introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Parr,

whose abilities in his profession, one of the most useful in life, entitles him to universal esteem and respect. With an earnest desire of farther opportunities of cultivating that acquaintance, I have the honour to be with great regard, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, B. BLAYNEY.

"Mr. Blayney, afterwards Canon of Christ Church, wrote the foregoing letter when he was tutor of Hertford College; I had recommended to him Stephen Demainbray, son of Dr. Demainbray. S. P."

Dr. Burney, father of Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr.

At Mrs. Hamilton's, Chessington, near Kingston, Surrey, Sunday night, Sept. 7, 1783.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to rush in upon you with a tragical tale, but hope you will forgive me in favour of a most valuable friend who is its hero. You have doubtless, ere now, heard of the death of poor Bewley, who had been at Birmingham on a visit to Dr. Priestley; whence he came to London in a very alarming state of health, just as I was on the point of quitting it for some time. It was with great joy that I postponed my journey in order to enjoy his company, after so long an absence, a few days, all he had to spare; and, though feeble, he seemed very much amused with old conversation, new music, and the sight of remarkable persons and things. From Monday was sevennight to Thursday we continued together; but then, having other friends to see and visits to make in the environs of London, he and Mrs. Bewley left us, and I set off for the country, after they had promised to follow me, or at least return to my house in town if they should have any more time to bestow on us.

A week after they did return, but he was much worse in health than before; and the Wednesday following he was so ill that Mrs. Burney sent for me home by express. I just arrived time enough to meet my friend Dr. Warren, Dr. John Jebb, and Mr. Pott; who, in examining the patient and in consultation, remained near two hours in my house. They gave me but little hope of his recovery; however, they attended

him to the last with as much punctuality and solicitude as if, like me, they had known him in his better days. The poor soul suffered excruciating torture till Thursday night; when he became suddenly so easy that I dreaded a mortification, which, however, on being opened, was found not to have taken place, though he died the next morning, Sept. 5th, at the age of fifty-seven.

The seat of his disorder was in the colon, or principal intestine; where a cancer had for some time been formed, and whence a violent inflammation had spread itself almost through his whole frame. I staid in St. Martin's-street to help to console and comfort poor Mrs. Bewley, till within an hour of the funeral; which leaving my two sons to attend, and Mrs. Burney having prevailed on Mrs. Bewley to quit the house during this last act of the tragedy, I flew away from such scenes of horror, and am come hither to brood over my loss, and meditate on the wretchedness and calamities to which the best of mortals are subject!

In youth men of parts and enterprise court the world; in age, if they have useful talents, the World courts them. Bewley, in spite of diffidence and obscurity, and wholly careless of fame or fortune, was just arrived at this last period; and if he had survived ten or twelve years more, as in the common course of things he had a title to expect, they would have been glorious to himself and useful to mankind.

Those men, however, who having deserved well of society have neglected themselves, should not be suffered instantly to drop into oblivion, but should have their dividend of well-earned fame honestly paid to their memory, if the world, during life, has withheld it from them, or they themselves have omitted to ask for it. I must therefore, my dear Sir, intreat you to obtain a place in the Norwich paper for the following hasty attempt at a character of my excellent friend, if a better has not already been furnished by his Norfolk acquaintance.

Mrs. Burney and the rest of my family, particularly Charles, whom you have honoured with your notice, beg your acceptance of their best compliments, and, on my own behalf, I entreat you to believe me to be with great regard, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant, CHA. BURNEY.

London, 1783.

"On Friday last, Sept. 7th, died at the house of his friend Dr. Burney, in St. Martin's-street, where he was upon a visit, Mr. William Bewley, of Massingham, in Norfolk, whose death will be very much lamented by all men of science to whom his great abilities, particularly in anatomy, electricity, and chemistry, had penetrated through the obscurity of his abode, and natural modesty and diffidence of his disposition. Indeed, the depth and extent of his knowledge in every useful branch of science and literature, could only be equalled by the goodness of his heart, simplicity of character, and innocence of life, seasoned with a natural unsought wit and humour of a cast most original, pleasant, and inoffensive.

"Hobbs, in the last century, whose chief writings were levelled against the religion of his country, was called, from the place of his residence, the Philosopher of Malmsbury; but with how much more truth and propriety has Mr. Bewley, whose life was spent in the laborious search of the most hidden and useful discoveries in art and nature, in exposing sophistry, and displaying talents, been distinguished in Norfolk by the respectable title of the Philosopher of Massingham."*

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Dr. Charles Burney.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 8, 1783.

I have read Toup's Appendix. I do not personally know Toup. Of his history I have heard much, and I have long ago heard of his fatuity. Reiske and he are sworn enemies; Toup calls him antiferx insignis in Theocrito jugulando. The compliment is amply returned in the dedication to my friend Askew, ὁ μακαρίτης, where Toup is made a Momus. By the way, Reiske's emendatory strength lay in sermone pedestri

* Mr. Bewley, for more than twenty years, supplied the Editor of the Monthly Review with an examination of innumerable works in science, and articles of foreign literature, written with a force, spirit, candour, and, when the subject offered occasion, humour not frequently found in critical strictures.

only. He was unacquainted not only with the metre, but the poetical phraseology of Greek, of which his notes on Euripides afford numberless and decisive proofs. I say the same of Hemsterhius, whose notes in prose give him the πρωτεῖα. I have read your account of Bentley; it is very good indeed. Salter had memory, which served only to show his total want of taste and judgment—he could prate, but not speak, and he could not write at all,

ἀλλὰ καλῶς εἰπεῖν ἀττικὸν ἐστι μέλι,

and you speak καλῶς in two sentences. There is nothing against you but notorious fact. I was and am a reader—a reader of criticism, but not a reader of original writers. Casuists say the end justifies the means, and I therefore ἀκὴν σιώπη γίνομαι. Of Ashton's notes I could say much—those on Justin are admirable. I have reasons for declining all particular criticism on Glasse. You will not displease him, and you will please me if you can mention, consistently with your plan, the high esteem which Johnson and I have for his work. I should be happy in this way of showing my respect for his learning, and my gratitude for his politeness—but please yourself. My name, I suppose, will not disgrace the review nor my praise the translator. I pout at you very crossly about Potter. Do you not know my resolution of *attacking* no man anonymously? I could not treat Potter as he treats Johnson. A man who has been flogged at the cart's tail will agonize under the puncture of a pin. You were afraid of my pin after Castigator's cat of nine-tails. You see I subirasce. Colman's Horace is ordered in my Book-closet; if anything strikes me I will give you a criticism, or many criticisms, for your Magazine. The remarks on Cordelia are judicious and elegant. I am fatigued to death, and have only time to say that I will soon write a longer letter, and that absent or present, I am sincerely, dear Sir, and zealously your friend,

S. PARR.

I praised Potter's Ode exceedingly, even when I had been stark mad at his pompous, saucy, ceramean criticisms. There are some blunders as to the sense. By the way, I have another translation by our Bishop; it is very neat and very correct—I am not at liberty to show it. You may hint delicately, and

in the way of compliment at the existence and merits of the Bishop's. Potter has made one great blunder. If your critique comes out this month I'll tell none of it. Farewell!

Best wishes to all who bear your venerable name.

Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr.

Chiswick, Monday, Nov. 10, 1783.

I cannot delay answering your letter, my dearest Sir, a post longer. I would sacrifice a thousand Potters sooner than disoblige one I value so very highly; I would set them together by the ears, and should rejoice to cry out,

Καὶ κεραμεὺς κεράμει κοτέει.

So well do I know Dr. Parr and his liberality of mind, that I should not have hesitated an instant, if my father had not desired, on account of his acquaintance with our family, that I would not admit any more criticisms against him into the Magazine. Yet I *grudge* much that your remarks should be lost, especially as *I* think P. deserves no mercy, and as I am certain whatever flows from your pen must convey information, and show taste and critical abilities united. A rare union! Must they be lost if P.'s name be not mentioned? And then Colman, too! he is a proprietor of the Magazine, and of course his writings are sacred. But I think you will find room for commendation rather than censure when you peruse his Horace! On the whole I wish he had given a little more of the *Limæ labor*—nonumque prematur in annum, was a rule he should have kept in constant view.

A thousand thanks for your hints, which I shall use. In the beginning I propose giving a short view of what has been done in England for the promotion of my favourite study, Greek literature, by writing. Your kind remarks shall go at the conclusion. I shall be quite happy to mention your name and Johnson's. I have almost read the whole play, and have been wonderfully stricken with it; but few faults I have found, and those are trifling; and I have sometimes doubted whether I should mark them down—I think I shall.

Poor Salter! You must forgive me; but really to some conversations which I by chance heard of his, I owe a portion of my fondness for *letters*. I *thought* I went too far, and *now* I am convinced I did.

My critique on Potter will not appear for some time. I am at present too busy, and have compared only the first strophe and antistrophe, with the Greek: it is a noble ode. Whereabouts *may the blunder* be? I shall attend to the *Bishop* as you desire.

I have lately been collecting the fragment of Io the Chian, a work in which *Magnus Toupius, Majorque Bentleius*, have led the way; I have more than double the number which they give, and know of several others, but cannot procure the books. I am in great want of Etymolog. Magnum, which I cannot purchase in London at present. There are three or four passages in which I have tried my little skill at emendation—*sed ego, Davus sum!* I will send you them, perhaps, in my next for your opinion. I should wish to collect all the fragments of the ancient Greek stage: it is a work in which I should find much entertainment; but I doubt my abilities. Even Toup was obliged to *cancel* a leaf in the Epistola Critica on account of a spondee in quarta sede of an Iambic. Then how can I ever expect to have penetration or learning sufficient for such a task, who require no sphinx to puzzle me.

I have much to say, but it is late, and the post is going. Le Fevre discovered the mistake about the age of Io before Bentley, though perhaps he had not seen the book; but B. always *makes the most* of his critical remarks. You do not mention *Photius*. If there is a manuscript of his Lexicon anywhere, I would willingly pay a person for copying it, if it were accessible. All in St. Martin's-street desire particular respects to you. I hope you will find time to write to me soon, but do not put yourself to inconvenience. Do but continue your regard for me, and when you *can*, tell me so; and believe me ever, with the warmest regard, your most obliged friend,

C. BURNEY.

Dr. Parr, to Charles Burney.

Norwich, Dec. 7, 1783.

MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

My eyes are bad, so that I am obliged to dictate instead of writing. I received great entertainment from your account of our Aristarchus; it is well-written and well-directed, for, in spite of vulgar prejudice, Bentley was eminently right, and the College infamously wrong. I wish you had been a little fuller upon the Horace. The general opinion nearly corresponds to my own, but in descending to particulars, how could you omit the *Homereum* si forte reponis Achillem for *honoratum*, and the conjectural emendation in the 2d Satire, which is confirmed by the discovery of Philodemus's Epigram, though Bentley had never seen it. This great instance of acumen cannot be praised too often, or too much. You will see a good account of it in Foster upon accent, and in Warton's preface to the Oxford republication of Cephalus. I refer you now to page 4 in the preface of a very scarce but admirable dissertation, De debitore dissecando. Taylor the author had affixed an inscription dedicated to Jupiter Urius. Bentley sent some emendations to Chishull which the latter did not much approve. Two years after the marble is brought from Asia to Dr. Mead, and confirmed, according to custom, Bentley's conjecture. This fact, as Hurd quaintly says in his 7th Dissertation, is little blown upon; it is of a piece with the unparalleled and most wonderful conjecture about the Arundelian marble as to the age of comedy. The Dutch Reviewers, part 3d and 4th, do ample justice to our critical *deus*, as Tully says of his philosophical idol Plato. The reviewer wishes, and I heartily join him, that something of Bentley's were appended, as our friend Johnson says, to each of Tully's philosophical works. He somewhere or other prefers him by many parasangs to Alexander Cunningham, who was a correct, cold, cross critic of Scotch extraction; I am sure, not merely from his name, but from the barrenness of his genius, and the abundance of his ill-nature; but let us do the fellow justice. He often gives a hard blow, and upon the passage you quote he has improved, for an improvement it certainly is. You know the Horace was at-

tacked by Johnson, schoolmaster at Nottingham, who was a very good grammarian, and a most vile critic. He has made some just observations on Bentley's false Latin in his own notes. I beg you would take notice of Dr. B.'s famous speech prefixed to his Terence. There is a droll singularity in the manner, and the Latin is sometimes exquisite indeed. Bring Bentley off by laying part of the load on the Herculean shoulders of Toup. In the preface to his Longinus, I can show you blunders for which a boy ought to vapulate. Pray take notice, that Scioppius has written a whole book against the Latin of ————, and Harry Stephens a most excellent work on the Latinity of the great Lipsius. Don't treat these matters as ἐν παρέργῳ and ἐπιγράβδην, and don't imprison them in a note, but do justice to your own abilities, and to your subject by expanding and enforcing them. As to the orthography, I have always reasoned as the excellent Scheller, vol. II. p. 368, who has some very sensible remarks upon these *neoteric affectations* of *Archaism* and *Heterography*, a term which, as it proceeds from a Parson, implies, you know, a theological odium, or an odium at least as violent and implacable, of all deviations from orthography. We include all praises in ortho, and all censures in hetero. In Gesner's edition of Heineccius, pages 18—19, &c. there are some sensible observations and cautions about spelling. I wish some scholar would write a Latin spelling-book. I greatly approve your scheme of improving upon Grotius, and collecting the fragments of Greek tragedians; but I once mentioned to you a far better, a more scholarly, and a more practicable scheme, I mean, to collect, and in part to correct, and in toto to publish the poetical fragments preserved by Athenæus. This were a magnum opus. Don't be afraid for Colman: I like the man much, and I don't dislike his book. I never yet attacked anybody in print with asperity; I never will do so without giving my name; and as to Colman, I have some handsome things to say of him, which he deserves, and perhaps would not be sorry to hear from me, who despise unmeaning compliments, and detest calumny because it has a bad meaning. But pray, why did not you produce Heyne's distinction about the termination in *eis* in the accusative plural? I forgot where it is, but I believe in the third volume; it deserves to be looked after.

I have had a most alarming fall from my horse; my eye and my skull narrowly escaped. I shall not be in London. Remember me to Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Burney, and Dr. Rose. God bless them. S. PARR.

Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr.

Chiswick, Dec. 11, 1783.

Griffiths intends to send you the new edition of Manilius to review, if you have no objection. He will not be in any hurry.

I cannot, my dearest Sir, suffer another post to go without answering your kind letter. I feel almost inclined to wish all the *ἵππους, ἵππους τε τρέφοντας*, were banished the kingdom. *Νέμοντας*, perhaps, is the word; at least Hesychius explains *ἱπποβουκόλους* by *τοὺς ἵππους νέμοντας*. Though Demosthenes, near the end of his oration, *περὶ στεφάνου*, says, *καὶ μέγας, καὶ λάμπρος ἱππότροφος*. But of this no more. Permit me, however, my dearest and honoured friend, to conjure you to consider how valuable your life is, and how many would be afflicted if any accident should happen to you. I am both alarmed and grieved about your fall; and I can assure you it was felt both in St. Martin's-street and at Chiswick. I shall not be easy till I hear that you are quite recovered.

How kind it was to employ an amanuensis in order to write to me! How flattering! But yet I hope and trust that your friendship and goodness gave rise to far nobler and more generous feelings in my heart than such as can be roused by tickling my vanity. So highly do I value and esteem you, so reverential an affection do I feel for you, that I look upon the hour which brought us acquainted as one of the most fortunate of my past life. Numero meliore lapillo, I cry with Persius, and mark it down among my whitest days.

I am glad you like my Life of Bentley, for whose memory I have the highest veneration. At some future period I probably shall publish a new Life of him, separately and distinctly, with full and critical remarks on all his works, some of which, that is, a pamphlet or two, I have never been able to get. He ap-

pears to follow the same plan that Casaubon does in his critical writings. I fancy I can trace the same modes of expression, and even of thinking, in both. Well, indeed, might he style the admirable book, De Satyricâ Poesi, Aureolum libellum, as he does in his Epistle to Mill. What Casaubon was to Bentley, Bentley was to Toup, who was very sensible of the obligations which he owed the British Aristarchus, when he wrote the conclusion of his Epist. Critica: Britanniæ nostræ decus immortale: a cujus præceptis, si quid in Græcis video me plus profecisse fateor, quam ab omnibus omnium ætatum criticis gratus agnosco, &c.

I will get in the Philodemian Epigram this month. I was afraid of crowding my Magazine with criticism, or I could have added several passages which display wonderful sagacity, and might serve to crush the opinions of the Bavii, Mævii, Cunninghams, Johnsons, &c. I am now about the conclusion of the Life, which will be inserted in the Appendix, which will make its appearance about the middle of January, and, except one or two miscellaneous pieces, will consist of state papers, &c. &c., with copious indexes, and a frontispiece by Sherwin, which will do much credit to our Magazine.

Thanks for your hint about Taylor's de Deb. Dissec. I have bought the pamphlet, and shall bind it up with his Marmor Sandvicense. I am rejoiced to hear your opinion of Cunningham; ὁ χιόνιδες. The compliment of Gnathena to Diphilus might suit him. You remember it, I dare say, when he cries out that she surely has ψυχρὸν τὸν λάκκον; she replies:

Τῶν σῶν δραμάτων γὰρ ἐπιμελῶς
Εἰς αὐτὸν ἀεὶ τοὺς προλόγους ἐμβάλλομεν.

Athenæus gives us the story in his 13th book, from a comedy of Machor. The last line halts. We must read αἰεὶ for ἀεὶ. Hesychius, αἰεὶ, ἀεὶ, διάπαντος, συνεχῶς, &c. quod nótissimum. I am sure his icy remarks would freeze any reader but such as are used to the bleak mountains of Scotland and the Ultima Thule. His work shall have justice done it in the Appendix. Johnson will appear in the next. I had finished the Terence before your letter arrived: and the famous speech has by no means been passed without due notice. When the Demagogues of the University deprived him of his degrees, I

wonder that they spared the Professorship. Were there none of the Vice C——'s friends who would have liked such a place? But they dared not carry their resentments so far; but fear not, their inclination "gave them pause," as Shakspeare says. I have never seen the two latter volumes of Heyne, and my observation was made from reading the two former, as his own remarks you say are in the third. I will look out the passage in White's or Payne's shop. I am afraid of Athenæus. My plan will afford me much entertainment in going through such a variety of Authors, and will include almost two-thirds of Deipnosoph.

I know Colman will be flattered with your praises—by the way, who would not? and I hope Glasse will not be displeased with my review of his Caractacus. In the review of H——d so much Greek criticism was given, that Griffiths desired me to be sparing, so I have not marked down half the errors I saw; others undoubtedly may see more. What can he mean by ποτὶ for πρὸς? Do not let him suppose that Grotius's correction of Æschylus, in his Stobæus, will defend it. Grotius's ipse dixit is not sufficient for the admission of such an intruder to Attic and Iambic poetry. Heath, indeed, tells us, that there is no authority in the tragedies for ποτὶ; and I believe him. After Ὅταν he puts an indicative mood very improperly. Hoogeveen discovered only one example in Cebes; and Phavorinus is decisive on this point. Participles he gives us in the uncontracted form, and makes the υ in ἀπολλύειν short. By the way, I have enlarged upon these said verbs in νε, but cannot establish any decisive canon yet; but I shall always be on the watch, and have made out a complete list of the verbs, to which I shall append the examples as they occur. There are a few more faults which I have pointed out but very gently, and as hints. Glasse, by the way, is just married, and, as the woman has money, I suppose we shall have no more Greek plays from him. I am violently hurried just now. Our boys are going home, and I have a Magazine and Appendix to prepare, so that I really had not time to weigh Glasse's performance so thoroughly as I could have wished.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Yours, ever most faithfully,

C. BURNEY.

I hope your eyes get strength every day.

January, 1784.

My sister was much flattered by what you said of Evelina. Praise from you tells double. How good you are in speaking of me to your friend!

With regard to my correction of κεῖνα θίγειν into κεῖθι λακεῖν, the letters ν and κ are frequently confounded in manuscripts. How often is ἐκ mistaken for ἐν? I shall be happy to see the treatise on the Pativinity; it is a curious subject. I shall certainly lend it, as from you, to Johnson, who continues well in spirits. He borrowed of me lately, Λέγομες πρώαν θὴν Πάντα, d'Orville's Critica Vannus. He abuses the Latinity of it violently. It wants point—it has no period. He allows that he had a good deal of Classical knowledge; but says it was put into a poor head.

The articles on Huntingford were in the Monthly Reviews for June and August, 1783. I wish I had them to send you. Sam Rose has been at Glasgow during the last winter, and is now coming home. I shall make him read Dionysius, περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομ. I shall then, or at the same time, make him read Euripides. I should like to be an auditor when you are lecturing on Pindar, of whom I never read much. Berdmore used to speak slightly of him; very unjustly, surely, as far as I can judge from the Odes I read. He could find no music in the versification. I believe he is not very deep in the mysteries of the Res Metrica. What a charming Idyl is the Ἀδουνιαζούσας of Theocritus. I have just been translating it into the Bath Guide measure. Can you give no account of Photii Lexicon? Is it impossible to come at it?

My mother has recovered, and seems as well as ever she was; but she still retains her affection for her bed-chamber. I have gotten a puzzling article in Phavorinus; but I think I shall master it, and then I shall send it to you, who are my *Assay Master*, and separate my dross from the sterling ore. Mrs. B. has been wonderfully well. She desires her best compliments and thanks for your offers in future.—

Yours ever sincerely,

C. BURNEY.

Suppose I should steal down to Norwich for a few days in the Midsummer holidays. Shall you be there, and at leisure to give me house-room? Thrust me into your study when you want me out of the way.

In the Monthly Review some severe strictures had been made on Bishop Bagot's bigotry, which Parr warmly resented and refuted.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Charles Burney.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

Pray desire Griffiths' permission to insert these criticisms. I assure you, dear Sir, they are just; and I hope he will permit you and me (for I include your judgment in the matter) to say something handsome of our excellent Bishop. The quotation from Homer, κέαρ being put for κάρα, is pretty good, and will look well, and is, I think, new. I have got Olivet's Tully, and have drawn out how it agrees and how it differs from the Oxford. It is, in my opinion, a much better edition, as to use, though in point of cheapness and splendour the Oxford has the advantage. I am now moving heaven and earth to get a free pardon for my poor offender. Take care about the pages, for they are awkward, and mind, I pray, the insertion in page 4, after visitation.

In about three or four weeks I shall find a day or two for Huntingford; and don't publish the criticism till you and I have conferred.

Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr.

Chiswick, Friday, August 27, 1784.

Your kind letter, my dear friend, reached me last night; I lose no time in answering it, and will not wait for the arrival of your parcel.

Huntingford's pamphlet I have read. He is a gentleman, and writes like one. All possible praise is due to him for the liberality with which every part of his defence is drawn up. But he is wrong—wrong in his principles. I would venture any wager, that 90 good Greek scholars (if there be so many) out of 100, would decide against him.

I am rather hurried just now; but as he took fourteen months to write his Reply, I may at least be allowed some little time

to review his book; but I will publish nothing without first shewing it to you; but I must beg to be favoured with your remarks on my article, after it is done. So do save and scratch down whatever occurs, as you read. Only I will not see a word of it, till I have finished. Then any additions will be thankfully received; but if I were ἀπράγμων, I am confident I could write the review in two days; there is scarcely a point about which I am in doubt. He has given a δευτέρη συλλογὴ of monostrophics, at the end of his critique. I have not read one of them yet. All in good time, when my present *worry* is over.

As to a pamphlet, that would surely be *wrong*; as he has not addressed me ὀνομακλήδην, but speaks of me as his anonymous reviewer. Were I, therefore, to answer him in a separate work, I should be obliged to declare my name, which I would rather avoid.

How he came to know that Mr. Burney of Chiswick was his reviewer, I am not certain; but this I know, that *literary secrets* are, of all others, the most difficult to be kept. I should like to see and be acquainted with Huntingford; for I am sure that he must be a good man, and a man of liberal sentiments.

Had he addressed Mr. Burney personally, believe me, I would not have had recourse to the review; but as it is, I should be a fool to embroil myself, and make my name public. Let me know, if you do not agree with me. I should hope you would.

I am quite grieved to hear that my sweet little companion in our Yarmouth cart expedition, is again ill. Pray, in your next, let me hear particularly how she does. I have not yet seen Horsley's Reply; but he is a hard-headed fellow, and will tickle Priestley's jacket for him. If you will send me your conjecture about Epiphanius, I will communicate it to my friend Badcock.

Now I long to be again in your study; and again to chat on philological subjects round your fireside. I would I had a school in Warwickshire, near your proposed residence. But I must and will visit you there, that's *poz*. Dr. Beattie dined at Chiswick to-day; he is a charming man. I wish you knew him. I shall be impatient till I hear again, as I shall want to know how your daughter does. My best respects to all who may in-

quire after me at Norwich. Believe me, my kind friend, ever most truly yours, C. BURNEY.

P. S. All here, and at St. Martin's, desire particular remembrances to Dr. Parr.

Chiswick, April 29.

I have been so much engaged, my dear friend, for some weeks past, that I have not been able to find time to answer your kind letter. Before this reaches you, the review of Huntingford will have met your critical eye. I believe I have been treading on firm ground. The *Quoad* is at some length; thanks to you for your remark from *Noltenius*, and those from Cellarius; the former I had never seen; the latter I had, and have a *thickish* volume of his things, in which all the pieces from which the quotations are taken, are contained. By the way, I have two copies of his *Antibarbarus*, or book *de Latinitate Mediæ et Infimæ Ætatis*, of which one is much at your service, if you have it not.

I have examined nine or ten of the old editions of Sophocles about ἑῶν, and they all give σῶν. I am obliged to you for Geldeline's note, which I shall insert.

Pray tell me if I am right in proposing to remove most of the Ionicisms from the tragedies, by giving the liquids the power, which they really possess, of double consonants. I think the remark is new; and I am almost persuaded to think it is just; as in the words pointed out by Valckenaer, of whose death I have just heard, and by Markland, the Ionic form seems preferred to the Attic, merely to make the syllable long, as ξεῖνος for ξένος, and so on; which is by no means necessary, if my observation be true.

A friend of yours called on me some time ago, for your Lennep; as he brought a note from you, I gave it him. His name, I think, was Wright.

I lament your friend's failure at Harrow; and much more the uncomfortable account which you give of your health. This vile rheumatism, I think, is, of late years, become an inmate of most families; but, I hope, "the tardy spring" has before this time driven it away.

"Your Manilius will be very welcome, indeed, and much shall I be obliged to you for it; whenever you find it convenient, I shall be glad to have it by the coach, for franks are at present *inaccessible*.

"I hope Mrs. Parr is well, and your two daughters; my love and best wishes to them. I am going on with Huntingford, who grows upon my hands, and will be bulky, *in spite of all I can do*. When you write to Griffiths, urge the propriety of allowing so much room to defend the learning and credit of the Review.

"It is strangely unlucky, that Huntingford should have fixed upon three such men as King, Pauw, and Barnes, to honour with his praises, as I shall be obliged to lower every one of them.

"Mrs. B. desires her best compliments to you and Mrs. Parr. The Roses and the Griffiths and the Burneys join.

Yours, most faithfully, C. BURNEY.

Your's this moment arrived; I have opened mine to answer it. If I had any or all the Dutch reviews, *ab initio usque ad hoc tempus*, you should have the whole; but I am not possessed of *one*. Maty has promised to lend them to me these two months, but they have never reached me. I shall, however, try what I can get at Elmsley's and White's for you to-morrow, and send them by the coach; but no *complete set* is to be had, as I have been *beating* the market for them for near a year. If they had been on my shelf, I should not have thought it any tax on my friendship to have lent or given them to you. Why are you always ill thus? Do write soon, and send me better accounts of yourself.

DEAR SIR,

I have just finished the admirable preface to the excellent book which you was so kind as to send me. I have also (while the impression was, as it were, *νεοτευχὲς, ἔτι γλυφάνοια πότοσδον*), read the critique, to which my sole objection is, that the praise has been poured out too much *τὰ χειρὶ*, when it ought to have been done *ὅλῳ τῷ θύλακι*. I have also some doubt about the propriety of mentioning a *certain name* in the article. Do not imagine that this proceeds from an affectation of not wishing

for honest praise from the learned, or that I am not sensible, fully sensible, of the value of commendation bestowed by the author of the article. No, believe me, kind Sir, I love praise, though I hope not inordinately, or from *all* indifferently; and I thoroughly feel it, and regard it as I ought; I trust so, at least, when it arrives from certain quarters. My doubts spring from the idea which may arise from my being placed in the honourable list in a *work*, which I have written myself, and have been well known as a writer in it. But, perhaps, all this may be fancy, and so no more of it.

I was happy to see the admission of the silver age Latinity into your preface. In such compositions the variegated appearance, which is acquired by the blending of the phraseology of this and the golden age, shews at once taste and judgment. Your talk, however, in this excellent performance, seems to me to have been fraught with difficulties, which you appear to me to have conquered with great address. What, however, struck me with most force was, the charming and recondite allusions to the characters, and sometimes customs of antiquity!

How admirable is the allusion to the Δῆμοι of Eupolis, where the eloquence of Pericles and Fox are compared. The passage, however, I wish you had given us *corrected*; for frequently as it has been quoted and alluded to, *jam scatet erroribus, neb plus utilitatis ex scholiaste in Aristidem, quàm ex scholiaste in Aristophanem percipias.* Quod fecit *Grotius, in Excerptis, p.* 498, *turpiter fecit*, quod dedit Kusterus ad Aristoph. σχολ. v. 529, inepte dedit. Hic enim, *in versu tertio*, præter alia in aliis vitia, proceleusmaticum in secund. sede Iambi offert, articulumque ante ῥητόρας omittit; ille ἐκκαίδεκα in ἐκ δέκα mutavit, quod vix unquam alibi, puto, invenisset, et hiatum hiulcum in senario civitati donavit. Vocem autem ἐκκαίδεκα in δεκαεξ si quis corrigere vellet, adeat Aristidem, vol. ii. p. 129, ubi locus laudatur, illa ipsa vocula adhibita, auctoris nomine celato. Scholiastes autem et poetæ, fabulæque nomina, ab aliis etiam servata, Periclisque τήνδε τὴν μαρτυρίαν, uno atque altero versiculo ampliatam, exhibet. Putabam aliquando vocem λέγων furca expellendo, verborumque loca mutando, versiculum me posse restituere. Sed ne sic quidem placet.

But to change the subject, and to shake off this troublesome fragment, (at which, however, I mean to have another trial,) let me return to the book. The account of the author and his works is excellent; it is written vigorously; and ingeniously arranged. One testimony, however, appears to have escaped even your researches.

Fabricius, Biblioth. Antiquaria, p. 490: "*Primos* sive *principes senatus* refert Onciphrius, libro v. fastorum, p. 96. et in commentario ad fastos, p. 336, quæ illorum dignitas vide Salmasium de primatu Papæ, p. 26. Videndus etiam Ciceronis Consul, Senator, Senatusque Romanus, auctore Bellendeno, Paris, 1612. 8vo."

This admirable work of Fabricius I dare say you have; it is a quarto, printed, a second time, at Hamburg, 1716. Bellendenus, I think, is also mentioned in Vogt's Catalogue of rare books; but my copy is at the binder's, and has been there these four months: sedet æternumque sedebit. Have you Kœnigii Bibliotheca vetus et nova? It is in my father's library, and, if I remember rightly, Bellendenus is mentioned in it.

The characters of the *tria lumina* are delightfully written, so fully, so forcibly, so elegantly, so classically, *ut nihil supra*. If it were not for parting with the exquisite Latinity, I should wish they had been drawn up in English, as a treat for some of the dunces, et quibus stipatus in senatu spergit, ὁ δεῖνα, and who probably could not read nor relish such Latin; and many of this description I trust there are in his train! If this *pious youth* should read his own character before the recess, I think it will damp his eloquence for one poor week at least. And what will become of his comrades?

The references on the margin seem to me just the thing requisite in such a composition; they silence the boobies, and relieve the doubts which sometimes arise in the breasts of even good men and decent scholars.

We must all thank you for pointing out Bellendenus's *tria lumina*, and for exposing Middleton's plagiarism. These are two pieces of literary history which are curious and useful; the former has long been a puzzle, and the latter such a truism as should be proclaimed. One feels no little triumph at a

story of this nature against a man who was so bitter an enemy to Bentley, and in some things so unfair a foe.

Pray, in p. xxi, *Dulce fateor est nomen pacis*, &c. did not a passage in Philemon's Pyrrhus, ap. Stob. lx, float in your mind? I am half inclined to think it might, as I believe I can trace you when the passages are not pointed out on the margin, where to have noted all down would have been endless, and, indeed, useless.

In p. lxxv, should not the verse from Titinnius be read thus: Volsce et Osce fabulantur, &c., and not *Volsceque et Osce*? Is it not a trochaic? In Festus I find it stands, Qui Osce et Volsce fabulantur, &c.; and in Paulus's Epitome, Osce et Volsce fabulantur. My Festus is the Delphin edition.

But let me put an end to this straggling and desultory letter, which does not say half what I meant to say, nor that half as I wished it to be said; but excuse it, dear Sir, my time is so cut up by my daily avocations, and my mind so forcibly torn from my favourite studies by a necessary attention to my house and family, that if I were to defer this letter, I know not when I should be able to send you my opinion of the Preface which you so kindly ask, drawn up as an opinion ought to be on such a subject. Once more, therefore, I say, excuse it, and believe me your most obliged, C. BURNEY.

P. S. The passage about *sed*, which you mention in your letter stands thus in the article: "We have observed that our Editor several times introduces a marked usage of illis quidem, followed by sed. Now the same kind, &c. So that no alteration seems necessary, as Bellendenus is twice said in it to have been Master of the Pleas to James, I have taken the liberty of adding to the *second place*; "who, as has been said before, was," will you pardon me?

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Charles Burney.

DEAR SIR, *April* 16, 1783.

Pray, in the Manilius, page last, see if there be not, as I think there is, an impropriety in the last sentence but one. "If it be "the *late* Editor," it is surely not quite right. Alter it, the present Editor.

In the Manilius, also, you see, I have inserted something where the verses of Homer are introduced; therefore, after saying Iliad 21, omit the numeral of the line, and pray put that numeral after the quotation itself. If I mistake not, Olivet has few or no notes of his own. I therefore wish you, in the account given of his edition, to omit the words which ascribe any notes to him the Editor, and only say—in the notes written by thirty Commentators or Editors, &c. These are trifles, but they are inaccuracies, really such, and I beg you would get them corrected; for when I made up the parcel, a coach stood at the door to conduct me to Thorpe. Do we see you, as we wish, at Christmas, and Mrs. Burney with you? I tell you most sincerely, that you have not in the world one who will do fuller justice to your great merit, or who takes a warmer interest in your happiness, than your friend,

S. PARR.

Pray does not the word *index* come over too often in the Review? I think it does, and therefore correct:—As this *work* of Ernestus (instead of index) is of great importance.

In the Manilius, the last sentence, for *sorely* disappointed, which is too familiar and scornful, read *severely*.

DEAR SIR, *August* 3, 1737.

I read with more than common pleasure your last letter, for it was in a very eminent degree animated and friendly. Yet I almost grudge you the pleasure which I did not partake during your Norfolk tour, for Griffiths is a charming companion, and of Mr. Windham, I never can express the admiration which I feel. I am much flattered with the account you gave of Dr. Berdmore, and I thank you very cordially for your intentions towards Bellendenus. I have long abandoned all ideas of secrecy; I feel a good deal of concern at the numerous errata which escaped my eye. I hear from Professor White, that Nichols wanted an able critic. It is fortunate for him and me that the office is undertaken by one who deservedly ranks among the most able. Upon examining I find only one deviation from correctness which is properly my own, and that is in the very teeth of a rule which I have long known and often

inculcated, but which I forgot at the very moment I had occasion to observe it. Salmasius and Scaliger are guilty of the same error, but this is no comfort to me, and no excuse for me. Many of my marginal corrections were either not read or not followed by the stupid printers, and about one I am vexed, for at Hatton I had made limatiores—ornatiores in a sentence where the clash of metaphor struck me forcibly, and where my pen set right what the press has left wrong. I thank you for your quotation, but had seen the passage before in the library of my learned friend and neighbour Mr. Dewes. The MS. I carefully packed up near a fortnight ago, and gave into the hands of Professor White, who will soon be in town, and deliver it in St. Martin's-street. I have only here and there proposed a few alterations in the Latinity, for the Greek criticism is uniformly and eminently good. Toup has tried his strength on the Iambics about Pericles. His emendation is right, and his explanation of αἴρει λέγων, is happy, yet I have many difficulties.

I beg of you to print the Schediasm, for it is extremely useful and extremely judicious. I mean to criticise the Oxford Catalogue of Oriental MSS., and shall sit down, if possible, the week after next; at present I am worse than usual, and quite out of spirits, and my arm is in a sling with a violent inflammatory tumour, from which I suffer pain all day, and am feverish and restless every night. I do peremptorily insist upon seeing you at Hatton next summer. I expected to see Porson before this time, and am not quite pleased at my disappointment. My vacation comes on in the middle of August, and then I ramble in quest of health. I shall be thoroughly provoked if Porson does not find his way hither in the autumn. I have a room for him, and books, and a hearty welcome; for he is not only a matchless scholar, but an honest, a very honest man. I rejoice to hear that the Æschylus goes on fast, for it must go on well under his auspices. I beg my best wishes to your lady and my little godson, and I am, with great respect and regard, dear Sir, yours, S. PARR.

Extract.

DEAR AND FRIENDLY SIR, *August*, 1787.

You ask me about Homer, who is a well-informed, well-disposed, and eminently well-principled man. He assisted me, I assure you, in the edition of Bellendenus, partly by consulting, under my direction, references, and partly by inquiring, under the same directions, into the contents of some London Libraries, and very much by attending to printers and the press, where, after all, he has left, or made some mistakes, which were corrected; as for instance, he of his own head altered one passage, which is obviously right, coalitio quæ dicitur, because I had altered coalitionem quæ dicitur; and about a week ago I sent him a letter full of surprise and expostulation. He had also altered calida into callida, not knowing, perhaps, that the Latin word corresponds to the Greek Θέρμα; but the worst of all is, that he has left limatiores which I originally wrote, and four months ago ordered, in a letter from Hatton, to be corrected into ornatiores, and then overlooked it when I was in London myself. I am provoked at this, and provoked at the unnecessary alteration of coalitio quæ dicitur; but such inconveniences will arise from my bad hand, and my distance from the press; for in original compositions a head and a half are not better than one. In the Preface, as you will easily conceive, he had no share but as press-corrector: in the Dedications none, but as a person assenting, and therefore I prevailed upon him to give me leave to insert the initial vowels of his name with my own. He felt a reluctance even to do this. I have laughed heartily at the puzzle which these vowels have occasioned, for I have heard that conjecture has been busy in finding out personal or political allusions; but the vowels are perfectly harmless, and I wish myself to let the secret out, and as I both dread and hate every species of falsehood, I entreat and authorise you to speak openly and loudly upon the real fact. As to the suppression of names, I yield to Griffithis, though not without reluctance. The greater part of the errata are to be called so in reference to my manuscripts, for as to Latinity the majority of them are only improvements, and many, in my opinion, even of them are unnecessary.

Critical books are very imperfect and fallacious as to the use of quod, &c.; and I have more than thirty passages collected in opposition to the direction of Noltenius. Some years ago I read Gesner. I have again refreshed my memory. I have consulted various books, and what is better, various authors, and my mind is made up in such a manner as not to agree fully with the lax practice or uncertain rules of any modern. My own opinion is fixed, and my own practice is right. You are inquisitive about a mistake which I told you was my own, and which is corrected. I was aware that few would discern it, and if it escaped your great sagacity I was not wrong in thinking myself pretty secure. But I must satisfy myself to myself, and though I have little reason to be ashamed, and some reason even to be confident, as to the general accuracy and general elegance of the composition, yet I should make many changes, were it again to go to press. I do not approve of reperiendus est, and it is altered, you see, into reperiri potest. I might shelter myself under these lines,

——————spelunca recessibus ingens
Abdita, vix ipsis invenienda feris.

Invenienda, here, seems to signify what can be found. Yet I hesitate; for, what will be, should be, or must be, rather than what can be, seems to me the proper power of the gerund; and so, to avoid ambiguity and the possibility of a mistake, I have corrected a passage, wherein I forgot, and violated, a caution which I have often prescribed to others. I beg my best wishes to your family, and am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

S. Parr.

Homer might shew you, in print, the trochaic form of Johnson's verses, which I afterwards altered for obvious reasons before stated. They went up trochaics from Oxford, but I reduced them to prose.

Extract.

The review of Tully has been written these six weeks. I will send it on Sunday by Suffolk in a frank. The Hiatus Arcesso, and Paræmiacus, are all ready, and there is a good deal in each. I forget what Brunck says, and I don't much

care, for he is a hasty peevish fellow. I don't think it *tanti* to write to Ruhnkenius, but please yourself. You do not, but I did, take notice of another σφάλμα in the Review. It *should* be, and pray *let it* be, χθονὶ in the dative.

Extract from a Letter.

Feb. 16, 1788.

. . . . . Of the Preface you will this week receive a copy, and you will see that I have made mention of my friend Burney's name in the Pröem. All the iambics in Brunk's Analecta, and all the Latin in Phædrus and Seneca, confirm Dawes's observation. I still object to the word accentus, which seemed to puzzle you, and which I now see Dr. Foster objects to, as tending to confound rhythm and accent. I hardly know how to substitute another expression, but say, as Aristotle says of the σημεῖον, connected with the τὸ μὴ ἀναγκαῖον, opposed to the τεκμήριον, with the τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, that ἀνώνυμον ἔστι κατὰ τὴν διαφορὰν. I am further confirmed, though confirmation was unnecessary, by the marks in Bentley's Terence, and by his acute dissertation. I am particularly anxious to know what you think of the Pröem, and of Lord Chatham's character, the one of which I intended as a specimen of my skill in the plain, and the other in the more magnificent style. From the warmest and purest quarters of my heart I thank my vindicator; and, as the defence of a friend's character is among the surest proofs of the noblest parts of friendship itself, I should be happy if he kept a look out against the host which is coming forth. I have read a dull and scurrilous poem called the Parriad. I have heard of some animadversions on my politics already published; I am threatened with more publications against the moral part forsooth. But this is the hour of triumph to my morals, for if I had ever been vicious or criminal, or suspected of being so, all would have been produced against me. On this subject, thank heaven, offendent solido. The composition which a Burney loved, a Warton approved, and a Porson endured, will not hastily be disgraced by verse-men without genius, and prose-men without learning. I should be glad if

you, or some of my friends would, in a plain and concise way, just notice the new edition in the Monthly Review.

As to Porson, I think him a sincere and well principled man; with all his oddities, and all his fastidiousness, he is quite exempt from base and rancorous malignity; he shews, without concern, what may be the weaker parts of his character to vulgar minds; and he leaves men of wisdom and genius to discover, and to feel, and to admire, the brighter qualities of his head and his heart. Yet he has not been at Hatton, and upon this account I call him a shuffling, shilly-shally, shackling fellow, and so I will call him to his face next April when I am in London. Of Twining's Aristotle I think favourably, from the specimens which he read to me, and from those which you have seen. He will not shew much of that useful and respectable diligence which is employed in the collation of manuscripts, but he will present us with better and greater things; elegance without affectation, and philology without misanthropy. He will instruct and entertain us with every kind and every degree of excellence that is to be produced by clearness of judgment, by purity of taste, and by erudition at once exact, various, and profound. I am sorry to hear of your lady's bad health, and hope she is better. Farewell! I am, sincerely yours,

S. PARR.

Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Fair Lawn House, March* 3, 1789.

I hoped to have been able to have sent you a proof of the Inscription, but the printer has played tricks, and delayed it. I will not, however, lose the frank; but thank you most gratefully for the book, which arrived the day after my last was sent away. I rejoice most heartily at the re-publication of the Delicacy of Friendship, and am not a little pleased at the *drubbing* of the episcopal critic, for whose abilities I feel *some* respect, but for whose treatment of Jortin, *high* indignation.

Your preface is wonderfully well written; in the λέξις there is great elegance, and spirit, and correctness; in the διάνοιαι very uncommon vigour, point, and energy. I confess, that from no

one of your English productions have I received so much pleasure.

Poor Cadell is hurt and mortified; hurt because he is afraid his books will not sell so well, and mortified for himself and his friend. At a public table, a few days since, when I had only read half the dedication, we had a little *sparring* on the subject. Isaac Reed was at my elbow, and on my side of the question; though he observed, *comically* enough, that he was not much obliged to you for the publication, as it had injured the *value of his property*; for he had all the four books for some time, and paid *decently* for them.

I have been writing some observations on Milton's Greek poetry, which, by the way, is abominably bad. They are for Tom Warton, who is going to publish a second edition of his Milton's Poems. I shall say but little about the Psalm, as Dr. J. Warton has been pleased to commend it; but for the other two pieces, I must let slip the dogs of war at them.

Much shall I be delighted when I again see you at Hammersmith! where your godson will greet you, *nothing loth*, and his father and mother be happy in exerting themselves to shew their friendly regard. Believe me, ever, dear Sir, most faithfully yours, C. BURNEY.

P. S. I have inclosed a sketch of my remarks. If I am wrong, will you be so good as to tell me *where*, as soon as you can.

I might have added, that in Homer

Ei governs an Indicative Mood.
Ei, or Ei κε, or κεν, an Optative.
Ei κε, or κεν, a Subjunctive.

I have examined all the passages, and do not know that this remark on the Homeric usage of Ei has been made by any one.

Fair Lawn House, Hammersmith, Sept. 26, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

The sight of your hand did me good. I beg to have your full remarks on the three reviews. Some little private corre-

spondence has passed between Glasse and his Reviewer, but all of a comfortable kind, if his praises had not been too highly strained.

The inclosed is from Porson. Did you ever see Warburton's emendations on Velleius Paterculus, which were published in a French Journal, 1736. Dr. Berdmore has just lent them to me, and finely wild many of them are. He inscribes them to Bishop Hurd.

Berdmore, by the way, is beyond bounds delighted with your Preface, &c. to the Warburtonian book, and, whenever I see him, is loud in its praise. The Monthly Reviewer does not seem to have understood the merits of the question at all.

If I find my strictures on Sampson meet with your approbation, and that of the chosen few to whose opinion I should be proud to listen, I feel as if I should be tempted to continue them to the end of the play, in a pamphlet, for the Review can admit no more. This is imparted in confidence; so pray let me have your sentiments on an Epistola Critica of this sort. I would bend the whole force of my mind to the work, and I think that it might not be useless to young scholars, nor wholly disagreeable to Glasse, whose efforts merit high praise, and whose execution of his design is, in many particulars and passages, wonderful. I could then extract, which I have not yet been able to do, from the confinement of the allowed room.

Porson is at Eton. The Travisian examination is most excellent, and shows the clear acuteness of his mind in as strong a point of view, as it exhibits his wit and severity. But I feel little inclination to mercy when ignorance, aided by a desire of misrepresentation, is chastised.

I wish that I were at your elbow, or you at mine, when you read the Review. I am, at present, newly arranging and collecting the fragments of Menander. Whether I shall be able to do any thing to the purpose time must shew. Of all the books which were ever published by men who flattered themselves with meriting the title of Critics, what pair so wretchedly contemptible can be produced as to match with Clericus's Menander and Pavius's Philargyrius? Like master, like man! I fear we must not hope to see you before Christmas in town. I wish Hatton were nearer Hammersmith.

Mr. Paradise has just called on me, and inquired after you particularly, and desired me to present his respects to you, and to tell you that Heyne publicly declares the preface to Bellendenus to be the best Latinity which has appeared since Cicero. Dorville's son lives in my neighbourhood, and, by Mr. Paradise's desire, I am going to pump him concerning the MSS. of his father's library, and particularly those respecting the Anthology and Grotius's translation. He is an impracticable and avaricious Dutchman, and I am afraid that I shall make nothing of him. My best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr. I have hardly room to sign myself, ever most truly yours,

C. BURNEY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Charles Burney.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 20, 1789.

Why don't Porson go on with Æschylus? If you knew what I do on the Bampton business, you would not say "too little or too much." I prevented a good deal from appearing; at least, I flatter myself that I did. Gabriel is a worthy man, and can write very well. I am very much afraid of being drawn into the dispute. But I hold back stoutly, as White has quite enough on his hands. Some shuffling, followed up by rudeness, and some rudeness, followed up by misrepresentation, have severed me from the Doctor. It is a strange business, and the truth will never be distinctly known. But I acquit Badcock of treachery, which for a time I suspected. If he were alive, his vanity, and his spirit, and his acuteness, and his eloquence, would have a fine field. I hear there is an answer, and that it bears hard upon poor me—be it so. If I strike at all, I shall strike the καιρίαν. But I shall strive to be quiet. Why does not White take up the pen? and what can anonymous advocates avail in respect to facts? οὐδὲ γρύ. White has a numerous and a stout party, I assure you. Tell me, tell me speedily, tell me fully, how the Terentianus Maurus business goes on. Do you hear any literary news? for I live quite in Bœotia, and Bœotize daily, and, what is worse, I shall not visit you Attic folks in the spring. I hear people want to know what I wrote in

the Bampton Lectures; but I shall not gratify their curiosity. What resentment may do I foresee not, but μὴ γένοιτο is my language. Where is Porson? and how does he relish the new Master of Trinity? For Heaven's sake rouse him to write some book—to fix upon some profession—to secure some independence. Dum quid sit dubitat, life runs away, and yet the rogue loves good port, and good tobacco, and, when with you, he can appease his genius with good claret and good Madeira —all good things say I; but better non deficiente crumena.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely, S. PARR.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I alter my address in accommodation to the molles auriculæ, which I suppose are delighted with the music of the prænomen. I would fill two sheets to explain the vexations and delays I have had in my stupid pamphlet, and if it were not for you and Raine, and some other good men, I should hate all Charter-house scholars, because ——— has forced me to write such trash. I have not argued, but confessed like a good Catholic upon the French Revolution, and I have done the same also upon my acquaintance with Priestley. You will easily conceive that ———'s paper brought out chiliads and myriads of surmises and rumours to the disadvantage of my orthodoxy and loyalty; and, as I am orthodox and loyal enough, I speak out without fear and without shame. What say you to this tyrannotonic rigour which has overtaken Joseph and Gustavus. Some kings are fond of stag-hunting, but they must in future employ their stags like Mithridates, and you may go and ask some of the medallists to explain this allusion, which I understand from a passage in a Greek writer whom you and I read as we do a newspaper. I have desired the passage you mentioned in Stobæus to be inserted, though the sheet was printed, and I have done it in a funny way, to teaze and vex your old school-fellow, who I understand was called Pickle at the Charter-house. I am sorry that Mr. Moore did not call on you sooner, but I suppose he so explained as to satisfy you that I had spoken to him at the time I mentioned, and in plain truth I do not profess to serve such friends as you without really endeavouring to do so. I hope your father is better,

and your sister quite well, and at leasure to enlighten our heads. Did you go to Sir Joshua's burial? I hope he had a complete service, not mutilated and dimidiated, as it was for poor Johnson at the Abbey, which is a great reproach to the lazy cattle who loll in the stalls there. Remember me to Porson and to Beloe, and remember to remember me. May I hope to see you this year at Hatton? Pray take care of the manuscript I lent you. I forget whether you were a zealot about the slave-trade, but I am sure Pitt is a juggler. I am yours sincerely, S. PARR.

My book is brought to the last sheet and preface; it is preciously dull I assure you.

Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Fair Lawn House, Dec. 15.*

We have between sixteen and seventeen hundreds on paper! Huzza it with three times three! When you can send what remains in your hand we shall be glad, as we are now extremely desirous of bringing the whole to a conclusion.

Richard of Eton *shall be* Greek Professor at Cambridge. Postlethwaite has behaved *decently* about it,—but what can atone, oh! ever injured.

I have been drawing up for my boys a Prosodia Horatiana, in order to teach them to scan the odes according to the original Greek method laid down by Hephæstio. I have found that, by adopting such a plan formerly, the metres of the Greek *chorusses* did not *stagger the lads*. What I then dictated to them merely, I have now taken the trouble of writing down, and feel inclined to print. The tractate will be in Latin of course. I am in doubt as to the proper mode of scansion for

Mea renidet in domo lacunar.—2. xviii.

It seems to be a good *catalectic* trimeter; but, as it stands in the same system with a trochaic, and as the cæsura always falls on the *quintus semipes*, I feel inclined to consider it, as an *asynartetum*, ex iambica penthemimeri et ithyphallico. Such assuredly is *Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas*, which follows

another *asynartetum*, which also ends with *ithyphallic*. Thus the trochaics appear to associate with a much better grace than a trochaic and an iambic. The fifth syllable, however, is *common* in 2, XVIII. but always *long* in 1, IV.

It is observable that much confusion arises from not following the Greek rules of scansion, such as *dactyls* and *trochees*, in the same *dactylic* metres: *spondees* and *pyrrhics* in *choriambic* verses; dactyls and iambics in dactylic alcaics; when these feet can never properly unite; and the simple feet ought not to stand with the double in the same verse.

In the two *asynarteta* in the Epodes XIII. and XI. I almost feel inclined to consider each of them as two distinct verses, thus:

Nivesque deducunt Jovem
Nunc mare nunc Sylüæ;

and

Scribere versiculos
Amore percussum gravi;

notwithstanding what Hephæstio says about them. Yet, as I have taken his rules as the models of my *Prosodia* in general, I believe it may be right to follow him *here*. Favour me with your opinion on all these measures.

A new system of metre or scansion might readily be adopted, so as to exclude nearly all the compound feet; but I do not think that, on the whole, the plan of each metre would be so *teres atque rotundus*.

Porson is much better in health than he has been for several months: his fancy, memory, taste, and philological powers are in as high vigour as ever; though in a conversation lately on the subject of the Greek Professorship, he complained of the difficulty of recalling the mind to a pursuit from which it has been torn; and how hard a task it was, when a man's spirit had once been broken, to renovate it.

Bankes, Raine, Gray and myself meet on Thursday next to adjust finally what may still require settlement in our gloriously terminated undertaking.

I wish the 3d line of the Alcaic system could be considered as a bacchic verse,

Non vultus | instantis | tyranni;

for you know that the 3d and 6th syllables most commonly terminate a word; but I do not recollect a verse of this metre with a molossus in the second place, though it might be admitted if there were an amphibrachys in the first, of which the deficiency would be supplied by the molossus, which has one time more than the *bacchius*. The metrum *ἀνακλιόμενον*— as it is called among the ionic measures, would be of the same sort; but this is *horiolatio*.

Ever, my dear Sir, yours most sincerely, C. BURNEY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Charles Burney.

DEAR SIR,

Though I am not accustomed to quaff ternos ter cyathos, yet, when my cold is over, I shall employ my lungs in re-echoing your huzza of three times three. I have heard nothing of the Greek Professorship; but I shall be glad to hear that it either is, or soon will be vacant, and I consider the succession of our friend as certain. Why does he talk about resuming studies which, in fact, have never been interrupted? and what is there in his professorship to call into action a sixth part of what he has read, or a third part of what he remembers? If the Duke of Brunswick, at the head of his Huns and Vandals, were to burn every book of every library in Cambridge, Porson being, as Longinus was said to be, a living library, would make the University bear without books more than they are likely to read with books. Again, injured as he has been, and persecuted, he ought not to let his spirits sink. His very enemies have never dared to quit their rank as his admirers, and his friends deserve to be weighed rather than to be numbered. Come, come, he will now have the *εὔροια* of life, and to this Stoical abundance of the *τὰ ἔξω* let him add the Epicurean *εὐθυμία*, and then he will have no reason to complain of the *τὰ ἔσω*; tell me, not in little broken sentences, but in detail, all the news about the Professorship. The Cantab. *ὁ δεῖνα* preferred his relation to Porson, and perhaps he might not wish Porson to interfere in College affairs as a Fellow; but when these two

points are secured, he will find himself no longer disposed to do evil, or prevented from doing good. Undoubtedly he is a man of sense, and, as times go, of virtue; and though I never can approve, nor will suffer others to extenuate his conduct, I hope to retain some esteem for the man himself. My zeal has quite cooled, and some of my knowledge is upon the decay, about metrical niceties. However, I will consider the questions you have proposed to me, and, at the same time, I shall endeavour to understand what you mean by rejecting compound feet in a system which seems to me to require a more frequent application of them; for I have always been accustomed to calculate those feet in some of the metres which are vulgarly divided into dactyls, trochees, &c., and other simple feet. Again, I do not hold the infallibility of Hephæstio, and I have great doubts as to the unlimited application of Greek rules to Latin metre. The Barytone termination of Latin words has, I am sure, produced many essential differences in the structure of their verse. Yet go on with your book, and write it in Latin, though I should rather wish to hear of your progress in Terentian. You plan, dear Charles, too much, and you do too little. By the way, you have done very well in your short critique upon Saxius. I have had a troublesome influenza, and at this moment my head is confused. What think you of France and Ireland? I still retain my old aversion to democratic notions. Pray do you know a Mr. Carr, who is represented to me as a most profound Greek scholar, and belongs to the εὐμελίαν what d'ye call it. I never go, because it is not a συναυλία, but a Dutch concert, where some of the pipes grate upon instruments of straw; but you, I believe, often go. Why, Charles, were you so fierce with my excellent, well-behaved, generous-hearted neighbour, about the word Iphigenia? In Greek you and I will have our own way, and in Latin we may now and then inflict the καιρίαν upon our opponents. But this word is Anglicised, and I think with the lady in Theocritus, that the Dorians have a right to Dorize. I should like to write a longer letter, but I feel myself very stupid, and therefore I shall content myself with telling you that the Irenopolis will be republished in a few days, and that you may get it from Dilly. Remember me to Richard and to Gray, and the Master of the

Charter-house, and to the worthy men of Wycombe. Congratulate them all; and this surely is a θαρσάλεον ἔπος when you consider that most of them are Democrats, and I only a moderate Churchman. Believe me yours most truly, S. PARR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Greenwich, Oct.* 17, 1795.

Though my domestic hurries have prevented my writing to you for so long a period, they have not been able to debar me from the pleasure of reading your new book. I perused it with avidity, and while I felt much petulance against Combe, how often did my admiration of his opponent rise in proportion! Yet I confess that I constantly wished that the cleaning of this *Comb-case* had fallen to the lot of some one more worthy of such dirty work. My dear, dear friend, the time and thought which you have bestowed on my friend C——, and on your friend Combe, would have been amply sufficient for you to have published your notes on Sophocles, and to have at once gladdened and illuminated the learned world with those glorious rays of taste and erudition, which now you keep confined in bags, like the winds of Ulysses; or emit them only like electrical sparks, which, without warning us,

> But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire.

These two C's,—Oh! may there never be another to make up the τρία κάππα κάκιστα. These two C's will live in distant ages, because you thought them worth a pamphlet each; as Benson does—by having his name stuck on the monument of Milton.

You will readily believe me when I assure you that I had foreseen your answer about the British Critic. The case was, that I had heard the article (that is the first) attributed to you; to which assertion, or attribution, I gave a decided denial, and supported myself, by pointing out some errors, which I well knew you could not possibly commit. I asked for *confirmation* (a tolerably general motive for troubling our friends with questions), rather than for *information!* Long ago, indeed, and, perhaps, before your letter reached me, the name of the

author was communicated to me; and I had an opportunity of complying with his request of pointing out some mistakes in the review.

I am so much shut up at Greenwich that I know nothing about the epitaph on Johnson. This I will say, that, if by an impropriety of conduct in the *treasurers*, or whatever they may please to call themselves, the men who dispose of the subscription money, it is lost to the world, our poor friend will growl in his grave; for he would not have objected, but would properly have accepted an epitaph from the hand which has written it, from the heart which has dictated it, and from the head which has composed it.

When Hurd meets Warburton in the shades, he will growl too, at the milk and water life which he has given. If he were an avaricious man, I should suppose that he had kept it back at first, in order to enhance its value; as he is not so, at least, as far as I have ever heard, I suspect the published life to be a mere shadow of the originally written life. With what eagerness did I read it on its first appearance.

Τρὶς μὲν ἐφορμήθην, ἐλεέιν τέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγε,
Τρὶς δὲ μοι ἀκαχὴ εἶκελον, ἢ καὶ ὀνείρῳ,
Ἔπτατο.

How do you all do? Pray present my best compliments to Mrs. Parr and the ladies. Charles is very well, and talks with grateful delight of his visit to Hatton. Yours always, with sincerity and affection, C. BURNEY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Charles Burney.

DEAR DR. BURNEY, *Hatton, Dec.* 12, 1812

I received your very friendly letter yesterday afternoon, and as Saturday is a barren day, I shall send this to the post to-morrow. I thank you again, and again, for the Philemon, but no copy has yet reached me.

I am happy, and I am proud, of the protection our society is to receive from the Duke of Cambridge, and the more so, as I have been told that, in the royal brotherhood, he is a sort of

Abdiel, as described by Milton. To meet his Royal Highness, the friend of our Institution, to meet Dr. Burney, the meritorious founder of it, to meet the Bishop of Gloucester, and the Dean of Westminster, my brother-presidents, to meet all the mastigophorous subscribers, would gladden my heart. I should quaff two extraordinary bumpers, I should smoke three extraordinary pipes, I should bring with me a fine ebony pipe, with a china bowl, the gift of Mr. Fox, for my own use. I should bring a most superb Turkish pipe, the gift of an Ambassador, for the lips of his Royal Highness, who belongs to the orthodox fraternity of smokers; but fata obstant. I don't make my plea

——ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ
οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα, θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα.

I am separated from the capital by no sea, and over the intervening rivers there are safe bridges; I have to climb no mountains on foot, or upon mules, and up the steeps of Long Compton Hill I might easily be carried upon a palfrey, or by a coach. The obstacle lies in the press of parochial duty, for my good people always choose to take the Sacramental cup from the hands of their old pastor.

I believe I told you, that, with the aid of three very intelligent persons, I have made a Catalogue Raisonnée of my little library. Why do you not exert yourself to procure for me the fourth volume of the Lexicon Xenophonteum, and the ninth volume of Harles's Bibliotheca Græca? Why, Dr. Charles, in the pursuit of books you have as many eyes as Argus, as many hands as Briareus, you have centum aures oraque centum. My dear Doctor, though I am a sluggish gatherer of tithes, yet I am somewhat of a harpy about books, and for *that* manuscript, my friend, you have incurred what Pindar calls βαθὺ χρέος, and so I don't relax my claims, and pray remember how often and importunately I have exacted Norris's work on the Tabula Pisana. How goes on Master Charles? I hope that the labourers in his vineyard are many, and that the harvests of learning to them, and money to him, are abundant. I am, very truly yours,

S. PARR.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Dr. Charles Parr Burney.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND GODSON, *Nov.* 9, 1804.

It is my anxious wish for you not only to read but to write, to read extensively that you may write clearly, copiously, correctly, and at last elegantly; to reflect before you read, and, while you read, to mingle youthful knowledge with curious erudition, and to incorporate the best results of all your attainments with your general habits of thought and action. Philology, though it may exercise the strongest understanding, is within the reach of a very ordinary one; and such is my sense of your merits, such my opinion of your powers, and such my solicitude for your welfare, that my advice will always be directed to the joint purposes of making you not only a verbal critic, but a wise, firm, and honest man. All learning is not contained in the dramatic writers of Greece, nor even in the Greek language; and, if my counsel be followed, you will experience the soundness of it in the diversity and consistency, in the fulness and the accuracy, of your knowledge. Your father is indisputably right in desiring you to read all the plays of Euripides in continuity, and I add, that you will do well to proceed immediately to Sophocles, to Æschylus, to Aristophanes, to Menander, to Philemon, and the fragments, such as they are, both of the tragic and comic writers. This you must do diligently, and without aberration in the first year, and you will do it again in the fourth, with some additions, which I shall mention in due order, but I must state to you, generally and seriously, that I wish your morning to be invariably employed upon Greek.

In the second year read Isocrates, Lysias, Isæus, the twelve Orations of Demosthenes published by Allen, his Speeches and those of Æschines de falsâ legatione and de coronâ twice, the Memorabilia, Cyropædia, and Anabasis of Xenophon. Do not read any more of the Orators, nor of Xenophon, except one book, till you have taken your degree, and remember that I am writing to you as an Academic, that I am laying foundations only, but that I mean to make them broad, deep, and solid. In

the third year, and not till then, read Herodotus, Thucydides, and the Hellenics of Xenophon, go on again with the Anabasis, Cyropædia, and Memorabilia; then take up the Dialogues of Plato by Etwall, Forster, and Routh. Then, my boy, when you are so robust, grapple with Aristotle, and read his Ethics, his Poetics, and his Rhetoric. I say, read them in this order, and observe that this is your morning course of reading, for I have provided another place in which both the Poetics and the Rhetoric are to be read, and you will be improved by the double and distinct reading. Charles, close your third year by a second and most attentive perusal of Herodotus and Thucydides, and when you have finished Thucydides the second time, read the Speeches, and the Speeches only, a third time, and read them as they are collected by Bauer, separately from the history. Begin the fourth year with the Iliad and Odyssey, don't despise the common Homeric clavis, and indeed upon all occasions beware of despising the received practice of scholars, for by doing well what they are accustomed to do, you will be eventually enabled to do more with immediate and permanent effect. When you are engaged in Homer you will certainly be a strong scholar, and therefore holding Clarke in your hand, and reading his notes, you will avail yourself of Heyne and Wolfius. Read Wolfius twice, and fail not to read every line that has been written by Heyne. Charles, from Homer go to Pindar, and take the aid of Heyne and Jacobs, and read Pindar twice, and then go a second time through Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Menander, and Philemon. Charles, beware of impatience, for that which is not done to-day may be done to-morrow, and if you observe the order which I have prescribed, it will be done well; and be assured that I shall give you enough to do, but not more than enough for the Godson of Samuel Parr and the son of Charles Burney. Charles, I wish your evenings laid out in the following manner. We must have Latin sometimes by itself, and sometimes intermixed with Greek, but with different Greek from that which I have mentioned, with two exceptions at which I have already hinted. Read first the common Delphin edition of Cicero's Orations, and be content with these for the present, for you are not to die when you cease to be an under-Graduate, and living you

are not to cease to read. Well, after this you may in the first year go on to Tacitus and to Sallust, and to Cornelius Nepos, and to the select Orations from Livy, for you have not time to read his History through, but you must get some vague general notion of his style; but I must again and again urge you to read Cæsar. After this you may read Terence through and four plays of Plautus, but no more; and unwilling as I am to let your mind be seduced into philology for the present, I must advise you to read not only the Prolegomena to Terence in the common edition, not a word of which you must miss, but the prefaces of Bentley and Hare, every word of which must be impressed deeply upon your memory. Get books which you may mark with your pencil, and insert in your common-place book all peculiarities of diction in all Latin writers, and some elegancies, as they are called, but not all. In your second year we must look to ancient rhetoric; and here, Charles, begin with Cicero de Inventione, go on to the work de Oratore, the Brutus and Orator, then go to Quintilian. Charles, I love Quintilian; read him in Rollin's Abridgment, but have Caperonnier open before you; then proceed to Aristotle's Rhetoric, and then to the critical parts of Dionysius Halicarnassus, published by Holwell. To his work de structurâ, and to Demetrius Phalereus. This is the right order, and you will find it so. Consider, that your mornings are all this time employed upon the Greek Orators, and excuse me for having forgotten to except Dionysius and Demetrius; they are for your evenings, and for these evenings, Charles, when you are setting about Plato, give them to the philosophical writings of Cicero, and read them as edited by Davis, whose notes are inestimable for the matter. Read the Tusculan Questions, the work De Finibus, De Naturâ Deorum, De Legibus, De Officiis—I pause a little about the Academics; perhaps this book, with the work De Divinatione, may be deferred till you have taken your degree. I say the same of Hermogenes de Ideis in your rhetorical reading, but at some distant time you must work at Hermogenes. Now, Charles, in your third year you may choose for yourself among the rhetorical writers whom you have read before, always, however, remembering that Quintilian, Cicero de Oratore, his Brutus, his Orator, and Aristotle's Rheto-

ric must be perused, and even studied, a second time. In the fourth year begin your evenings with Aristotle's Poetics, and after a first perusal of Twining proceed to a second perusal of a yet more critical sort, and work hard with Winstanley, Tyrwhitt, and Twining again. Make yourself master of this book as well as the Rhetoric; and let me just say of the Rhetoric, that I wish you to get the Cambridge edition, and also an Oxford edition, without translation or accent, but with very good notes. While you are reading Homer in the morning, take up Virgil in the evening, and depend upon it that your time will be well employed in reading Virgil twice or thrice. People talk about Greek and Latin history, but do you for the present be content with knowing both from English writers. First map both in your mind by common school-boy books; then proceed as follows: read the Roman History in Goldsmith, then in Hooke, and then in an Abridgment of Gibbon. Read the Greek first in Stanyan, then in Goldsmith, but finally and twice in Mitford, and after Mitford, take Gast. Charles, let not this sort of reading disturb the regular order of your morning and evening studies, for in every day there will be chasms of time which you must fill up with history, and pray don't mingle Greek and Roman. Before you sit down to Demosthenes read the Life of Philip and the History of the Amphictyonic Council by Leland, and do not disdain to read his translations. There is little show but much sense in this advice.

Godson, you have some authority in Sam Johnson's practice and my own for filling up the little nooks of time. History will do much, but not all. I wish you to be well, and very well acquainted with the forms of logic, for I never lost sight of your academical duties, relations, and prospects. Be a critic by and by, but first make yourself a scholar and a writer, and an enlightened academic, and the rest will follow properly, usefully, honourably, and certainly, my dear Charles, I say certainly. Well, then, in logic first read Duncan, then go on to Watts, for it is a precious book, and don't be frightened when I recommend the Port-Royal Logic. Tell your father that I advise you to read these three books every year, and that after reading them I wish you even to study some admi-

rable observations upon the forms of Logic written by Dr. Reid, and inserted in the second volume of Kaimes's History of Man. Charles, the three first books will teach you the forms and principles, and the last will instruct you in the value and use of them. Charles, I do beseech you to acquire and to preserve this sort of knowledge according to this very degree. Now in the fourth year you may in the evening read Theocritus and the Bucolics, Hesiod and the Georgics, and read them as a relief from the morning toil of the dramatic writers. So much I have to say about your classical learning and your logical; but remember that in your nooks, and especially when you are reading the rhetorical works of Cicero, &c. you must reserve a nook for Heineccius de fundamentis styli Latini, and for Scheller's præcepta styli bene Latini. My friend, great will be the use to your taste of these two books, and let me add, even to your learning and to your compositions. If any nooks be open fill them up with Gesner's Isagoge: it is a most useful book to readers of every age, and scholars of every size. As to Corinthus, Phrynichus, Mæris, Thomas Magister, and Apollonius de Syntaxi, meddle not with them, except in the way of occasional consultation The study of them must be reserved to a more distant period, when your mind will be stored with materials from original authors, and when you will bring with you taste, knowledge, and habits of reflection to facilitate your philological inquiries, to supply subjects for them, and to make you a competent and impartial judge of their real value. Hereafter you may go on to Plutarch, Lucian, the remaining Greek historians and orators, and indeed what not; for you will go to them as a scholar and a man of sense; but don't be in a hurry, do not begin where you should end, and depend upon it, Charles, with a long reach in my mind I have employed for you the spur and the rein; the spur to knowledge, the rein from philology for the present. But I wish you, Charles, in good time, to be a complete Philologist. Your own good sense will tell you the occasional use you are to make of Potter's Greek Antiquities and Adam's Roman ditto, and perhaps I shall applaud you for bestowing an hour or two upon each while you are reading the Greek and Roman orators, but

not more than an hour at that time, nor even five minutes at any other time. My god-son, believe me, that method is every thing, and till method is observed you never can wander with impunity. Charles, there is one book which hardly for one day ought to be out of your hands while you are busy with the prose writers of Greece. It is almost the only indulgence I grant to philology, but it is a necessary one, and I even impose it upon you as a duty. Whensoever you have a spare half-hour read Vigerus, with the notes of Hoogeveen, Zeunius, and Hermann. First read him through in regular series, do so a second time in some of the nooks, and consult him again and again, and read him a third time while you are in statu pupillari. Have the book almost by heart. I almost say the same of Maittaire de Dialectis, especially when you are busy with Pindar or Homer. Perhaps, Charles, after one perusal of the book, you may thus divide it. Take the Attic dialect for your Orators and Tragedians, &c., the Ionic, Doric, and their dependencies, for Homer, the Doric and Æolic for Theocritus and Pindar. Consult your good sense about this, but be sure to make yourself master of the principles, and much of the spirit in Maittaire. Pray give my very best compliments to your most worthy and respectable tutor, Mr. Vaughan.

Mr. Bartlam, who has just taken up the pen, wishes you well, and you will see him at Oxford very shortly. Pray, Charles, take care of your compositions, and especially of your Latin prose. Take my word for it that your diligence and your taste will not be unnoticed in the excellent society to which you belong. My anxiety for you is very great and very sincere—my advice to you is well-founded and well-meant, and I hope that no events will ever cloud my fair and vivid prospects of fame and prosperity to you in this world, and of happiness in the world to come. God bless you! Give my best respects and best wishes to your father, and believe me your faithful friend and affectionate god-father, S. PARR.

DEAR CHARLES, *Nov.* 29, 1804.

Mr. Bartlam brings you this Mantissa. In some of the nooks read the Epistles and Satires of Horace, with imitations by Pope

and Neville. Charles, I should wonderfully like having all Juvenal's Satires and those of Horace by heart. You will join what they call the Art of Poetry with your Aristotle's Poetics, and pray now read this useful book with Hurd's notes, and with Colman's translation and notes, and the notes of Jason de Nores. As to a text for Horace, I should prefer Cunningham compared with Bentley. But don't, for the present, enter eagerly into the disputes of Critics about Horace. This is a distant consideration, and hereafter it will be a necessary employment, but not yet. Don't disdain the aid of the common Delphin editions, and don't be too proud to read the notes, and perhaps the translation of Juvenal by Madan. I want to save time and trouble, and I most anxiously want you to commit both to your memory. You may let Persius alone, or meddle with him as your convenience, or your whim, or your judgment, may happen to prevail. But as this is a popular sort of learning you must not give it the go-by. In writing Latin make use of Nozolius, the best edition of Ker, of Ketelius's particles, of Noltenius. Mind Noltenius, Charles, and the best Ainsworth's Dictionary, and you may get Erasmus de copiâ verborum, for it will help you. Again and again I say be indefatigable in acquiring a habit to write Latin, and this must be done early, or it never will be done well. Don't torment yourself, for the present, with Gesner, or Faber, or Facciolati, unless upon some very puzzling points; but I shall work you most unmercifully in this way when I have you fast at Hatton, and take notice that I shall see your themes by a compact which I have authorized Mr. Bartlam to make with your tutor. God-son, I want to see you, and to assist in making you a learned, sensible, honourable, amiable, respectable, and deservedly prosperous man,

Farewell; I am truly your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR CHARLES, *Dec.* 12, 1811.

.....Remember this warning. If there were a royal road to a fine style, I should not have found it. No, no, Charles. To be sure, there is what in Latin one may call a Via Regia; but it has no showy royalties about it. Mind, Charles, it is with style as with virtue. To style

ὕδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν
Ἀθάνατοι· μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτὴν
Καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον· ἐπὴν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηαι
Ῥηϊδίη δ' ἤπειτα πέλει χαλεπή περ ἐοῦσα.

I know this to be true by experience. The Preface to Pearson is well written; but I never would suffer boys to translate any part of it into Latin, never, never, never, for twenty reasons.

I think Pretyman's Introduction really an useful book to novices, and I really esteem the Bishop as a very sensible man; but, as an old proverb says, Charles, ἐν ἀμούσοις καὶ κόρυδος φθέγγεται. In going to Crewe Hall, both of you ought to spend a day with me, and I wish you to fix it *immediately*. The ladies left me in June, and will not return till April. Get this settled immediately, before I am engaged with my neighbours for their Christmas feasts. I am, truly yours,

S. PARR.

DEAR CHARLES, *Hatton, Feb.* 16, 1813.

.....I rejoice at your father's escape from the toils and vexations of a teacher; and whatsoever disappointment he may have suffered from the death of the Bishop of Ely, yet I am sure that his widely extended connections, and well-directed measures, will procure some valuable addition to his preferments. He has no theological heresies nor political crimes to expiate; and, whether Whigs or Tories have the ascendancy, he will neither be inactive nor unsuccessful in finding patrons. Let him enjoy what he has, get what he can, and reflect that with less learning he would have met with less promotion, and this is more than can be said by many dignified ecclesiastics. I hate the spirit which has gone abroad among our critical contemporaries, and I trace it to the example of a man whose stupendous powers and attainments furnish an excuse for his faults, to which his imitators have no claim. Provoked I was at the treatment which your father's most meritorious and unrivalled work experienced in some quarters, and disgusted I am at the niggardly and insidious praise bestowed upon him when he is described as "rei metricæ peritissimus." In elegance of taste, in keenness of discernment, in variety and correctness of learn-

ing, your father is very superior to these sly, and envious, and self-conceited panegyrists. But justice has been done to him, in some publications, and especially in the Monthly Review, where his plan is described with perfect propriety. Your father cannot occupy too high a situation in that very useful institution, of which he is pre-eminently the promoter, and solely the founder. I cannot conceal from you my disapprobation of some puerilities which occurred at the last meeting. With all my gaiety of spirits, all my impatience of unnecessary restraints, and all my aversion to affected solemnities, I must sometimes have frowned while others laughed. I am glad that you spent your time pleasantly with that well-bred, sweet-tempered, well-informed nobleman, Lord Guilford, and I forgive you for not leaving the delightful enchantments of his society to drink humble port, and to hear common chit-chat at my obscure parsonage. Believe me, dear Charles, truly your well-wisher and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

MY MUCH ESTEEMED AND BELOVED GODSON,
CHARLES BURNEY, *Dec.* 30, 1817.

I am astounded with the suddenness of the blow. I shall be afflicted with anguish most poignant, when amazement and terror are succeeded by reflection. What a loss! What an irreparable loss, to his family and friends, to the literature of his country and Europe! Charles, you have endeared yourself yet more, by the earliness of the communication. On Saturday and on Sunday last, Dr. Sleath, of St. Paul's, and I were chaunting the praises of a learned father, and a learned son. We sympathised in your joys; we anticipated the delight of meeting you. Let us, Charles, submit to the will of our heavenly Father. Who, among the sons of men, have been doomed to suffer sharper misery than I have, from domestic losses? But remember, Charles, I have well considered the awful evidence for the existence of a Deity, for His perfect attributes, for His moral government, and the adaptation of a future life to all these most momentous truths. What can I do for you? Command me. I must have some funeral tokens of friendship, and wear them in my church, and

say to my Christian flock what it behoves them to hear. Command me.

I go on Monday to Dr. John Johnstone's, Temple-row, Birmingham, and there I meet Bartlam, who is really your well-wisher.

Charles Burney, Mrs. Burney, and your little boy, hear me. With the sincerity and seriousness, which become a man of reflection, when he has nearly completed his seventy-first year, I implore from Almighty God, his protection and guidance to you through life unto eternity.

Charles, I am your godfather and your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR CHARLES, *Oct.* 14, 1819.

The happiest portion of my life was my late tour, especially at Edinburgh. The intellectual banquets were exquisite. I saw with delight the bust of your father at Glasgow. Professor Young was unfortunately absent, but wrote to me kindly. Charles, follow my advice and thank me for it. Mr. Pillans of the High School is a most excellent man. His coadjutor has written a most useful book on the subjunctive with qui, quæ, quod. I wish it to be introduced into all the public schools in England, and I shall write to some of the masters, and thus render a great service to education.

Remember me, and kindly, to your wife, and my godchild, and I am truly your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR GODSON, *Nov.* 23, 1819.

I mean to make a present to the Glasgow library, and then I shall write to Professor Young, whom I highly esteem, and regard, and respect. Pray present my compliments and thanks to Archdeacon Thomas for his charge. I give him credit for intellectual and moral excellencies.

You had an excellent party, and I should have been happy in the society of you all. John Nichols and Thomas Payne are among my oldest, and most tried, and most approved friends. Yesterday I sent John Nichols two excellent sermons,

written by John Taylor, the editor of Demosthenes, a scholar whom it is the fashion with the Porsonians, to mention very lightly indeed; but I hold him to have been a thorough scholar, though he knew little of iambics and trochees. I know not any philologist now living, or lately dead who could put so much good sense into discourses for the pulpit. John Nichols is to reprint them, and I mean to be answerable for their re-publication, in a short preface. I received a very affectionate, and a very elegant, and a very interesting letter, from Mr. Bloomfield, and I am proud to assign him a very elevated station in the catalogue of my friends. The medallion of your father is a magnificent ornament to my library. I was very glad indeed, not merely to see, but again and again to survey the bust at Glasgow. I am happy to tell you that my business with the Canal Company is concluded; and that, after the expiration of four years and two months, my income will be considerably augmented. I am abused by some of my well-wishers for certain sacrifices of immediate interest; but I have acted according to my own sense of right, and as usual, I have paid little regard to good or evil report. I may soon give you a commission to look after some books for me. I despise, and I hate, and, to a small extent, I dread the radicals; but I hate the ministry, &c. more, and I dread them much more. Charles, I am almost bereaved of the scanty and precarious consolation which hope supplies upon public affairs; and so it is, my boy, that I have the experience and the observation of fifty years to convince me that my own political principles are just and salutary. Certainly, I have not been led by recent events to think more favourably of my ecclesiastical brethren, either as social or religious beings. My sojournment here will soon be at an end, and my last moments will not be embittered by certain reflections. Remember me to your wife, and children; to John Nichols, Mr. A. Chalmers, and to that intelligent, honourable, warm-hearted man, Tom Payne. The very mention of his name, and the remembrance of his father, delight me.

Namesake, remember the Greek verse which I some time ago sent you. Bind it as a phylactery around the forehead of your child.

All human duty may be comprised in three Greek words. Can you guess what they are? I have just repeated them to Johnny Bartlam. I am truly your well-wisher, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR AND LEARNED GODSON, *Hatton, Dec.* 23, 1824.

I have the happiness to tell you that my health improves daily, and that I hope to encounter bravely the rigours of the winter; I trust that your excellent wife and all your children are well, and that the success of your school is proportionate to your great learning and diligence. Charles, I have particular reasons for desiring that you would be upon the watch to seize a book called Blunt on the Greek Articles in the New Testament.

The book, I hear, has considerable merit, and there is appended to it a story which I am very anxious to investigate, and after such investigation I will tell you the curious particulars. Again, about sixty or seventy years ago a Mr. Peck published a 4to, some memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, and he inserted two Latin compositions which have been ascribed to Milton, and which, from internal evidence in the matter and the style, I pronounce not to have been written by Milton. They are not without considerable merit, but they are not Miltonian. Milton might upon some occasion or other eulogize Cromwell, almost in the language of adulation; this I admit, but Milton could not write in a tone of thinking and expression so very inferior to what we find in Latin confessedly genuine. Inquire about Peck's book. I read it in the summer, and wish to have it. Charles, remember that the 26th of January is my birth-day, and do your duty as a good godson; remember me very kindly to Mrs. Burney, and believe me truly your friend, S. PARR.

This letter was written not twenty-two days before the writer was laid on his death-bed.

Rev. Dr. George Butler, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Harrow, March* 17, 1811.

Our anniversary dinner went off remarkably well; Lord Moira was in the chair; and I had the honour to sit between him and Sheridan. Amongst other healths yours was drunk with great and distinguished applause, after a prefatory speech by Sheridan, in honour of your virtues.

I have lately had more discussions than I could have wished with some of my turbulent neighbours. Vexed at the failure of their attack in Chancery, the *leaders of the faction* (to use a parliamentary phrase) have thought to annoy the school by convening a meeting of their self-appointed Committee, and recommending to the poor to send their children to the school. Accordingly, at the opening of the school this time, a list was presented to me containing about thirty names, and specifying a day on which the whole party would present themselves in the school. You will easily conceive the sort of bustle, which such a procession might have excited. I accordingly determined to divide them into small parties for admission, and therefore sent a written reply to the person, who was the principal leader in the business, stating my determination to examine the children in successive parties of about six per diem, till the number should be completed. This did not suit the wishes of the leader; and, accordingly, on the day by him appointed, he and another man came up with the whole squadron of boys to attend the school. I refused to admit them without previous examination, and authority as well from the Governors' order book, as from the statutes of our founder; as follows.

John Lyon, you know, established us as a *Grammar* School, not as a school for teaching children to *spell and read*; for this humble department of study he has made no provision; indeed his object was of a high description, as the books of study mentioned by him, *beginning with Latin grammar*, abundantly shew.

As early as October 5, 1660, the Governors established, I. Six School Dames, *who should be paid for teaching the children to read*, so as to fit *them for the free school*. The substance of this order is repeated in an order of 7th October, 1672, and

from that time the School Dames have been a regular part of the establishment, excepting when the funds have been too poor to pay them their stipend.

II. "Item, the Governors of the said Free Grammar School, or the more part of them for the time being, shall have authority, with the *advice* of the Schoolmaster for the time being, to admit children into the said Free Grammar School." Orders, Statutes, &c. Order 33.

What the nature is of that *advice*, seems sufficiently explained in a very old Governors' Order.

III. "March 6, 1698-9. It is this day ordered, That both Schoolmaster *and Usher* shall give it under their hands, and the *two present Treasurers*, what free scholars *can read well enough to be admitted into the said School.*"

Upon these data I have grounded my plan of proceeding. I have examined the children, who have been brought to me; those who could read tolerably well (with the help of a little spelling in words of *two syllables* or more) have received from me a certificate, to *advise* the treasurers that they were qualified for admission. With this certificate they have proceeded to Lord N, the acting treasurer for the year; and he, after reading to the parents the orders of John Lyon, to which they are required to assent, gave them a certificate for *admission, subject* to my *consent and approbation* (for the word consent is found, in this application, in the Statutes). The result of all this machinery has been (risum teneas?), that four boys have been admitted, and no more. Some few of the parents, on learning from me that *Latin* and *Greek* did not mean *English* (of which they could not be persuaded till I shewed them a copy of Buhle's Aristotle, with a Latin translation under the text), withdrew their claims; and, of the rest, not above four or five could read monosyllables without much labour of spelling, and much failure of just pronunciation. Some did not know the whole alphabet *correctly*.

In conclusion, while I have gained some credit for good-humoured affability and forbearance, the above-mentioned *leader of the faction* has been strongly censured by the greater part of the parish, and even by many of his own adherents, for his factious incivility towards me, and his selfish deception of his party.

Adieu! instead of a line and a half, you have almost two

sheets; at your leisure, let me hear from you copiously, strongly, frankly, kindly, Parrishly, as usual.

Vive, valeque,—Et me, ut facis, ama.

Yours *most* sincerely, G. BUTLER.

I hope you will not disapprove of my conduct with regard to the admission and non-admission of the parish boys; it has been much admired by the *masters*; they are ready to apply the words of Demosthenes (quoted for their dactylic rythm by Longinus), τοῦτο τὸ ψήφισμα τὸν τότε τῇ πόλει περιστάντα κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν ἐποίησεν, ὥσπερ νέφος.

Pray excuse haste; if I have written ill, believe that it has been for the sake of *prolonging to you the pleasure of reading* (I flatter myself, *you* will not reject this apologetic plea).

Dr. Parr, to Dr. George Butler.

DEAR DOCTOR BUTLER, *Hatton, April* 13, 1814.

.....But I have no dealings with the "Sosii" of our own days. I am content with half-bindings and old bindings. I hunt not after black letter, nor principes editiones, nor large paper copies. I buy that I may read like a man of letters, not that I may write like a German, nor display my treasures like a collector. To be sure, though a country parson, I have taken care, with a scanty purse, that there should be no want of number, or want of variety in my books; and if you were to spend two or three days among them, you would find them adapted to the pursuits and the mind of their owner. But I assure you that such men as yourself and Dr. Charles Burney would find nothing to envy on the score of splendour or rarity. I have steadily kept in view use only, and perhaps few scholars have been more successful than myself in getting together the *most* useful books, upon subjects the most interesting to one who has employed his attention upon original writers in Greek and Latin, upon philology, upon archæology, upon theology, upon ontology, and upon ethics. Do not grudge me Polenus.

Well, upon the state of public affairs, my judgment is now satisfied, and my best feelings have met with the most exquisite

gratification. Kings, dear Sir, aye, despotic kings, and, what is more, confederate kings, have set before the world a noble example of good sense, fidelity, humanity, and magnanimity. They have made a rare and a glorious experiment upon the faithfulness, courage, and gratitude of their subjects. They have acknowledged the most sacred rights of social man, and called into action the purest and most powerful sentiments of the human heart. In a manner, and to a degree quite unexampled in the history of the world, they have been honest though statesmen, patriotic though sovereigns, and generous though conquerors. They have permitted, nay, encouraged France to exercise the inalienable right of choosing a king, and, according to present appearances, the choice was very wise. It will put an end to the odious rigours of conscription; it will give an orderly and a mild government to France itself; it will soften the asperity of rival nations; it will humble the saucy vanity, and check the restless ambition, which have long characterised the French people. It will restore peace to an afflicted world, and with peace it will diffuse those rational and salutary principles of independence which alone inspire governors, or the governed, with just notions of their duty and their happiness, and which are adapted directly and visibly to the civilized and enlightened state of society. Never was so instructive and awful a lesson read to headstrong ambition, and never was there a series of events so replete with matter for serious reflection upon those moral laws, which the moral governor of the Universe has prescribed for the improvement and the welfare of moral agents:

Quod optanti Divôm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

My friend, you do me justice when you say that I must hate the tyranny of Napoleon. I wished, before his dethronement, that France might be restrained within her ancient limits. I think that his obstinacy and his infatuation made his dethronement quite necessary; and, without professing any partiality for the Bourbon race, I politically and morally pronounce a sentence of unqualified approbation upon the manner and the spirit in which his dethronement was accomplished by the

allies, and by the French nation. Do not, however, suppose that I sympathise with the coarse, vindictive, and savage mob of England, and in that mob I see legions of shallow praters, shameless hirelings, selfish contractors, bigoted priests, profligate nobles, and a leader, ὃν τρέμομεν λέγειν. My friend, before the wicked and disastrous expedition to Moscow, Napoleon might have thus addressed a contemporary potentate by many parasangs inferior to him in genius and heroism, and in many respects superior to him in the virtues of private life.

Ebrietas tibi fida comes, tibi luxus, et atris
Circa te semper volitans infamia pennis:
Mecum honor, et laudes, et læto gloria vultus,
Et decus, et niveis victoria concolor alis.

To be sure, the speaker is now become pueris declamatio, and there may be persons who, like myself, admitting the language of comparison just now set before you, would turn round upon Napoleon, and with equal justice would exclaim,

Tristia corda ducis, simul immedicabilis ira,
Et fructus regni feritas; erat asper amore
Sanguinis, et metui demens credebat honorem.

But nations, as well as individuals, must remember Manticæ quod in tergo est, and while sincerely and loudly I should raise my voice with good patriots and good men in condemning the crimes of Napoleon, I should whisper in the ears of courtiers and chaplains that a learned and eloquent father of the Christian Church has well described a certain class of men, whom the reflecting Christian must view with disgust and scorn, and among whom it would not be difficult for an impartial observer to find a place for one whose ears are not unlikely to be stunned with the music of flattery.

Συμβόλεται, γαστρῶνες, ἐρύγοβιοι, πλατύνωτοι.

Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ ταῦτα as to my political creed. At least I shall only add that I love Louis the XVIII., that I love and admire the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, and the Prince, and that upon Blucher and Schwartszenburgh I should gladly write a panegyric with

the whole force of my understanding, the entire conviction of my judgment, and the liveliest sensibility of my heart.

My friend, you remember that among the three fooleries which Cato avoided, he took care not to be for one day ἀδιάθετος, and you and I do right in following his example. The havoc made by death in my family, and the wounds lately inflicted upon my mind by savage insolence and ingratitude, have compelled me often to alter my will.

To my old age it is a real and great solace, that four of our public schools are adorned by the four worthies, whom I should welcome under my humble roof. In Keate, Gabell, and the two Butlers I see not plagosos litteratores et loquaculos grammatistas, but teachers and governors of the rising generation litteris Græcis et Latinis liberaliter institutos, et multo jam imbutos usu, quorum ad laudem et virtutem æque valuerint doctrina et natura. I shall scold your Shrewsbury namesake for having mislaid a paper I sent him upon a word which puzzled me more than any single term in the Latin language: it was *ille*. I took my best aim and rem acu tetigi. Well, remember me to Harry Drury and his lady, and to both the Mr. Evanses, and to Mr. Roberts; and when you see Dr. Keate present my very best respects and best wishes to him. When you and he relax a little from giving cups out of the Castalian spring to your boys, come and bathe and cleanse your intestines at Leamington, and both of you will own

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis.

Don't you remember the false quantity of which Dr. Harington was guilty, when he furnished a motto for the Pump-room at Bath? Our Leamington Pump-room is far superior in convenience, magnitude, and elegance. I am, dear Sir, very truly your friend, and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR DR. BUTLER,

Let me congratulate you on your approaching preferment to a college living, and happy indeed shall I be to resume the language of congratulation, when your solid merit is recompensed by some eccclesiastical station, in which great dignity

accompanies great profit. I will not, myself, abandon hope, and I entreat you to cherish it; but with those reserves which reflection supplies for the mitigation of possible disappointment. In calamities which strike with their full force upon ourselves alone, I think that the poet was a philosopher when he said:

"sors autem ubi pessima rerum
Sub pedibus timor est, securaque summa malorum."

And we remember another occasion in which it was properly said, by another expectant of evil:

"Morsque minus pœnæ quam mora mortis habet."

Yet, dear Sir, it is difficult to lay down general rules upon the fluctuating operations of hope and fear. When the evil threatens those who are dear to us, I should be very cautious in applying the two maxims which I just now mentioned, and in the application of which, to our own cases, there is room for that conscious magnanimity which blunts the points of sorrow. You seem alarmed a little with yourself for not sympathizing sufficiently with the grief of your friends; but pray remember that the best moral properties, even of our benevolent affections, requires some balance, as Hutcheson calls it, that, by the wise constitution of our nature, there should be no waste of feeling in situations where energy would be wasted, and that even where the pangs of compassion are most sharp, the pain of the observer falls very short of the pain of the sufferer. You smart more for your own brother than for the relations of your friends, and this is very right. For those acquaintances which are more nearly related, grieve in these points more intensely than you. You can console them, and they can relieve their friends; and thus, dear Sir, we may learn to throw away refinement and sentimentality, and to follow nature in the lessons she gives us, "veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ."

I am going to London next week; and as I stay only eight or nine days, I cannot go down to Harrow. But I shall gaze upon the hill, and I shall think of you and your colleagues, and

your boys. I give you all my affectionate blessing, and, dear and learned Sir, with great respect, I am your friend,

S. PARR.

DEAR DR. BUTLER, *Hatton, Oct.* 21, 1811.

* * * * Tell Harry Drury that the men of King's are lucky in the choice of a Provost, whose manners and temper were not spoiled by the pedantries, and pomposities, and fooleries, which accompany the long exercise of petty Archididaschalian authority. While I theoretically and justly oppose the pride of station, and the pride of learning, I do not, Dr. Butler, in the act of warning others, fall into the weakness and the guilt of thinking more highly of myself than I ought to think, and, remembering my own infirmities, I have more than once, when asked how I should feel and how I should act, if I were myself a bishop, replied, warily and humbly, as it became such an imperfect creature as myself:

Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futuros?
Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris?

Very true; but reflection, dear Sir, upon what is passing in the conduct of others will supply many useful preservatives for our own. Have you looked into Hurd's edition of Addison? I examined it lately at Cambridge, and it is trifling enough. Envy me and hate me, but congratulate me upon my having two Latin compositions of Addison unknown to his Right Rev. Editor. I should have given them to Hurd if I had known of his intention while he was living. I am enraptured with the second volume of Gray's Works, and I think that no man living could have discharged the duties of an editor with more ability than Mathias has shewn. Good sense, rarely the ally of genius and eruidition, is the noble characteristic of Gray's mind, and this is the more wonderful, because his literary associates, one and all, were fond of refinement. His charming translations of some Greek Epigrams have led me to look again at those of Grotius, and I am confirmed in my opinion that the merit of Grotius in this species of composition is unrivalled, but I assign the next place to Gray, who leaves Samuel Johnson far behind. I once, when a young man, dabbled in this sort of writing, and

was not much below mediocrity, but all my papers were lost at Emanuel. Lately I gave my College Library a magnificent manuscript of Chrysostom, in four volumes folio; it was five weeks on the road, and you may guess my tormenting anxiety till I heard of its arrival. Oh! I forgot to tell you that I yesterday refreshed myself with the charming, charming, charming Prolegomena of Grotius to his Translations, and forty years have elapsed since my reading it. Pray have you seen my friend Mr. Huntingford's edition of Pindar for the use of Schools? It contains some notes from Heyne and Benedict, and I have enriched it with a Dissertation upon one of the Pyths, by Barford: it is exegetic rather than what we call critical, and so much the better, and somehow or other the same thing is said by Heyne, of whom I say as Cicero did of Plato, "Nostri ille Deus;" but then I am a Polytheist in this way, and they who, with many of my contemporaries, are the "Dii majorum gentium" stand in my creed as the "Plebs superûm." Lately I met with a satisfactory illustration of a passage in Horace, which has puzzled all editors of all sorts; but I won't tell it you, because you did not meet me at Mr. Rye's.

I am, dear Sir, very truly and respectfully yours,

S. PARR.

DEAR DR. BUTLER, *March* 21, 1816.

I reckon with entire confidence on your granting more attention to my request than you usually pay to the vague and perhaps unreasonable recommendations with which you are beset and sometimes annoyed. I have heard within this day or two that Vere Monro is placed under your auspicious care at Harrow. Now, I beseech you to believe me when I say, that the welfare of the lad is to me most interesting. His second cousin, Dr. Monro, was sent with me to Stanmore when I was disappointed at Harrow, and every hand stretched out to serve me commanded my gratitude. His father, Thomas, was educated by me at Norwich, and some events occurred in which mercy triumphed over formal justice, and the result even exceeded my expectations. Thomas was a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. We love those to whom we render those services

which ought to make them love ourselves; and when Thomas was at College, I had opportunities of carrying on that system of kindness that began when he was at school. He had no mean talent for Greek and Latin verse—he had some humour. His taste was very correct. He married an excellent woman; and if you knew, as I did, his tender and affectionate feelings, his exemplary diligence and seriousness as a parish priest, his abilities and activity in performing the duties of a teacher, and his domestic virtues, you would not wonder at my attachment to such a pupil and such a friend. He is no more; but to my sensibility he lives in his children; and I intreat you, dear Sir, to do for the boy all that can be done.....

I have often said, that in vivacity and elegance you excel all my male correspondents, and I use the restrictive term because I very often hear from a female whose letters are adorned with the exquisite beauties that wit, taste, and genius, can throw around composition. Well, my friend, there is a gaiety and a vigour, too, in the letters of Harry Drury which make his letters very delightful indeed.....

Farewell, remember me to Harry Drury and his wife, and to my sweetheart Martha Evans and her spouse. I am, very truly, your well-wisher and respectful humble servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *July* 15.

.....I could fill a sheet with that which passes in my mind about the election of a Divinity Professor at Cambridge. Kaye is an unforeseen and respectable candidate—he is a formidable rival—he is really a man of science, a good classical scholar; a good-natured and a well-bred man, and admirably formed to adorn his academical situation; but he is not such a veteran as Maltby, nor have his talents or his attainments been brought so frequently and so severely to the test. Ned in a manner quite unexampled got the University Scholarship; he took a Wrangler's degree, he got a classical medal; he has again and again preached before the University, upon public occasions, when the Cantabs wanted either courage or ability;

he has published some of the sermons so preached—he has sent forth a volume of Theology which does credit to him as a scholar and as a Christian. He has defended the Church by his pamphlet on the Bible Society; he is the editor of Morell's Thesaurus. Look, then, at the variety and the number, and the intrinsic value of these things, and find me, if you can, a single Cantab whose pretensions are equal to Ned's. At all events, I hope that we shall escape from the Calvinists, and if Ned be foiled I shall be consoled with the reflection, that such a man as Kaye is successful. Let me conjure you to take care of your health, health, health. God bless you.

I am truly your friend and respectful humble servant,

S. PARR.

Dr. E. D. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, and afterwards Cambridge Professor of Mineralogy, and with whom we have so accurate an acquaintance through the admirable memoir of his life by Mr. Otter, was Dr. Parr's correspondent on various topics; but especially certain Greek inscriptions. One letter drew from Dr. Parr an eulogium on Mr. Mathias, which I am happy to have it in my power to publish.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, Jan.* 22, 1814.

Tell me, I beseech you, where our very learned and truly ingenious and nobly minded friend Mr. Mathias is now to be found; tell me how he is in health and spirits; tell me what he is doing in the pursuit of knowledge, or for the communication of it. Whatsoever concerns such a scholar and such a man cannot fail to interest me unfeignedly and intensely. I must first tell you a story, and then I shall ground upon it a request, or I had almost said, a command. Mathias wrote to me from Italy a letter, which I have read two or three times with a pro-

gressive increase of attention and delight. His erudition, his taste, his keen observation, his boundless but well-directed curiosity, and above all his moral sensibility pervaded every part. Now Dr. Clarke, a man of Pembroke College, Oxford, who writes for me, and a man of Merton College, who has the largest share of my confidence, shall by their signatures attest, that in their opinion I set the highest value upon the letters of Mathias, that they have the testimony of their eyesight for asserting that I have collected many of those letters, that I have written his name upon them, and that I endeavour to preserve them with the utmost possible care.

James Shackleton, Pemb. Coll. Oxford.
John Bartlam, late Fellow of Merton College.

Well, in something which I am dictating, and which may go to press, it was my wish to read again the letter from Italy and to consider what use I could make of two little compositions in Latin verse that were enclosed in it. Drawers and boxes were rummaged in the library below, in the store-room, in closets, in bed-chambers, and in every dark corner where it was likely, or even possible for me to find the precious communication, hours and hours and hours were employed. A huge mass of letters with the title of Mathias upon the outside was drawn out from a secret recess and most accurately examined; still the letter came not. This morning the search was renewed by the Man of Merton, after a long and solicitous examination of other letters in the same box. The very last of them was the letter of Mathias; we exclaimed *ἐυρήκαμεν*. This evening we assembled to read it, and to be sure it was very charming in the style and in the narrative, and in the observations. There was a beautiful copy of Latin verses written by our friend upon a most accomplished and venerable Italian author, whom he seems to love from his very soul. So far all was well, and now comes the alloy to human happiness. Mathias had sent me two hymns, which are sung in the Church of Rome, and which captivated me by their simplicity and their piety. Alas! they were not with the letter. He sent me also a most impressive account of the feelings which struck him while he attended the Roman Catholic service,—feelings of which I most highly ap-

prove—feelings in which I most warmly sympathise—feelings which do credit to him as a man of genius and as a Christian. Alas! alas! this part of the communication was not found. It was that very communication, and it was those two very hymns for which I had urgent occasion in that which, for the present, occupies all my intention. Dr. Clarke, I must with my own hands have separated them from the letter. I must have made that separation from a view to the future and the exquisite gratification of my own mind. I must have put the precious, and I was almost upon the point of saying the sacred, materials so separated into some private place. I may not find the place before I die. You must give me all the assistance in your power. You cannot send me the fervent and pious effusions of his soul while he heard the music of the sanctuary. But this I can supply well enough from memory and from sympathy. True, but he may have sent, and I believe he has sent you printed copies of the Latin Hymns, and if he has sent them, I earnestly, most earnestly beseech you to lose no time in sending me a faithful transcript of both. You may not choose to part with your printed copies, but you must desire some young academic to make a transcript, and you may tell him that his labour is employed for Dr. Parr, who will be thankful to him. Moreover, you will get the transcript done upon a very large sheet of paper, so that both the hymns may be upon that one sheet, and you will also favour me with some history of them, such as Mathias was likely to send to Dr. Clarke, and such as Dr. Clarke would particularly relish. Pray disappoint me not; pray provoke me not. Give my very best compliments and best wishes to your excellent lady and to the academical luminaries and worthies, whom I had the honour of meeting under your hospitable roof. I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your well-wisher and obedient humble servant, SAMUEL PARR.

DEAR DR. CLARKE, *Hatton, Oct.* 14, 1814.

I really do not know whether I am at this moment a two-legged inhabitant of earth, or wafted half way toward heaven; but so it is, that I never felt more exquisite joy than just now, and I call upon you to be a partaker with me in that joy.

In consequence of what you wrote to Mr. Mathias, he has sent to me one of the most courteous, sagacious, and eloquent letters that I ever had. It was sent to Caius after I had left Cambridge. It then came to Hatton, and to-day having an amanuensis, I read through the whole of it with rapture, and I answered it in such terms as gratitude, approbation, and ecstatic delight suggested to my mind. Mr. Mathias, as the editor of Mr. Gray, has instructed me, and charmed me, and in addition to the obligation which he has conferred upon me in common with every man of taste and every man of learning in the civilized world, he has done me an honour, which I prize quite as highly as any favour that ever was bestowed upon me by any scholar or any friend. Yes, Dr. Clarke, Mr. Mathias, in a spirit the most dignified, and in terms the most gracious, has been pleased to offer me a copy of his late publication, and my heart glows when I direct my amanuensis to tell you the interesting tale. You, dear Sir, have a right to hear it; for to your most obliging communication of what I had said to you most sincerely about the transcendental merits of Mr. Gray, I am primarily indebted for this mark of attention from an editor most worthy even of such a poet, such a scholar, such an antiquary, such a master of all the graces which adorn the prose as well as the verse of the English language, as the peerless and the immortal Thomas Gray. To you, then, I offer the tribute of my thanks, and gladly indeed should I hail the day upon which you and Mr. Mathias were to honour me with your presence and animate me with your conversation at my parsonage. Give my best compliments to Mrs. Clarke, to Mr. Davis, to Mr. Wodehouse, and to Mr. Blomfield, and to Mr. Rolfe; believe me, dear Sir, with great respect, your well-wisher and obedient humble servant. SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Clarke, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Cambridge, Oct.* 20, 1814.

It gives me the most sincere satisfaction to find that you are pleased to accept of my friend Mathias's edition of Gray's works from his own hands. I know that he intended, by the offer of it, the most sincere testimony of respect and gratitude.

I had, indeed, mentioned something to him of your sentiments; regretting, at the same time, my inability to express your valuable opinion of the work in that eloquence which is so peculiarly your own. I never was in your company that I did not lose it with regret; but I feel this the more when I am unable to retain the whole of what you have said. I have forgotten the name of the author whom you considered as the best writer of English prose. Pray tell me who it was that, in this respect, stood so high in your estimation?

Palairet will never forget the evening he passed with you. I wish you had seen more of him, for he is an excellent Greek scholar; and his coming while you were here, he considers as a most fortunate event. He has written to me, from Reading, concerning an inscription which I found in Athens,

ΦΑΝΕΙΑCΤΗCΒΙΚΤΩΡΕΙ
ΝΟΥΙΕΡΟΦΑΝΤΗC.

and which I have thus translated, vol. 3.

Phanéas, Hierophant, *Son* of Victorinus.

Browne agrees with me in this; and so, as I believe, does Walpole. But Palairet insists upon it that φανειας is genitive; consequently, τῆς, *daughter;* and that the stone is inscribed to *her* memory, by the Hierophant, elliptically. I shall be much obliged to you for your authority as to the proper mode of reading this inscription.

All here desire to be remembered to you, and I have the honour to remain, with great truth, your obliged and faithful servant,

E. D. CLARKE.

Cambridge, July 9, 1815.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, 11 *p.* m.

I will freely confess to you that I waited for the arrival of Dr. Maltby in Cambridge before I could make out your valuable letter, which has puzzled me more than the inscription upon the Athenian tripod chalice. However, as soon as he took it in hand, all its eloquence came rolling out like the tunes that were frozen in Baron Munchausen's horn; which

thawed upon coming to the fire. I need not tell you how much Dr. Maltby and I enjoyed such a letter.

As to the war, what think you now of 70,000 persons, killed or wounded in deciding, simply, whether Buonaparte, or the old fat king, shall sit upon the throne of France? It is impossible not to participate the triumphs of our country; but half England is in mourning; and the words which Addison applied to Rome are forcibly applicable, at this moment, to the aiders and abettors of all this bloodshed.

> "Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
> "With widows and with orphans; Scythia mourns
> "Her deep distress, and earth's remotest regions
> "Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.

One might also believe Addison had caught a foresight of the distractions which have covered the fields of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with human blood—the plains of Russia, the sands of Egypt and Syria, the wilds of America, the gardens of Europe. There is such an inscription, for their public monuments in Thucydides, that, to use an expression of your own, "*if they were to go barefooted to Parnassus,*" in search of something suitable upon such an occasion they would not find another like it. I need not tell you in whose Oration it is contained, nor in consequence of what event it was delivered; but when you consider that it was expressly applied as a consolatory balm to the wounded feelings of those families who had lost their relations and friends, can anything equal this most sublime passage:

Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

Many thanks to you for the passage you sent to me from Lucian, and for its application. I had been dipping there, once, for the true meaning of the word χαῖρε; which I believe was used by the Greeks as a salutation wishing "good luck." Am I right in this? With regard to your remark upon the word ΚΥΜΘΑΟΧΗ, it is not to be wondered at that Bloomfield Senior, in a letter to me, should make the same observation. But I have shown the original to Dr. Maltby, who agrees with me that there neither is, nor ever was, a Δ in that part of the

legend; consequently, we must read KYMO for *Cymo*, who was sister of *Psammathe*, and OXH, pro ὄχεα, ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΟΣ, the chariot and horses, and all the apparatus of the travelling-carriage of Apollo, being delineated upon the Chalice beneath those words.

Mrs. Clarke joins with me, dear Dr. Parr, in the most sincere wishes for your health and happiness. Poor Mrs. Williams was in her grave before I could deliver your kind message to her. We all attended her funeral. Dr. Maltby read the service.

Ever faithfully yours, E. D. CLARKE.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Cambridge, Jan.* 29, 1819.

The Roman Catholics will make a miracle of the disappearance of the Hymns printed by Mathias. The Dean of Norwich has lost *his* copy, the Bishop of Bristol *his* copy, Dr. Parr *his* copy, and your humble servant *his* copy. One only Johnian can be found who has been, and still continues, close-fisted as to *his* copy, and, therefore, retains it; namely, Dr. Wood. I went, very humbly, to him, beseeching him for the loan of the said copy; and when I added that it was for Dr. Parr, I thought he would have granted it. His first and second note will make known the nature of his answers. With the second note he sends me a transcript of two of the hymns. And further this deponent sayeth not.

With great respect, and unfeigned regard,

Your much obliged

E. D. CLARKE.

With Dr. Cory, the present learned Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, there is a frequent correspondence, consisting of acknowledgments of donations, which Parr gave to the college, to which he originally belonged. On the destruction of part of the college by fire he munificently gave them £100.

Rev. Dr. Cory to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Emm. Coll. Camb. April 5*, 1811.

We think ourselves highly honoured by your obliging offer of the original portrait of yourself, in exchange for the copy, and are very much gratified by this instance of your attachment to the old House.

All the Fellows, who are in college, unite with me in best thanks for your obliging invitation to Hatton, and in hoping to have the honour of your company at Emmanuel whenever you may be inclined to revisit Cambridge.

Your portrait arrived safe at Emmanuel yesterday. It is, indeed, a most excellent painting, and so far superior to the copy, that I only fear you will regret the exchange.

Give me leave to repeat, that we feel highly gratified and honoured by this recent mark of your attachment to the college, and that I remain with the greatest respect, dear Sir, yours very faithfully, R. T. CORY.

DEAR SIR, *Emm. Coll. Camb. April 20*, 1812.

I have received your letter of the 18th instant, enclosing a draft upon Messrs. Ladbroke and Co. for £100, which you have been so kind as to contribute towards the restoration of our building. I have the pleasure to inform you that several of the rooms are already finished, and that some of them are now inhabited again.

The extremely handsome manner in which you came forward, at so early a period, to offer us your assistance, will al-

ways be remembered with gratitude by the society, and by no one more than by your much obliged, and most faithful servant,

R. T. CORY.

Mrs. Cory desires me to send her compliments; and all the Fellows, who are in college, unite with me in best regards and sincere thanks.

DEAR SIR, *Emm. Coll. Camb. April* 10, 1814.

I beg leave to return you my best thanks, together with those of the Fellows, for your obliging offer of your very valuable manuscript of St. Chrsyostom, which we shall be proud to place amongst the other manuscripts in our library.

Be assured that we feel truly sensible of your kind attachment to the college, which you have shewn in so instances, and that I remain, with our best regards, and every good wish, dear Sir, yours most sincerely, R. T. CORY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Emm. Coll. Camb. Aug.* 15, 1821.

I have just received by the hands of Dr. Thackeray your recent valuable present to the college of the princeps editio of Aristophanes, to which the society will be proud to give a safe and honourable place in their library.

I shall be most happy to attend to your wishes respecting the statement to be pasted upon the inside cover of the book, whenever you may send it; and in the mean time, I beg you will be assured that I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged, and most faithful humble servant, R. T. CORY.

With Dr. Craven, Master of St. John's, Cambridge, he was on the most friendly terms. He duly estimated the truth and simplicity of his character, combined, as they were, with profound learning and piety.

Rev. Dr. Craven, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *St. John's, Camb. Oct.* 4, 1808.

The electors give their votes upon oath, and I consider them bound to go by the rules of the foundation. These suppose the professor to be a resident member of the university, and require him, on his oath, to read lectures. I have had a letter, recommending one, as I think, known to you, of my own college too, and of great merit, Mr. Butler of Shrewsbury; to which I have given the like answer with the above. I am aware the rules are often neglected; or admit, it may be said, of an exception in the case of a candidate of singular merit. This does not satisfy me. Were I disposed to dispense with the rules, it would be in favour of a Dr. P. rather than a Dr. B. I leave it to you to make out my meaning. I begin to grow old and to have somewhat antiquated notions. But you must bear with me; and I beg of you, in the words I have learned from my grammar seventy year ago, "ut æqui boni consulas." I am, my dear Sir, your sincere and respectful friend,

W. CRAVEN.

DEAR SIR, *St. John's, Camb. Dec.* 10, 1809.

I have received a variety of letters on the occasion; and I will send you the answer I have returned: it is to this purpose; when the election comes on, the electors, as I understand, are upon oath. This being the case, it is fit they give their vote, to the best of their judgment, unbiassed by interest, friendship, or politics; and it may also seem fit, they should be left to themselves to do what is right in their own eyes. In offering this answer to you, I distinguish between your letter and those of others. Theirs, some of them, contain professions of great respect, &c. which I hold to be somewhat suspicious. I must say, in justice to myself, as to you, I am far from considering yours in the same light. You deal, indeed, rather in too high encomiums of me; but this I can impute to a warmth of temper, which imposes on you, I believe, unknown to yourself, certainly not to any design or contrivance of imposing on me. I have sufficient proof of the sincerity of your favourable opi-

nion of me. I am sensible it has not been taken up occasionally and of late; I have long enjoyed it; I well know it has attended on me, as a good genius, these forty years, and more, and I think myself much honoured by it.

I am, my dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged friend and servant, W. CRAVEN.

Mr. Crowe, Public Orator of the University of Oxford, is spoken of by Parr, in the following terms:

On the centenary of the Revolution, William Crowe, formerly Fellow of New College, and now Public Orator of the University, a scholar, a poet, a man of genius, and a Whig, "Orationem, ex Instituto Hon. Dom. Nathanielis Dom. Crew habuit in theatro Oxon. A. D. 1788." He was compelled to publish it, and added this short preface.

"Oratiunculam hanc meam, cùm nescius sim quas ob causas reprehendi debuerit, intelligo tamen a quibusdam acerbiùs quàm par fuit reprehensam esse. Quocirca eam in vulgus edendam esse statuo, et quidem eo potissimum consilio, ut isti κριτικώτατοι homines et πολιτικώτατοι habeant quod legendo distinctiùs percipiaut; habeant etiam (si quid ejusmodi velint) quod fortiùs insectentur et apertiùs; habeant denique a me, defensionis et responsi loco, ipsam orationem suis oculis subjectam. Tu vero, B. L. propositum hoc meum recti bonique consulas; meque subarroganter vel temerè fecisse ne putes, cùm opusculum minùs perfectum pœne invitus vulgaverim. Profectò a sermonibus paulo iniquius audientium, ad lectores qui sine odio et iracundiâ judicabunt, neque periculosa neque inhonesta est provocatio."

Some of the following letters to Dr. Parr, will prove that the Orator did not disdain the assistance of the great master, and I know that he is too high-minded not to avoid it.

DEAR SIR, *Friday night.*

I am very sorry that for the present I cannot accept your kind invitation. It is absolutely necessary for me to go to the

Bishop of St. A. to be collated to a living which is near lapsing. In my return from Shropshire in February, I hope for the pleasure of waiting on you at Hatton. Caldecott desires me to make his compliments. He received a good account from our friend Dewes, about ten days ago, from Puys on the frontiers of Spain. We had much ado to decypher the blessing in your note, however we received it thankfully; and we pray that you may hereafter be entitled to bestow it episcopally; though we should not value the bishop's blessing a whit more than the doctor's friendship. This Caldecott joins with me in saying, and moreover he is persuaded, that this impulse of pronouncing the benediction is a good omen, and prophetical of the event which the Doctor's friends all earnestly wish for, and none more than his humble servant, WILLIAM CROWE.

I intended to have sent you a proof of my little poem, but have not yet got it through the press.

Harrowgate, near Knaresborough, May 11, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Dean of St. Asaph having desired me to wait upon you for the purpose of a little conversation concerning his son (a business upon which I understand he has already corresponded with you), I propose, with your good leave, to be at Hatton on Tuesday in the Whitsun week. And I will just mention the plan of my journey to you, and my engagements. I am now at Harrowgate, through which place coaches pass every day to Sheffield, and others thence to Birmingham; and on Tuesday morning, by the Oxford coach, as far as Henley, or at least to that point of the road which is nearest to Hatton; so that I hope to be with you by Tuesday noon. On Saturday, the 29th, I am to preach the University Sermon; and of this I will take the liberty to give you the outline, in hope that you may have the goodness to turn the thing in your thoughts, and to give me such hints as, I am sure, will very much assist me, though I mean not to ask so much as would give you the trouble of long study or reflection.

I mean to state, as a fact, that has not, as I know of, been particularly noticed, that the Clergy of the Church of England

have, in their writings, taught the duties of religion and morality upon better grounds, and enforced them by stronger arguments, than the Ministers of any other Christian Church; and that this merit was almost exclusively their own, instancing here the defects of the Romish Clergy, &c.; that some characters, very great in their way, arose from the time of the Restoration, the epocha I am to celebrate; then I draw the characters of Bishop Wilkins, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson. Query, are there any others, or should either of them be omitted? That in the last of these, moral preaching seemed to reach a sort of perfection, or at least a standard which was the general object of imitation. That from that period it was widely diffused among our Clergy; and then the Dissenters adopted it. Forster their first moral preacher.

That still one great duty remained unexplained or misinterpreted; the duty we owe to our country. Hoadly's merits, and character. But what do you say to the introduction of this part?

Conclude that by this service our Clergy have earned, and deserve the support and protection that has been shewn them in the Establishment.

But to fill up this sketch is the labour. I have here little leisure, and am entirely destitute of books. The characters should be drawn with some care and knowledge; and I want to refresh my memory by looking a little into their works. For this reason I mean, if possible, to be in Oxford on Wednesday, the day after I see you, that I may have two whole days before I mount the pulpit; but you, my dear Doctor, can help me very essentially, and shorten my labour, by pointing out some of the most material places to look at, and the principal topics to touch upon.

If Mr. Dewes is in the country I would beg of you to mention it when you favour me with a line in answer to this.

I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful friend and servant,

W. CROWE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *New Coll. June* 11, 1791.

First I am to thank you for the note I carried to Dr. J., to which I am indebted for a very hospitable and friendly recep-

tion from him. In the next place you are to be informed that I have waited on the President of Magdalen, and that he claims you for his guest at the approaching solemnity. When you come, we shall treat you with some very neat Latin verses, some stout English rhymes, and with some prose, of which I will say no more (not having yet fully examined it) than that it will not disgrace the University.

I should have sent this by Jack Bartlam, whom I saw yesterday, but he was uncertain, and I was idle; so I send it by the post. I have written to Dr. Johnstone, who has flattered me with the hope of seeing him here, at least one day in that week. Let me desire you to improve my invitation by your commands; for I am persuaded you can command, in all reasonable things, every one who loves you as much as Dr. J. and your faithful servant,

WILLIAM CROWE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Sept.* 9, 1802.

Mr. Shepherd transmitted to me the corrections which you were so obliging as to hint for the Epitaph of Sir W. J., and I should have thanked you for them sooner if I had been stationary in any place where I might expect to receive a line from you in answer to what I am now about to request.

As the Epitaph will be put into the engraver's hands in good time, if Flaxman receives it by the end of this month, I much wish to avail myself of your kindness, and shall therefore esteem it an additional favour of importance to me, if you will again peruse the Epitaph and give me any other hints for improvement. Those which you mentioned to Mr. Shepherd I have adopted, and plainly see the good reasons which I believe induced you to suggest them. I have transcribed the lines as I think they now stand, with the emendations; and begging you will have the goodness to comply with the request I here make, I shall wait the favour of your answer to me at Sir Charles Turner's, Bart., Kirkleatham, Gisborough, Yorkshire.

I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

WILLIAM CROWE.

Professor Dalzel, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Edinburgh, Oct.* 11, 1802.

In replying to your very polite letter of the 1st of this month, give me leave, in the first place, to congratulate you on the preferment you have lately obtained in a manner so honourable to yourself and to the worthy donor. It is a shame to English patronage that literary merit of such acknowledged magnitude should not have long ago enjoyed preferment much more than adequate to the supply of every comfort necessary to the free and undisturbed cultivation of letters. All is not well, I am afraid, with England, when principles hostile to the true and essential nature of the Constitution are almost exclusively rewarded, while such as favour the real interests of the community meet with discouragement, neglect, and reprobation. It was not always so; we hope it will not long be so; and that the mitre shall yet adorn the learned patriot's brow. In the mean time, my dear Sir, it must give the greatest pleasure to every liberal mind to see you put into a state of complete independence; and it must be allowed that, in bringing about this, Sir Francis Burdett has, in no small degree, vindicated the honour of his country. I have not seen Lord Lauderdale since I had the honour of your letter, but I am sure he will sincerely rejoice at this promotion.

Since I used the freedom to write to you, I too have been rambling. I have been as far south as Ripon. On my return I went to Richmond, and saw Mr. Tate of that place, with whom I had corresponded, but never before met with. I was very much pleased with his conversation. He is a young man of very great merit, cultivates Greek literature with great ardour, and deserves every encouragement. I hope that the way in which he comes forward in the poetical volume, of which I had the honour to send you a copy, will be greatly to his credit. Both he and I have a due admiration of your friend Mr. Person, whom I hope I have every where mentioned with proper respect, especially in my Preface; though, in one place, I have ventured to disapprove of his severity to Hermannus, in which I think you will concur with me (see his Medea, p.

54. and p. 101. advers. 675). I regret that I was not four days sooner at Richmond, as it would have given me the pleasure of meeting with Dr. Raine, the respectable Master of the Charter House. During the ten days I was in England the weather was extremely fine, and I saw the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and a considerable portion of Yorkshire, in the utmost beauty. On my return I spent a few days longer at Dunbar with Lord Lauderdale, and on arriving here had the pleasure of finding your letter, which I could not but peruse with particular interest, especially on finding it to abound with the kindest and most liberal expressions.

A few days ago I ought to have received another letter from you, as I understood by the enclosed, franked by the hand of Sir Francis Burdett. On opening it I rejoiced to see the signature of Dr. Parr; but judge how much I was disappointed on discovering the mistake. Sir Francis, I conclude, had been franking other letters for you, and inadvertently addressed a wrong one for me. Of course, that which was intended for me must have gone to some other person. I am sorry you should have trouble in rectifying this.

Our friend, Professor Stewart, is now in England, and I hope may somewhere have met with you. He will sincerely rejoice in your good fortune, which now enables you *frui otio cum dignitate* in perfection. Graffham will now, probably, be your ordinary place of residence; and as it is near the great road from Edinburgh to London, I shall live in hopes of being able, some time or other, to pay my respects in person to Dr. Parr. In the mean time, believe me to be, with the greatest respect and admiration of your talents, dear Sir, yours most cordially, ANDREW DALZEL.

P.S. Nothing could be more flattering to me than the having had you for my defender against the hyper-critic. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing your friend Mr. Maltby's book, but hope for that pleasure soon. A few lines from you will be most acceptable. If no M. P. be at hand, you need not scruple about postage.

Edin. Coll. March 9, 1804.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I beg you will accept my best thanks for a copy of a most rational, eloquent, and in every respect excellent sermon, preached by you on the 19th of Oct. last, which I received some time ago, but had not an opportunity of reading till this day, for our friend Lord Lauderdale carried it off from me about the time I received it, and did not restore it till very lately. In the first part of the discourse you have made out clearly, that Christianity cannot be hostile to true patriotism: "Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium caritates PATRIA una complexa est: pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus?"

Τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι πεσόντα
Ἀνδρ' ἀγαθὸν, περὶ ᾗ πατρίδι μαρνάμενον.

It is impossible that such sentiments as these could be discouraged by genuine Christianity. The latter part of the sermon is a noble piece of eloquence.

Long may you live in health and in comfort, adorned as you are by profound learning, public spirit, and liberal sentiment.

I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, Reverend and dear Sir, yours most truly, ANDREW DALZEL.

P. S. Our friend above-mentioned is coming out with a book on Public Wealth, which I have reason to think will be a most ingenious performance.

Of Professor Dunbar, Dr. Parr's opinion is recorded in the "Sequel," and the following letter is in answer to the approbation there expressed of his writings.

REV. SIR,

London, No. 3, Spur-street, Leicester-square, May 28, 1792.

Flattered as I must be with such approbation as yours, I cannot suppress my sentiments of a performance in which I am so greatly honoured.

On the statement you have given to the public, with so much ability, respecting Mr. C. no judge or Jury, in my opinion, could for a moment hesitate to decide. But, independently of that statement you might have bid defiance to calumny. Your moral character must have remained invulnerable; and your character in the learned world is such that no man of genius would dare to arraign.

In your observations on Government I recognize liberality and wisdom; *despotism* and *anarchy* are surely opposite extremes, equally remote from public felicity. The system of *Burke* leans to the one; the system of *Paine* to the other. The former sustains his system with that splendour of eloquence which is calculated for the meridian of polished life; the latter with no less energy of language, calculated indeed for another meridian, promulgates doctrines to the people, which, though incorporated with many just observations, are destructive of order, and incompatible with that subordination of rank which seems congenial with the nature of a well-instituted Government.

Our ingenious friend, *Mr. Mackintosh*, has, in my opinion, steered a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis. On sound foundations, strengthened by more diffusive civilization and gradual reform, the venerable fabric of the English Constitution will stand unshaken and unmoveable, and may subsist with accumulated glory from age to age. But in governments of another description, contaminated with despotism, in all their branches, all regard to an *ancient* Constitution is an insult to humanity: and the cloud, which hung tremendous over the people for ages, in such governments, can often be dissipated only by an almost universal explosion. Such was the condition of France prior to the present æra. On corruption, on tyranny, on priestcraft and superstition, was the ancient superstructure raised. It could only be maintained on those foundations; and its *partial* subversion seemed irreconcileable with the first dawn of freedom. On some occasions, says the great Montesquieu, it may be necessary to draw a veil *for a while* over liberty, as it was customary to veil the statues of the gods. But what can be venerable or conciliatory in the systematic oppression of ages? Exceptions there surely are, yet

in general the dignity of the *noblesse* in France has been completely forfeited by the degradation of the people. The *noblesse* and the *people* were uniformly considered as almost of a different race. An emancipated nation, therefore, could no longer endure distinctions which had a retrospect to the misery of former times; nor could they recognize dignity in the [*Part of this letter is lost.*] ..... The *Temple of Janus*, I trust, will be kept shut in this country by the wisdom of our rulers. Nor ought the *neutrality* of Great Britain to be offensive to foreign powers. For the principles of the French Revolution, which make the *despots* of the earth to tremble, and shake tyranny to its foundations, should rather be acceptable to *patriot kings*; and, without detriment to Church or State, will contribute to the stability of free governments. My confidence in the times, perhaps, you may think implies more ardour than discernment; but, whatever diversity of opinion we may entertain with regard to recent events, present appearances, or future contingencies, I am sure we coincide in every wish that is dictated by humanity. And with due deference to your superior understanding, I am, with profound respect, Rev. Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JAMES DUNBAR.

Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Forster, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Colchester, Jan.* 6, 1779.

Though I wish not to disturb any resolution you may have made with respect to your pamphlet, much less to revive any disagreeable feelings upon that subject, yet I cannot help saying a word or two upon it. If you have any thoughts of going on, I would suggest to you the following alterations. After "indispensably necessary," (p. 33.) leave out entirely to, "shock of my opposition" (p. 41), and go on "the dispute, &c." adding after "resolves itself," in the view of common sense, or of justice, equity, or anything else in that way. Perhaps "ultimately resolves itself." In the same paragraph I would put something stronger than doubts; suppose thus, "I have my doubts, I have *more* than my doubts." After "condemn" (p. 42) leave out to "efficacy,"

(p. 43), and to carry on the connection, suppose you say "that *even their* ideas are not quite so clear." With these omissions I think the book will answer every purpose you could wish. It will *read* better, and *be* better. The law discussion will at best be dry to the generality of readers; and perhaps will not be thought quite satisfactory by *others*. You will equally expose the absurdity and the iniquity of the trustees; and their insolent and invidious behaviour to yourself. In the matter of law the book will, as far as it goes, be perfectly unexceptionable. Unexceptionable even to Mr. Jones: for I think *he* must admit your construction of the powers given to the master as fair conjecture at least. As to prudential considerations, you alone must judge. It is too tender a point for me, at least, to hazard a syllable upon. Twining feels the same reluctance; and yet cannot bear to lose the work. Halls also regrets it. What say your Norwich friends? You may, perhaps, by this time, collect what effect such a pamphlet may be likely to have upon their worships in that city. Crape-makers and lawyers there, will be apt to sympathise with bag-makers and attornies here. The rich every where with the rich. Trustees, *half guilty* trustees, every where, *even with guilty* trustees. If you go on, you may depend upon my care that the remaining part of the book shall be printed very accurately; more so, I'll promise you, than what is already printed. Hewitt has told you the time of election. I hear nothing new relating to it. Very little, I fear, is going on. Nothing *methodical* certainly. A return of erysipelas has prevented my breathing the external air since you left us. But that is very nearly gone off; and I hope to be out in a day or two. But why do I waste my precious time in talking about things carnal and temporal? Expect, from henceforward, to hear nothing from me but profound meditation *upon invisible and eternal things. In them,* it seems, *there is a dreadful reality. There the dignity of a D.D. will avail me nothing. There will be weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.* All this, and a monstrous deal more, was, I am told, in an anonymous letter sent me on Saturday last; written by Duddell himself, I swear, Twining swears. *All* the addresses are given to *me;* and my language is said to be *more like that of a priest of a heathen deity, rather than a divine of the Church*

of England. By a million volumes of such stuff you will not suppose any feeling could be excited in me but that of pure contempt. But for one passage so it would have been. I will give you the conclusion of it. It could have been written originally only by the pen of the devil. Twining choked at it, and could not go on. Here it is. *Has not the frighted ghost of your departed son alarmed you?* I cannot describe to you my own feelings. They all now center in indignation. At first, I was determined to print and disperse the letter without any comment. But Twining and Mrs. F. dissuade me from it; especially as I cannot fix it upon Duddell. My resolution, now, is not to mention to any mortal that I have received such a letter; I beg therefore you will not drop it. By a total silence I may have a chance to hear of the author. I shall be happy to hear that every thing goes on at Norwich as you wish. Mrs. Forster, too, will be very happy. I know not which of us most feels the loss of you. I know not whether she most esteems or likes you. And I do not know a person living who discerns characters more justly than she does, as far as her knowledge goes. Our best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and love to Sally. Yours most sincerely, N. FORSTER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Colchester, Jan.* 20, 1789.

I rage almost to madness at the limitations,* and the author of them. Their iniquity is surpassed only by their impudence; and the arguments (so I must call them, for want of another word) in support of them are too despicable for refutation. Yet they ought to have been more completely confuted. They ought to have been attacked in their first principles, and have been encountered, as they might have been, successfully encountered, by plain direct opposition of argument. *Powis,* however, did very well for *Powis;* and Lord North's speech was, I think, the best I ever heard or saw from him; yet both of them too much in the way of general harangue. Sheridan disappointed me. His banter may have been very good banter—

* On the Regent.

Sed nunc non erat his locus. I wish Charles Fox had entered the lists upon the general question; and the more so, as we have lost his speech upon the first limitations. He would have fought with more clearness and firmness of argumentation; with a force, at the same time, that the most prejudiced would have felt, and which would have made its way through the scull of impenetrability itself. But he means, I suppose, to combat the resolutions in detail; and I doubt not but he has proved, or will prove, to demonstration, not only that the *transfer* of any constitutional prerogative from the Crown (and the Regent is the Crown) to any other man or woman, or body of men or women, but that even the *dormancy* of any such prerogative, is a direct and dangerous violation of the constitution; is a subversion of that distribution of power in the state, which constitutes (I speak foolishly, though not I think, unforcibly) its constitution. The re-examination of the physicians seems to have had its full effect in the view you mention. But the delay it has occasioned is bad; and I believe I should have been against it. It has done, too, a better thing—it has established, most completely, the *uncertainty* of the recovery; and thereby precludes every possible argument against the preservation of complete sovereignty in the Regent. For, could the interval of regency have been absolutely fixed, and fixed to be of short duration, there might have been some plausibility in limitation.

I wish your fifty pages had been five hundred. As to the rest, I have no more than curiosity. But here I am, all alive, all interest, have all the eagerness and impatience of *passionate* expectation. Ut nox longa, &c., charming lines, though not very exactly to my purpose. Laugh at—no; I honour, most sincerely, your self-confidence! What would be foolish, and worse than foolish, in the *herd*, is dignity in the few. When was I most struck with veneration of Rousseau? When he told the miserable Archbishop "that he merited a statue for his Emile." I could, at the instant, have fallen down and worshipped him. I should, too, have honoured Willis's self-reliance in the razor business, had he not, like a fool, spoilt all; by saying, the next day, that he shuddered at what he had done.

Our election was a strange business indeed. General party

was entirely out of the question; and I scarcely think it produced a single vote on either side, from the beginning to the end. Et causæ hujus belli, et vitia, et modi, are to be placed solely to the account of local prejudice, and private resentment. Whether we are to have a new election is a matter of perfect uncertainty. The great lights of the law are all darkness upon this question; or, rather, the contradictory opinions that have been given upon it have no other effect than to leave us in darkness. I rather think the election will be judged void, as the committee spirit is to take as little trouble as possible. But, perhaps, the most probable thing is, that the election itself, with all its appurtenances, will be swallowed up, and lost in a general election.

I know no reason why our Bishop has taken the present moment to heat us with his sanctified cant, unless it be to remind us that we are not without a Lord and Master, though we have not yet seen him. *Fail not, when you are a Bishop, to adopt the true spirit of the corps, not only to fancy, but to shew to all the world that you and your brethren are, and ought to be, the only gentlemen Divines, and that none of us, except those who are in training at least for the mitre, are fit for any thing but to be hewers of wood and drawers of water.* I put some trust in the virtue, but more in the good sense, of your political friends. But poor Dean Swift usque recurrit. His situation, however, was singular. The two great men loved *him*, and hated each other. Hatred, as is commonly the case, got the better of love. Yet Bolingbroke, I verily believe, after the fall of Oxford, would have preferred the Dean substantially and honourably had the Queen lived a little longer.

Heyne practises, I believe, as well as preaches, unlimited liberty of philosophizing. Dick Twining was last summer at Gottingen, and had several conversations with him. He found Bellendenus one day upon his table. This circumstance brought forward a word or two from the Professor. The classical erudition of the Preface writer he mentioned with admiration; and the Inscriptions pleased him wonderfully. I have just room for a line or two of caution; of a different kind, however, from that in my former letter. Be cautious of opium. You are aware of the consequences of excessive stimulus. Are

you sure, that your diathesis is purely asthenic, or that your present complaints are entirely of that form? You mark my Brunonian language. Yes. I got his elements on Saturday, and flew threw them with rapidity. I waited not to consider, or even to understand; knowing that the detail part must throw back light upon his principles, as the latter must, or at least ought to have been formed upon the former. I shall return to him with the most patient (and it will require no small stock of patience) attention. At present I will say no more of him, than that he is a bad writer,—worse, if possible, than Cullen, though far superior to him in clearness of conception.

P. S. Was not poor Brown a victim to his own doctrine? I have heard so. His book is like the physician's report—full of repetitions, and yet very defective. I must also add, that when he talked with so much positiveness of having *demonstrated* his theory with all the evidence of *mathematical demonstration*, I burst into a laugh. It reminded me of the wrath of d'Alembert against a physician who attended a friend of his, and to whom he had given a *mortal* medicine. At the end of his last visit, and holding the door in his hand, he assured d'Alembert, with the most callous calmness, that the science of medicine was as demonstrable as that of geometry. It was well that he waited not for an answer. Grief would have soon passed into indignation, and the sword of the philosopher would probably have done for the physician what the draught of the latter had done for the friend of the former. Omnis ars nostri conjecturalis—is truth itself, and he is the best theorist who lays the best ground for conjecture. In this way Brown has done much: But of his excellencies (for they are many and great) I now speak not. I am better. Tell me soon that you are well. Yours ever, NAT. FORSTER.

Colchester, April 10, 1789.

Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal—knaves in ermine, or in lawn—all fair objects of honest and virtuous indignation. But will they, my dear Sir, can they feel? Insensible to guilt, will they not be callous against shame? Will they not, at least *affect* to despise what they are unable, what they dare not attempt, to answer? My hopes are, however, for a better

effect; that they will be scourged into compunction as well as rage; and that your *terrors* will, at length, *persuade* them to repentance.

I was much afraid, from your silence, that you continued ill. I have been more than once upon the point of writing to you; but, being in daily expectation of your book, or a letter, or both, week has insensibly passed off after week. I am sorry you have given yourself so much trouble about a copy for me; and I beg you will think no more of it. I ordered one for our club soon after it was published. I have read the Tracts, and read and re-read the Dedication and Preface. I wish with all my heart the little bit of Greek, that now skulks at the fag end of one of the notes, had flamed in capitals at the front of one or other of those compositions. Πῶς οὗτος χρῆστος ὁς οὐδε τοῖς πονηροῖς πικρός ἐστι. The πονηροῖς, ill as I think it suits the philosopher, is the Bishop's own. My caution was, indeed, quite unnecessary. Against the most poisoned arrows of bigotry you are perfectly secure. But have you not passed a little too far on the other side? Does David Hume indeed *scoff* at religion? I profess I know not where. And has he really endeavoured to loosen the strongest obligations of morality? Then I know not what these obligations are. I was going to enter with some length, if not *depth*, into this subject. But what I had to say would have been too much even for the most *confidential* letter. Suppose not, however, that I mean to object to the attack upon poor David, *standing where he does*. To do any good to the world we must often sacrifice to its prejudices.

I am not satisfied with saying that the Dedication and Preface are, as compositions, inimitable: that they are better writing than ever was or ever will be written,

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Were I to select the part that strikes me most forcibly it would be the contrasted characters of Warburton and Hurd. Of that of Hurd particularly, both as a man and as a writer, I want words to speak my admiration and approbation. A bolder and more spirited delineation of character never existed; discovering at the same time a keener discernment, little short of intui-

tion. But have you not a little *overdone,* in praise I mean, the great man himself? With Warburton's theological visions I have been much amused. Positive in his theory, and minute in the detail of theocratical government, as if he had been a secretioribus; demonstrating (in the anatomical sense I mean) the several parts of the Christian system, as if he had been consulted in the formation of it; how is it probable that a man should not be entertained who does not feel himself much interested it those mysterious subjects? I have often, indeed, thought that no unplausible apology for scepticism at least in matters of revelation, might be drawn from many parts of the Divine Legation, taking with it the supplement, still more in the spirit of theological romance than the book itself. Not that I think the man not in earnest, nor do I wish to rank him with the Englishman and Frenchman, whom you reprobate (by the bye who is that Englishman?*). I really believe him to be as much in earnest as system-makers generally are. His ideas of inspiration language, I remember, struck me much as being both ingenious and plausible. I wish, however, these inspired gentlemen had been a little more explicit upon this head, and had fairly told us how far what they said was their own, and how far it was ἄνω ποταμῶν. I know not whether I catch the true meaning of your proverb, or apply it properly.

Jortin's character is drawn con amore. Exquisitely pleasing, therefore, must it be to the writer, and little less so to the reader who can at all enter into the writer's feelings. But it is quite a faithful likenesss. Does not the βέλτιον break in a little upon the ὅμοιον? there is an enchanting flow of simplicity in Jortin's style (I include both sentiment and diction), through which we see a still more enchanting simplicity of mind and heart; and the votiva tabella was never more happily applied. But is there not also now and then, something that borders rather too closely upon ———. No; I will not indulge a spirit of Aristarchisism upon such a man as Jortin.

But what is to be the end of these things. Many a Council of Inquisition has, I doubt not, been held against the profane editor of these tracts. But let their champion come forth, in

* Mandeville.

the name of their idols (their idols are power and profit): we will meet them in the armour of truth, and with the sword of the Spirit, impregnable and irresistible.

Twining seems not to know anything of the explanation of the Valcknaer you mention; and you seem not to have seen Twining's book. I am impatient to hear what you say of it. You will probably be soon in London. Where are you to be found? I should rejoice to snatch an hour or two of your company. But I know not whether I shall pluck up resolution; such reluctance have I to quit home. Thank you for the letter to my Lord of the Castle. I was soon able to fill up the blanks. The composition is admirable; and I doubt not, he richly deserves the severe dressing that is given him. Mrs. F. is well, and joins in best compliments to you and Mrs. Parr, with your sincerely affectionate NAT. FOSTER.

In bringing the correspondence of Dr. Parr and Dr. Gabell before the reader, I have to rejoice that the whole is committed to me by the kindness and liberality of Dr. Gabell. To this distinguished divine and preceptor's acuteness, erudition, judgment, and taste, Dr. Parr's testimony is unbounded; and indeed the critical discussions contained in their letters could only take place between real scholars. There are no less than ten elaborate letters on one of Bentley's Canons, and other metrical and philological subjects, from the pen of Dr. Parr; and these are answered and discussed by Dr. Gabell. What, then, must the reader's regret be, that there is no room to insert them all! I fully sympathise with it, not without a gleam of hope springing up in my mind that all will yet appear.

Rev. Dr. Parr, to Rev. Dr. Gabell.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR, *Hatton, Dec.* 12, 1812.

Accept my best thanks for your very kind and very animated letters. I look with impatience for the time when my Parsonage is to be honoured with such a visitor; and, as you are to go to the noble mansion at Stoneleigh, I must be content with your society for one day. But it must be a *solid day:* you must come early, before dinner, and cast your eye over my books; you must take a well-aired bed, and I hope that you will prevail with Mrs. Gabell to accompany you.

I have written to my learned and faithful friend and namesake, Samuel Butler of Shrewsbury, to inform him that you are coming into Warwickshire, and intend to visit me at Hatton. He is, as he ought to be, anxious to meet you. He comes to his living at Kenilworth on the 24th of December, and will stay about a fortnight, if it be possible. Pray have the goodness to let me know when you are likely to come into my neighbourhood. Let us meet together, and chat like men of sense about books, laugh at the pomp and pedantry of verbal critics, dispute about the claims of the Catholics, mourn over the irksome toils and scanty profits of schoolmasters, quaff a bumper to the good old cause of flogging, a second to the success of Lord Wellington and the brave companions of his dangers, and a third to the prowess of the Russian armies, and the patriotism of the Russian peasantry, and the safety, prosperity, and independence of the Russian empire. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

Has your blustering Dean published his Latin Concio ad Clerum? I long to see it, and I shall claw it unmercifully; and I suspect that, like the Smyrna of Cinna, it is

"Nonam post denique messem
Quam cœpta est, nonamque edita post hiemem."

With the indolence or wariness of the late Provost Cooke, his Deanship perhaps has brought from his escrutoire his old Concio for the Doctorate, and furnished it up, mutatis mutandis, for the Convocation. He abuses Winchester School, and calls me a parrot in literature. Οὐ φροντὶς Ἱπποκλείδῃ. The day of retribution is come; Nemesis will step forward at my back, and

when I point my finger to the offender, her discipline is not of the gentlest kind.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, Jan.* 12, 1813.

Real and great is the satisfaction which I feel in the society of a man who brings to every subject of criticism so large a portion as you do, of readiness, acuteness, erudition, judgment, and taste; and anxiously do I hope that you will often honour my Parsonage with a visit, and exercise and improve my mind by discussions similar to those in which we were lately engaged. All the favourable and all the respectful impressions, which long ago had been made upon my mind, were recalled and deepened by your conversation, and sure I am that the youth of this country are no where blessed with more able instructors than are the two excellent men whom I had the happiness to receive the other day in my obscure village. I think I shall not offend you by throwing upon paper all the instances which my reading has furnished, of an indicative mood following indefinite words. I am quite confident that no such instances are to be found in prose writers down to the brazen age. After premising, then, that in the colloquial phraseology of Terence and Plautus the examples are very frequent, I shall enter upon my catalogue of examples from other writers.

"O Romole, Romole, dic ô
Qualem te patriai custodem Di genuerunt."
Ennii Fragm. l. ii. *Annal.*

"Ecfare quæ cor tuum timiditas territat."
Pacuvii Fragm. *Peribœa.*

In the passage from Ennius we are compelled by the metre to read genuerunt: the metre in Pacuvius would admit territet, but I should object to the alteration, because Pacuvius is an old dramatic writer; and why should we condemn in him that licence which we know to have been employed by Terence and Plautus?

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* Dean Rennell was the intimate college friend of Parr. Politics severed them in the progress of life, and Parr knew that some of the most offensive acts of hostility against his fame, had been encouraged by Rennell. To these he alludes in this place; yet what ample justice did he to father and son, in the Letter to Milner!

"Quis justius induit arma
Scire nefas?" Lucan, l. i. v. 126.

Now let us hear Burmann: "In Langermanni uno etiam codice vidi librarium, forte ferulam metuentem, dedisse *induat*, sed nunquam potui mihi persuadere, poetas ita servire ludimagistrorum canonibus, ut non sæpiùs hoc obsequium librariis, quàm ipsis scriptoribus sit adtribuendum." Let Burmann's wit shift for itself. I allow, with him, that the correction was made in order to accommodate the passage to a general rule. But I resist the correction, first, because the passage requires a past tense, and secondly, because in another passage, long known to myself, and properly referred to by Burmann, Lucan a second time neglects the rule, and because, in a third passage, there is a yet more decisive instance of the same neglect. I shall produce both the passages, when I have stated my objections to Burmann in other matters. He quotes from the *Muræna*, "Nescio quo pacto hoc fit," where the construction is, "Hoc fit nescio quo pacto. He also quotes from Claudian,

"Nescis quod turpior hostis
Lætitiâ majore cadit."

But quod in this passage is not indefinite. When he quotes from Ovid,

"Quis scit an hæc sævas tigridas insula habet,"

he ought to have added, that haud scio an, followed by an indicative, is a particular formula sui juris, and is used by prose writers as an indirect sort of affirmation. Again he quotes from Ovid, *Metam.* l. x. 637,

"Quid facit ignorans;"

to which I should say,

"Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit;"

for the MSS. vary. "Quod facit ignorans," is, "Ignorans id quod facit," and if quid be substituted for quod, the uniform practice of Ovid in other places would call for a subjunctive, and Heinsius, seeing this, would read, "quidque agat ignorans;" I retain quod. Burmann again quotes from Ovid, *Met.*

"Deinde ubi sunt digiti, dum pes ubi quærit;"

but here the reading is equivocal; for we may read sint, and so we ought. He quotes from the Fasti, l. ii. 57,

"Nunc ubi sint illis, quæris,"

where some of the MSS. read *sunt*, but general usage is in favour of *sint*. He allows a variation of reading in Virgil,

"Cuncti quæ sunt / *vel* sint } ea mœnia quærunt,"

and this therefore proves nothing. In the passage quoted from Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* ii. 6. "Animum illum spirabilem si quis quærat, unde habemus," Davis proposes habeamus. Burmann would retain habemus, but Burmann's assertion is gratuitous, and Davis's conjecture is warranted by the uniform practice of Cicero in other passages. Burmann's quotations from Terence are so far pertinent, as to show what was done by comic writers, but they give us no help in poets of another class, or in prose writers. There is a strong medley of right and wrong through the whole of Burmann's note. Let us return to Lucan.

"Nescis, crudelis, ubi ipsa
Viscera sunt magni." Lib. viii. 644.

Here the MSS. vary between *sunt* and *sint*, and nothing is proved. But if sunt be retained, I should defend it by the passage above quoted of *induit*, and by a yet more decisive passage in l. ix. 563,

"Quære quid est virtus, et posce exemplar honesti."

Here the metre requires *est;* and thus from Lucan we have one certain instance, one very probable, and one probable. Now let us go to Claudian, IV. *De Cons. Honor.* v. 267.

"Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit,
Occurrat."

Here in the same sentence we have the subjunctive and the indicative, and of a similar irregularity I shall hereafter produce an instance from Persius. Let us return to Claudian, *Epigr. in Æthium*, v. 9.

"Versiculos, fateor, non cauta voce notavi,
Heu miser ignorans quàm grave crimen erat!"

Now let us go to Persius, Sat. V. v. 27,

"Ut, quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore *fixi*,
Voce trahem pura."

Here the reading is indisputable. The next passage contains the irregularity of which I spoke, Sat. IV. 66.

"Discite, o miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum,
Quid scimus, et quidnam victuri gignimur; ordo
Quis datus; aut metæ quàm mollis flexus, et undæ;
Quis modus argento: quid fas optare: quid asper
Utile nummus habet: patriæ, charisque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat: quem te deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re."

Here we have sumus, gignimur, habet, jussit, locatus es, in the indicative, and deceat in the subjunctive. I will stop for a moment to communicate a conjecture I made many years ago upon one of the foregoing lines. In the common reading, metæ et undæ, there is no clear sense: some read *et unde;* this again is obscure. I would read *ut* for *sicut.* "Metæ mollis flexus, ut flexus undæ est." Two instances will be added.

Here ends my enumeration of instances (with two additional to be produced presently) from classical authors; and it contains, you see, one certain from Ennius, one very probable from Pacuvius, one certain, one very probable, and one probable, from Lucan, two certain from Claudian, and five in one sentence equally certain from Persius. Now, dear Sir, I will mention some instances of deviation from the general rule in the best Italian writers of Latin verse. Few of them write more correctly than Sannazarius, and yet even Sannazarius sometimes errs: the sentence begins,

"His addis cultusque pios," &c.

it goes on thus, depending upon addis,

"Denique ut ad patrem populo spectante suorum
Cesserit, igniferis *præsideatque* locis;
Quantaque nos *maneant* promissæ gaudia vitæ,
Quantaque venturæ gloria lucis *erit*."

This beautiful copy of verses is addressed by Sannazarius "Ad Divum Jacobum Picenum." There is a similar confusion of the indicative and subjunctive in the opening of the 3d book of Palearius De Animi Immortalitate.

"Nunc animis quæ sit sedes, quæ præmia vitæ,
Quemque bonum tandem *maneant*, quas pendere pœnas
Conveniat Sontes, properante quis undique rege

Tolletur clamor, quæ signa futura, tubæque,
Expediam dictis."

The instances in the Syphilis, which I consider as the next poem to the Georgics, are numerous, and little observed by the admiring reader. Fracastorius is right and wrong in the very first sentence:

"Qui casus rerum varii, quæ semina morbum
Insuetum, nec longa ulli per sæcula visum
Attulerint * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Necnon et quæ cura, et opis quid comperit usus,
* * * * * * *
Hinc canere incipiam."

In my book I long ago marked the following additional instances:

"Dic, Dea, quæ causa nobis post secula tanta
Insolitam *peperére* luem?"

Again,

"Nunc vero quonam ille modo contagia *traxit*,
Accipe.
Quis status illorum *fuerit*, quæ signa *dedére*
Sidera, quid nostris cœlum portenderit annis."

Let us go to book the 3d, for one more instance:

"Quis Deus hos illis populis *monstraverit* usus,
Qui demum et nobis casus aut fata *tulere*
Hos ipsos, unde et sacræ data copia sylvæ,
Nunc referam."

I just stop to say that my pen is drawn under a false quantity: in book 2d Fracastorius writes,

"Talis dulcifluum fluviorum scarus adora."

Now Horace makes the penultima of scarus short:

"Aut scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois."

These great Latin poets of Italy were led by their memory and their ear to employ the subjunctive generally; when it suits their metre they sometimes use the indicative; but they never would have employed that wrong mood, if by rule they had learnt the principle which requires the subjunctive mood.

How far they would have availed themselves of the exceptions which I have quoted from Lucian, Claudian, and Persius, I know not. Now, dear Sir, I will show you an instance of confusion in Gray, whose classical erudition was indisputable and preeminent:

> " Perspiciet vis quanta loci, quid *polleat* ordo,
> Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
> Lumina *conjurant* inter se, et mutua *fulgent*."
>
> v. 113, l. i. *De Principiis Cogitandi.*

Such instructors as you and Dr. S. Butler will warn your scholars against such errors committed by great poets. I have marked all the metrical blunders in Gray, and at some future time you and I will talk them over. We both of us know that Bishop Lowth was never acquainted with the rule, and yet from ear and memory he is more frequently right than wrong. Let us not be harsh with Lowth, when such verbal critics by profession as Hare and Bentley are not exempt from error. I have a marked copy of a very fine Concio ad Clerum, preached by Hare before the Convocation, A.D. 1722. Some of the errors may be fairly ascribed to the editor; others evidently flow from the author himself. I will enumerate those which contain the indicative instead of the subjunctive after an indefinite: " Quàm necesse fuit Verbi ministris, ab omni offensionum genere cavere tum temporis, cùm ad Titum hæc scriberet Apostolus; quàm ipso Tito utile, ut hoc monitum animo semper observaretur, quivis facile intelligat, qui norit quàm dura *fuit* illis temporibus Ecclesiæ conditio, vel quàm præfracto et perverso ingenio illi, quibus Titus præfuit." Again: " Ut qui in historia ecclesiastica sunt hospites, nec sciunt quales pestes anteacta secula *tulerunt*, putent nullo unquam tempore iniquius fuisse comparatum." Again: " Ut inde ediscamus quæ præcipuè vitanda *sunt*, quæ criminationibus præ ceteris obnoxia, qua parte iniquis malevolorum suspicionibus maximè *patemus*." Again: " Ego quidem, cùm videam quales quantique viri mihi jam ob oculos versantur, cùm videam quo sub præside consessus suos *habituri sunt*, quo nemo literis ornatior, virtutibus instructior, prudentia solertior." Here let me stop to correct a mistake of my memory; for the *idem cùm*, of which I spoke to you, was the blunder of Wyttenbach,

and not of Hare. Let us turn to Bentley. In his note on line 37, sc. 2, act 1, of the Eunuch, he writes thus: "Sed vide superstitio quid *facit*." Again, *Andr.* act 1, sc. 2, v. 18, "Sed vide, ut incommodè hæc divisa sunt arsi et thesi." Here, my good friend, an objector might tell me that Virgil writes thus,

"Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur?" *Geor.* l. 1, v. 5, 6.

Again:

"Vidisti quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus." *Æn.* l. ix. v. 268.

My answer is, that in both passages the interrogation is carried on to the end of the sentence. There are variations in the reading of *vidisti*; for Macrobius and some of the MSS. give *vidistis*. The passage is not printed interrogatively in any of the editions, but the sense is improved by such an interrogation, and then the solution is the same as in the other passage from the *Georgics*. Vida's good taste led him to feel the power of this interrogation with the word video:

"Nonne vides cùm carceribus exire reclusis
Instant ardentes, quanta nituntur opum vi?
Bombic. l. ii.

I observe that Vida is always correct in his subjunctive, and if he had not felt, as I do, that the interrogation was to be carried on, he would have written nitantur. Did you ever read the noble Concio ad Clerum preached by Bishop Atterbury in the year 1709? It is a most decisive proof of his learning, as well as his taste, and in the use of moods he is always correct; yes, he is correct in many instances where very good scholars would have blundered. There are, it is true, some errors. He once uses demum for denique; he more than once uses solummodo for tantummodo, and Lowth does so twenty times. He writes sponte sua for sua sponte, though in prose we ought always to say mea, tua, sua sponte, and leave the poets to put the pronoun last, for the sake of the verse. And this my observation led my scribe to remind me of what I had told him about vice versa, for the phrase occurs frequently in the Roman law, and always stands versa vice, and this you must tell your boys. Atterbury uses abinvicem, which is wrong, and Cooke, the late Dean of Ely, in his *Concio*,

to my great surprise, wrote econtra. Pray, when you have leisure, read Atterbury's Concio, not for the doctrine, which I hate, but for the latinity and the spirit.

Now, before I close, let me observe that there is a great laxity among the poets in the use of *si* and *an*. We have in Horace, "Inspice si possum donata reponere:" here I should be disposed to read *possim*, if I did not find in Tibullus,

"Illa mihi referat, si nostri mutua cura est."

And in Terence, "Visam si domi est," where *si* has the power of *whether*. Yet the more general and the more proper, or at least the more analogical use is the subjunctive.

"Quæ si sit Danais reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem,
Vel cum Deiphobo Polydamanta roga."

Ovid, *Epist.*

Whilst I was dictating this line I stumbled upon another little blunder in Atterbury, and I hate myself for observing it: "Gravius aliquid reip. vulnus inferatur." Now Lowth knew not the difference between aliquid and aliquod, and many good editors have overlooked the distinction in many good authors. There is a great danger lest boys be misled by many parts of Tully's works, as they are commonly printed; but you tell your boys, as I should tell mine, that where a substantive in the same case follows, they must say aliquod and quoddam, but that if no substantive follows, they must write aliquid and quiddam, to either of which they may subjoin a genitive, as, aliquid commodi and quiddam emolumenti, &c., quiddam detrimenti, but quoddam detrimentum. I am afraid this letter will tire you, and so manum de tabula. I hope that you had a pleasant journey. From Mr. Leigh I have received a very polite letter, and I trust that he will ride over to my Parsonage, when he is visiting his uncle. Present my very best compliments to Mrs. Gabell, and tell the lively little boy, that, if he comes to me in summer, he shall be regaled with the best fruit in my garden, and shall have a plate of almonds and raisins set before him. When you see Lady Rivers, or any part of her family, do me the favour of remembering me to them in terms of great courtesy and kindness. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful well-wisher, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

The additional instances above referred to will be inserted here:

"Nec refero Solisque vias, et qualis, ubi orbem
Complevit, versis Luna *recurrit* equis.
Tibullus, l. ii. *Eleg.* 4. v. 17.

There is no variation in the MSS. in *recurrit*. But according to the general rule, we may read *recurrat*. This is therefore a doubtful instance. The next from Propertius is not doubtful, and the indicative and subjunctive are confounded in it, and yet the commentators are silent:

"Non rursus licet Ætolî referas Acheloi
Luxerit ut magno fractus amore liquor,
Atque etiam ut Phrygio fallax Mænandria campo
Errat, et ipsa suas *decipit* unda vias.
Qualis et Adrasti *fuerit* vocalis Arion,
Tristia ad Archemori funera victor equus."
Propert. l. ii. *Eleg.* 25, v. 33.

Here we have *luxerit, fuerit, errat*, and *decipit*, depending upon *ut*, and qualis after *referas*. But the irregularity admits no remedy. We might read *erret* for *errat*, but the metre forbids us to alter *decipit* into *decipiat*.

Dr. Gabell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 20, 1813.

Before I have thanked you for your hospitality, your courtesy, and other higher entertainments which I enjoyed at Hatton, you load me with fresh favours. I thank you gratefully, my dear sir, for a disquisition as acute and judicious, as it is copious and learned. That "interrogatives, when the interrogation is *indirect*, govern a subjunctive mood" is a principle of Syntax which I have long since inculcated on boys. But I never ventured to take such high ground as that to which your copious induction leads me. I did not know before, nor do I believe that any scholar in the kingdom, besides yourself and those to whom you have made the communication, could have informed me, that no instances are to be found in prose-writers, down to the brazen age, of the indicative mood following indefinite words. Nor did I know that the number of exceptions among the poets was

so limited. I therefore never ventured to assert that the indicative mood, following an indefinite word, was absolutely wrong; but only, that the subjunctive, being more common, was, on that account, more perspicuous, and better, and always to be used. But you, sir, have taught me, that the indicative is absolutely wrong. Nor can the rule be invalidated by the occasional negligence or licentiousness of the poets.

You have accurately explained and copiously illustrated the use of the latin subjunctive mood, following indefinite words. The task was difficult, on account of the various and important, but obscure significations of that mood, so combined. And it was the more difficult, because, neither in our own nor any other modern European language, have we any thing that resembles it, nor much even in the ancient Greek, that is analogous to it. There is another circumstance which makes it the more necessary to have the difficulty cleared up,—that it recurs incessantly, and sometimes in every sentence of a page, and sometimes, especially in Livy, for several pages together. It seldom indeed involves the whole passage in darkness, but only spreads over it that degree of mist and confusion which renders our ideas indistinct, and is in one respect worse than even total darkness. For the latter commonly induces an effort on the part of the reader to emerge into light. Whereas, in the case of imperfect mental vision, the mind is apt to rest in a state of languid enjoyment, content and satisfied with these shadowy and entertaining forms of things, which pass in review before the fancy as the eye passes along the lines of the page.

One of the great aims of language is to communicate our thoughts with dispatch; and the instruments used for that purpose are complex words, or the ἔπεα πτερόεντα of Horne Tooke. The latin subjunctive mood is one of these, and it performs its important functions with great celerity, by a mere inflexion without loading the sentence with an additional word, or retarding its speed for a single instant; expressing simultaneously two sets of ideas, namely, the set of ideas annexed to the simple form of the verb in the infinitive mood, and the set of ideas annexed to the subjunctive form. So rapidly is thought conveyed by means of the latin subjunctive mood.

But it has been truly observed that, notwithstanding the use-

fulness of such words, nothing perplexes the mind of the reader more than complex terms, when their complication is not observed. This has happened with the latin subjunctive mood combined with indefinite words, and therefore not only to the tyro but even to the veteran scholar, it has been an everlasting stumbling-block.

You mention a curious case of a great English divine and eloquent writer of latin, who was commonly led by his ear, ὠτὶ πεπαιδευμένῳ, to the proper use of the subjunctive, but erred occasionally from not knowing the theory. Even Terence and Plautus, you observe, were so lax in their use of the subjunctive mood after indefinite words, that they seem frequently to have employed either that or the indicative, just as it happened, without reference to any principle of choice whatever. This I admit to be true. They were extremely lax—but observe—only as writers of comedy. For they no sooner stepped out of their province, as play-wrights, than their laxity ceased. This is important. Now for the proof. I have carefully examined the Prologues of Terence, and will take upon me to say that not a single instance there occurs of a wrong mood after an indefinite word.

Now to my purpose. Though the name of Terence is not to be found on your long list of writers, whose authority is the support of your rule regarding the proper use of the subjunctive mood after indefinite words, yet do you not think that the fact we have just established warrants the assertion that we have his authority in favour of the general rule. For though he frequently transgresses it in his comedies, yet that fact is inadmissible as evidence against the truth of our assertion. He transgressed under a dispensation granted by custom to the comic poets, and exceptio probat regulam. In his prologues he keeps steadily to the general rule, and I shall have an opportunity of showing presently, that the prologue is not to be confounded with the play. I can see no other reason for questioning the truth of our assertion, that Terence sides with us, than the small number of his prologues, which are only six. The answer to that objection, I would say, take an equal number of lines in succession, from any one of his plays, and see if you find them free from incorrectness on the point in question.

With regard to the prologues of Plautus, we must distinguish. Sometimes the poet is prolocutor. Poeta proloquitur. Sometimes the prolocutor is one of the dramatis personæ. In the latter case, where the prologue is more closely connected with the play, the writer seems to think himself entitled to the privilege of the comic poet, and accordingly in these prologues I meet with violations of the rule in question. But in the former case, where the poet himself is prolocutor, I find no instance of negligence. I confess however that I have looked over the prologues of Plautus more hastily than I looked over those of Terence. Here then we have the authority of Plautus in favour of our rule; since he did not think himself at liberty to avail himself, when he did not write in the character of a comic writer, of that indulgence which the Romans were accustomed to grant to their comic poets.

That the Romans were accustomed to dispense with a settled rule of their language in favour of their comic poets, I assume as a fact, and the fact is sufficient for the argument.

How they came to grant them that indulgence, is another question. When you mentioned in your last letter "such comic characters as we meet with in Terence and Plautus," you seemed to intimate that the incorrectness of their language, on the point under discussion, was not unsuitable to men of their condition, and characteristic of them. The conjecture is more likely, because such language was unsuitable to the conversation of men in a higher condition of life, who did not think themselves at liberty to violate your rule, even in the loose style of conversation. The Crassi, the Hortensii, and others who bear a part in the dialogues of Cicero, were proposed by him for our imitation, as perfect models in the conversational style. Yet those persons, in their practice, made no pretension to exemption from obedience to this, or any other of the general rules of their language. But it is alleged that the correct and polished style of their conversations in Cicero, was not their own, but Cicero's—then we have at least the authority of one accustomed to the best society of Rome, and an exquisite judge in all matters of taste, and especially in polite literature, that such men were accustomed so to converse.

The conformity of such illustrious persons to your general rule,

in their *conversation*, is, I think, an addition of authority in support of the use of the subjunctive mood after indefinite words.

Fortunately for you, my dear Sir, I was stopped short at this place, and having procured a frank for to-day, am unwilling not to make use of it. It is now post time, *haud scio an* is considered by Ernesti as *an adverb*, and synonymous with *fortasse*.

I will certainly read Atterbury's Concio ad Clerum.

Do you think that *ejusdem* added to *periodi*, in your rule, will make it plainer?

With regard to the natural order of construction, is it quite clear, that *quid sit amor, scio*, is more *natural* than *scio quid sit amor*, or *versa vice*? Is not that the natural order of construction which exhibits the natural flow of our ideas? If a sentence contains six propositions, is it not possible that any one of these six may have been introduced to the mind *first* in order, by the great law of association? If my thoughts have been previously turned on Alexander, I say Alexander Darium vicit; if on Darius, Darium vicit Alexander; if on conquest, vicit Darium Alexander. As it is with words, so perhaps it is with clauses.

The Bishop of Gloucester presents his respects to you. Believe me, my dear Sir, to be, with the greatest respect, your faithful and obliged servant, H. GABELL."

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Gabell.

DEAR DR. GABELL, *Hatton, Oct.* 19, 1813.

When I read with joy that you were appointed to preach the Consecration Sermon for Bishop Howley, I exclaimed in the old Roman formula, Quod bonum felix faustum fortunatumque sit, and I determined to write you a letter of congratulation. As to your friend the Bishop, you must be aware of the objections which have arisen to his rapid elevation, and I well know that upon his own part it was unexpected and unsought. But while I lament, and even condemn the precedent, I tell every body that his sterling good sense, his capacity for business, his conciliatory manners, contrasted with the roughness of his predecessor, his subdued temper, and his knowledge of the scenes in which he is to act before the public eye, will gradually enable him both

to be and to appear a very useful and respectable Bishop of London. So I really think, and so I therefore say openly. But if the lads at Winchester are to send him any congratulatory epistle, I deprecate the designation of him as præsul. The word is of unseemly origin, and, in defiance of custom, I pronounce it not merely an improper, but even a barbarous appellation for a Christian Bishop.

If you put me in good humour by coming to me at Christmas, I may shew it to you; and in the mean time I desire you to reserve for me a copy of your consecration sermon, if you should be asked to print it. I know nothing of the subject except what I read in the newspaper, and if I had been a hearer of your praises upon episcopacy before willing ears, I should have whispered to you as you came down from the pulpit, Οὐ χαλεπόν ἐστι τοὺς Ἀθηναίους ἐν ταῖς Ἀθηναῖς ἐπαινεῖν, as Plato says. My good friend, I have long thought this wrangle about Bishops and Presbyters one of those logomachies, which never would have existed, if secular honour and profits had not been interwoven with verbal criticism and ecclesiastical discipline. I should have called it, as Eratosthenes, adopting the language of Democritus, once called geographical controversy, ἔριν τῶν διαιτώντων. After all, we episcopalians have rather the best of the question, and our best advocate is Jeremy Taylor. If the point were argued upon the ground of practical utility, we should upon the whole come off victorious, and were it my lot to preach a consecration sermon, I should insist upon the duties rather than the rights of episcopacy. But I am a bolder man than I wish you or many other of my friends to be, and as a preacher I should have expatiated and insisted before others upon those points to which, as a Bishop, I should have myself been more attentive actually and avowedly.

Because you have not told me whether you do or do not assent to some remarks and conjectures, which I lately sent you, upon two or three passages of Horace, I will not for the present communicate the satisfactory explanation I lately met of a passage, which puzzled me when I was a school-boy, when I was a school-master, and while I was a studious country parson, till within these three weeks. All my difficulties are now removed, and I leave the masters of Eton, Winchester, and

Harrow, to get on, or to get off as they can. Come and see me. Present my best compliments to your very sensible Lady, to your agreeable and accomplished daughters, and to your intelligent coadjutor, Mr. Williams, and to Bishop Huntingford, whom I have absolved, and to his nephew, whom I very much like. I have lately seen a good deal of Mr. Palmer, who married a sister of Mrs. Howley; and for Bishop Howley's sake I shewed him much attention.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful well-wisher, and much obliged humble Servant,

S. PARR.

Dr. Gabell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Winchester, Oct.* 22. 1813.

I request you to impute my delay in answering your very obliging and very learned letters to any other cause rather than want of either respect or regard. The Consecration Sermon for Bishop Howley was preached by Dr. Goddard. The appointment is the more creditable to the Bishop, because his acquaintance with Dr. G. is, I believe, very slight; but he probably considers him to be a neglected man. The Bishops of Gloucester and Salisbury attended the Consecration, and the subject of the Sermon was the utility of an Episcopal Establishment. In your sentiments on that subject I concur with you perfectly. I also think that the question on the excellence of the Episcopal form of the Church Government ought to be debated on the grounds of practical utility exclusively; the Founder of our religion having prescribed no particular form of Church Government, but left it entirely to the discretion of his followers to adapt their mode of discipline to the circumstances of particular countries. In our country the Episcopal form has succeeded admirably well. One great advantage of it is, I think, that the opulence and state, and good manners, for the most part of our Bishops, give them an influence over the minds of the fashionable world, which a Presbyter could not so easily acquire.

Your conjecture on the person alluded to by Horace in the seu vocat institor seems to be well founded. I thank you for it, my dear Sir; and also for the remark that Mænas is the person

meant in the line, Munera navium Sævos illaqueant duces; as well as in the 4th Epode. Gesner, in the Epode, offers, you know, this objection to the hypothesis, quòd unicum et proprium crimen hominis, perfida levitas, hìc illi non objicitur. But your answer is ready and, I think, satisfactory. Augustus was the corrupter, and the crime of Mænas was, his attaching himself to the cause of Augustus; Horace, therefore, as a courtier, could not urge this crime. I thank you that, as you are great, so you are merciful, and do not mean to withhold from me for ever, but only for a stated period, the explanation of the puzzling passage. I long to have it. In the mean time, be so kind as to give me your opinion on a passage in Sophocles, upon which I ventured, this very day, to put a new interpretation, or rather the only one which seems to have been offered. In the Antigone, C. 638. Edit. Brunck, we read

——————— νόμους παρείρων
χθονὸς, Θεῶν τ' ἔνορκον δίκαν, &c.

Brunck's note is as follows:

Παρείρων, gl. ὁ φυλάττων τοὺς ἐν γῇ ὄντας νόμους. Verum non video qui significationem hanc verbum παρείρειν induere possit. Alias significat *inserere*. Locus vitii suspectus esse possit, tametsi in codd. scripturæ nulla observatur varietas. Legendum forte νόμους εὐωρῶν. But why disturb παρείρων? I translate the words thus: *Connecting* the laws (or institutions) of earth, and the justice of heaven, that is, founding civil law on the principles of natural justice; which interpretation agrees extremely well with the word which follows, ὑψίπολις. Παρείρω means, I think, *adsero* (not *in*sero) adjungo. Παρασείρος is one of its derivatives; *ad* latera adjunctus.

By the way, there is a difficulty in the passage immediately preceding:

σοφόν τι τὸ μεχανόεν
τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων,
ποτὲ μὲν κακὸν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσθ-
λὸν ἕρπει.

The difficulty lies, I think, in the τὸ of the first line, after σοφόν τι. Probably you have recollected at once a similar passage in Theocritus, which may explain it:

Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα
Ἃ ποτὶ ταῖς παγαῖσι, μελίσδεται.

The ἁδύ τι τὸ is an exact resemblance of the σοφόν τι τὸ, &c. The commentators on Theocritus are puzzled. Reiske proposes to read τοὶ for τὸ. Valcknaer admits no change, and explains it, I think, perfectly right, as the Scholiast had done before him. "Dulcis, sive dulce quid, aut jucundum quid, est lenis susurrus pinus illius," &c. This, however, is rather a paraphrase than a translation; it being of greater importance here to preserve the original order of the words and thoughts, than of the ratio grammatica. The latter is given by the Scholiast. Valcknaer and Harles, from whose edition I have taken Valcknaer's interpretation, seem, by their triple interpretation of "ἁδύ τι," to think there is some difficulty in those words. If there be any, it is removed by a passage in the Prometheus of Æschylus, l. 536, edit. Glasg.

"Ἡδύ τι θαρσαλέαις
Τὸν μακρὸν τείνειν βίον
Ἐλπίσι."

Now Valcknaer's explanation of Theocritus may be applied, mutatis mutandis, to the "σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν" of Sophocles. I will not make the application. Verbum sapienti. Am I right, my dear Sir, in the interpretation of these two passages? I assure you, I often wish for your powerful assistance. But I am not in the habit of recording my difficulties or my solutions, such as they may be. Would you permit me occasionally to communicate both the one and the other? Believe me, dear Dr. Parr, to be, with respect and regard, your obedient and obliged servant,

H. GABELL.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Gabell.

DEAR DR. GABELL, *Hatton, Feb.* 18, 1814.

For reasons which readily will present themselves to your mind, I have lately been tossed about ἐν τρικυμίᾳ κακῶν. But the stoutness of my bark resisted the violence of the fluctus decumanus. I can now exclaim τόν λίμεν' εὗρον; and in future I shall have nothing to fear from the spells of that evil genius (from Wales,) who, like Nick, according to the superstitions of the North, employs his malignant power in raising storms and wrecking vessels. I have caught a straggling passage, which at

first sight bears hard upon our rule about the indefinite followed by the subjunctive, and my purpose in this letter is to crush its authority.

"Hac re probatur *quantum* ingenium *valet*,
Virtute et semper *prævalet* sapientia."
Phædrus, *Fab.* 14. l. 1, v. 20.

When I was lately at Shrewsbury, I met these lines in the first book of the two Pentecaidecades of Kohlius, who rejects them as spurious, for a reason which other critics had given before, and from a right feeling of languor in the thought and inelegance in the diction. To be sure, the second line is hardly intelligible, and both lines carry with them an air of monkish interpolation. Now for the critics: "In *quantum*, τὸ *m*, ut sæpe apud Phædrum, non eliditur."—Praschius. "Vel transponenda verba sunt, vel elementum *m* syllabam in sese inclinatam sustineat necesse est. Vide quæ ad Fab. IV. dicta fuerunt."—Faber. "Hic syllaba ultima non eliditur, ut monuit Ritterhusius, et repetiit Faber in suis."—Schefferus. "Hos vero duos versus delendos ut spuriosa notavit ad marginem Heinsius, quia Phædrus quo fabulæ suæ pertineant, sæpe ante ipsam narrationem, raro post narratam prodit fabulam, non vero utroque simul loco."—Burmann. Kohlius assigns the same reason with Heinsius, viz. that Phædrus often begins, but rarely ends his fables with explanations of their import. But monks, like methodists, are wholesale dealers in sentimentality. In order to destroy the force of the line, as an exception to our rule about the indefinite, we must not pass over the metrical parts of the question. The line referred to as a parallel is in the 4th fable of the 1st book, and runs thus,

"Aliamque prædam ab alio ferri putans."

"Elementum *m*, in fine τὸν *prædam*, extritum non est, more veterum. Ita Lucretius, divinus vir atque incomparabilis (Scaligeri Patris testimonium est Comment. in Hist. Anim. Aristotelis,)

'Expressit multa vaporis
Semina, seque simul cum eo commiscuit ignis.'

Addi, si tanti est, Gifanii Indicem, cui addes locum Lucilii, qui apud Isidorum,

'Multorum magnis titubantium ictibu' tundit.'

Legendus quoque Paulus Merula ad Annales Ennii, p. 517."—Faber. "Elementum ultimum hic non eliditur, ut olim recte contra emendationem Meursii notavit Barthius, *Adv.* 4, 7, 10, et in suis Tanaquillus Faber repetiit."—Schefferus. Heinsius, whom you and I always mention with reverence, clears away all difficulty by conjectural reading:

"Aliamque prædam ab alio se ferri putans."

Now, my friend, you and I know very well that sometimes among the old writers *m* finita corripiuntur. Thus in Ennius, "Millia militum octo." Thus in Lucretius, "Corporum augebat numerum." But I hold that we have no instance of the kind in Phædrus, nor in any writers after the Augustan age, nor have we more than one disputable instance in the writers of that age, and this one shall be discussed a little:

"Num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? Cocto *num* adest honor idem?"
Horat. Serm. l. ii. s. 2. v. 27.

Shall this reading be disturbed? For reasons to be given presently I am compelled ἐπέχειν. Let us hear the critics. Lambin, Cruquius, Torrentius, and the old Scholiast, retain the reading. "Sciolus," says Baxter, "fecit *coctove* causa metri. Probat etiam Bentleius, laudatque Lucretium, lib. iii. v. 1095. Sed dum abest quod amamus, idem superare videtur." Very true, and Bentley also produces three passages from Terence, and I could produce six more, and three times six from Plautus. But Baxter does not notice what you and I value, and that is the principle for which Bentley contends, and to which, so far as it touches the comic writers, but *no further*, I accede. "Vocula *num* non eliditur hic in scansione, sed pronunciatur, ut frequenter apud comicos, etiam vocali sequente. Sic Terent. Adelph. I. ii. 38. 'Dum erit commodum.' And. v. 4, 41. 'Cum ego possim in hac re medicari mihi.' Heut. III. iii. 23. 'Quam ego argentum effecero.' Id duntaxat observandum, nunquam hoc fieri in ultima pedis syllaba, cujus rei rationem soli musici intelligent." Now Bentley, I am aware, sometimes talks magisterially, but rather vaguely and obscurely, "de *arcana musices* ratione," and of this there is a striking instance in his celebrated canon upon the 221st line of the 1st lib. of Lucan, where I agree with him

upon the very general practice of the Roman poets, but have observed many exceptions, which some day or other I may communicate to you. As to the passage in Horace, Heinsius would read "*coctone adest*, sine vocalis elisione," and this Bentley properly rejects, and so do I, not because it is a vowel, but because it is a *short* vowel, and this is unexampled in Horace, and Bentley ought to have made the distinction, as you will see presently. Cunningham reads "coctone et adest honor idem," which is most tame and vile. I therefore agree with Bentley in retaining *cum*. How so? Because in these monosyllables I find both Horace and Virgil leaving the long vowel not elided.

"An qui amant," says Virgil, "ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?"
"Si me amas, inquit," says Horace, "paulum hic ades."
Serm. lib. i. sat. 9, v. 38.

Virgil, in the Georgics and the Æneid, does not write so, but in the Eclogues. Horace, in his Lyrics, does not write, but in the Sermoni propiora, and finding such a passage as *si me amas*, I am prepared for *cocto num adest*. Well, the passages I have quoted from Lucretius and Ennius, to which I could add more, show Bentley to have been mistaken when he admits *m* not cut off in a monosyllable, but denies every thing similar in the close of words more than hypersyllabic. You see that quantum is more than monosyllabic in the line falsely ascribed to Phædrus. Let us see what Bentley says of that and the following line; for it is well said: "Versus spurii, nec numeris probis, nec oratione Latina, nec sententia quicquam ad fabulam pertinente. Quid enim corvo *virtus* convenit, ut vulpi *sapientia*? An corvus fortior vulpe? Quid quod ἐπιμύθιον in principio fabulæ hic veniat, nec unquam geminetur?" Well, for the foregoing reasons given by others, I hold to be spurious the line, which might by uncritical folks be objected to our canon, and the want of conformity to that canon is an additional reason which I should urge, though it has not been urged by preceding critics. My friend, from long experience I look very closely into canons and exceptions. I am afraid you are tired. But you will pardon my solicitude to avert or to remove all doubts from your pausing and discriminating mind. I am, dear Sir, with great and sincere respect and regard, your friend and humble servant,

S. Parr.

In Moore's Epitaph pray put Corunnam for Coranium, the blunder of one of my scribes for Caronium, itself the blunder of Ainsworth's Dictionary. That patient, but luckless scribe, complains that his fingers are worn to the very stumps by a long and elaborate chorographical dissertation of mine on the best Latin word for Corunna. I wrote Corunnam first: I then exchanged for Ainsworth's wrong word, and I have now resumed it. Mr. Barker desires his respects. S. PARR.

Dr. Gabell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Winchester, March* 23, 1814.

Twice I have procured franks from the Bishop of Gloucester, and twice I have wasted them for want of an hour's leisure to advert merely to the leading positions of your invaluable letters. How can you suspect me of grudging postage for them, my dear Sir? You contrive to make them as entertaining as they are instructive. You never go to your conclusion but through a rich country, nor do you ever pass by an interesting spot that lies near the high road without pointing it out.

March 25.

In the very interesting case of Parr versus Bentley, I will venture to assume the office of Chancellor, and give judgment without hesitation in favour of Parr. I admire your judgment in not pushing your victory too far. You admit that the Roman poets oftener employ two monosyllables than a dissyllable after a pause of the sense in the fifth foot, and you allow that Bentley's rule is generally observed, but not universally. Limiting your proposition thus, an army of Bentleys could not force you from your entrenchment. But whatever becomes of Bentley's ἄρσις and θέσις, you are, as it *appears to me*, equally impregnable. The words of Bentley are to me, I am sure, perfectly unintelligible as they stand. But if I were allowed to make an alteration in them (which as a conjectural emendation is, I am aware, perfectly inadmissible) then I think I could annex a clear meaning to the arcana musices ratio. But I write on so obscure a subject and to so recondite a scholar, with the utmost hesitation and the utmost deference. Bentley's words run thus: ubicunque illud sit,

tum, quia in legendo vox ob coli finem deprimitur et in Θέσει est, ea erigenda est *in priore syllaba pedis sexti;* idque ex arcana musices ratione, quam qui aurem habet, admonitus a me, facile deprehendet. Hanc ejus *syllabæ* elevationem ut consequantur poetæ, conficiunt sextum pedem ex duobus monosyllabis; eo enim pacto vox in quinto pede demissior, in sexto necessariò extollitur.

Now, instead of the words in *priore syllabæ pedis sexti,* allow me to read *in pede sexto;* and instead of the word *syllabæ,* allow me to read *pedis.* Then I think I shall understand the observation, both when taken absolutely, and when applied to Bentley's argument.

On the *sixth* foot of an heroic verse, when there is no pause in the sense, it appears to me that the ear is offended if the voice be depressed below a certain pitch. It is offended at the necessary depression on the word ignes, in

Vicinumque minax invadit Ariminon; *ignes*

When I say *depression* I only mean the ἄρσις is not high enough to satisfy the ear. But when I read the verse with the *et jam* of Bentley, instead of the ignes of Grotius, my ear is satisfied. The ἄρσις indeed is the same on the syllable *et,* as it was on the *ig* of ignes; but the θέσις on *jam* is to my ear, and according to my way of reading, higher than it was on *nes* in ignes. And thus on the sixth foot there is more of ἄρσις, in the case of two monosyllables than there is in a dissyllable. If my ear be correct, and my observation just, what I have stated is a *fact,* and not a *principle.* But as the fact depends upon some principle that has not been discovered, or not distinctly stated, either by Bentley, by Parr, or by Virgil I am justified perhaps in saying that the elevation above-mentioned is necessary ex arcana musices ratione.

April 2.

But now, supposing it to be true, that the arcana musices ratio requires an elevation of voice which cannot be employed with propriety on a dissyllable, does it follow, my dear Sir, that every verse must be constructed according to this ratio? Are there not many inharmonious verses in the works of the best poets of all languages; and wherever that is the case, is there not a violation of the musices ratio, whether arcana, or

aperta? If this be so, neither Bentley's arcana musices ratio, if intelligible and established, nor that which I have had the presumption to offer instead of it, if intelligible and admissible, could invalidate your conclusion, that Bentley's canon is not universal; and that you, dear Sir, have prescribed the just limits to it.

Thus much on the grand truth established in your letter. I would observe, in passing, that *ecce*, I have always supposed to be the imperative of *ecco*, like ἰδου in Greek, *voilà* in French, and *lo* or look in English.

And now, my dear Sir, I wish to express my thanks to you in the most grateful terms for your admirable treatise on the use of the subjunctive mood. It is, indeed, most masterly; nor do I believe that any other man in England could have written it. I have neither Nisen, nor the Initia Rhetorica of Ernesti. By the way, of the catalogue raisonnè of books grammatical and critical, which you did me the favour to draw up for me, about one half I was then master of; another fourth part I procured in London; the remaining fourth were not to be obtained. But to return, in Scheller I think myself at home, at least in the præcepta styli bene Latini, but was not at all acquainted with the book of animadversions on Ernesti. Scheller's principle of dependence or connection between the different parts of the same sentence, you have elucidated completely by forming the sentence differently with *dico*, and resolving *putaverit* into *putasse*.

I will not defer sending off this letter any longer. At some future time I will trouble you, if you will allow me, with a remark or two more on the subject. I think I have observed both in Cicero and Cæsar, that neither the justa temporum consecutio, nor the justa modorum consecutio, just, I mean, not with a mutual reference to each other, but to the principles you have so well-established, is uniformly observed. And it was partly with a view to ascertain the question whether the great Roman writers did observe those principles uniformly and invariably, that I troubled you with this inquiry. I will conclude with submitting to you, briefly, an interpretation of a difficult passage in Longinus, which we read in the school yesterday: and I hope the interpretation is of that kind that it will appear satisfactory, as soon as proposed. In Toup's Editi p. 58, we read Προσπίπ-

τοντα γὰρ ἡμῖν κατὰ ζῆλον ἐκεῖνα τὰ πρόσωπα, καὶ οἷον διαπρέποντα, τὰς ψυχὰς ἀνοίσει πῶς, &c.

The difficulty is in διαπρέποντα. Neither Toup, Rhunken, nor Weiske make any thing of it. I propose to leave out the comma at διαπρέποντα, and to render it with τὰς ψυχὰς, *improving* or *exalting* their souls. My authority for taking διαπρέποντα in an *active* sense, is Plato in Georg. διαπρέπειν τὴν φυσὶν ψυχῆς. I found the quotation in Stephens, Nunc erat pulsanda tellus. Is it not, Nunc *est diu, quod erat* pulsanda tellus?

Yours, my dear Sir, most gratefully and sincerely,

H. GABELL.

DEAR SIR, *Winchester, Dec.* 12, 1816.

What you mention almost incidentally and at the end of your letter I must consider κατ' ἐξοχην. Accept my hearty congratulations that you are providing for yourself against the decline of life, a comfort that is unknown to the unmarried churl; and my sincere wishes that your choice may be, as I dare say it will be, such as to answer your expectations. Hymen, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe. We shall not fail to drink the health of Dr. and Mrs. Parr on the 27th, though not at Stoneleigh; and we should have great pleasure in doing it at Winchester præsentes præsentibus.

I was delighted with your very clever and exuberantly learned letters. They carry conviction with them. If other proofs were necessary to shew that *the line* is spurious, one might be drawn, I think, from the final *o* of memento being made short; I have no other instance of its being short. But my induction of particulars not being sufficiently copious, I must draw an argument from analogy. I will endeavour to show, 1st, That memento is of the present tense (and not, as some suppose, an irregular preterperfect), and that the quantity of the *o* is therefore the same as the quantity of *o* in legito, and such words.

2. That in legito the *o* is long, and therefore it is long in memento.

1. Vossius, with whom I am now on terms of intimacy, since you introduced him to me, derives, you know, memini from

meno. From that preterperfect is derived, in the Greek manner, a new verb memino. For *meminens* there are several authorities in Facciolati. Thus we have memino, memine, meminito. But how shall we get rid of the letter i? Why, as Horace does, when for calida he writes calda; for solido, soldo; for pueritia, puertia; and for surripuerat, surpuerat. Thus, from meminito comes meminto. It remains only to account for the change of meminto into memento. And here I must look for the assistance of our common friend Noltenius, who says, p. 55, *e* antique sæpe pro *i*, ut, vespere pro vesperi; *e*bi pro *i*bi; *D*eana pro *D*iana; magester pro magister, &c. This brings us home to memento. Or take it thus, meno made originally not memini, but memeni. Thence memeno, memene, memenito, memento. Memento then is closely analogous in its formation to legito, and the quantity of the final *o* is the same in both. But, 2, What is that quantity? Here, too, I want examples, and must resort again to a rule of analogy, which appears correct, as laid down by Cary, p. 67. With a view to ascertain the quantity of ri in rimus and ritis, he says that, in all the other tenses, wherever we see one syllable more in the first or second person plural, then in the second person singular we may observe an agreement in quantity between the penultima of such first or second person plural and the final syllable of the second person singular, except where a difference is made by position, as in ĕs, estis. Thus we see amās, amāmus, amātis; legĭs, legĭmus, legĭtis; bās, bāmus, bātis; bĭs, bĭmus, bĭtis, &c. *o*, therefore, being long, I suppose, in legitote, it is also long in legito and mementō. *Ergo*, the *line* is spurious.

I am, my dear Sir, your respectful and obliged humble servant,

H. GABELL.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Gabell.

DEAR SIR, *March 7*, 1818.

You seemed to be a little fretted at the redundance in *οὔθ' οὕνεκα*. But what will you say to a very common redundance in Latin?

Nisi si illa forte, quæ olim periit parvula
Soror, hanc si intendit esse. Eun. 3, 3. 18.

————Nisi si domum
Forte ad nos rediit. Ibid. 4, 4. 20.

And so writes Terence in several other places. Well, an objector may say this is merely colloquial language—No, say I, let us hear Ovid. In the Nux, v. 5.

Nil ego peccavi: nisi si peccare vocetur
Annua cultori poma referre suo.

Even in the graver and more elaborate poem of the Metamorphoses we meet with nisi si.

Quid mihi tunc animi, nisi si timor abstulit omnem
Sensum animumque, fuit.—Lib. 14. v. 177.

————jactati sæpe carinis
Supposuêre manus: nisi si qua vehebat Achivos.

Ibid. v. 560.

Upon looking at Nolten I find "nisi si Pleonasmus quo Cicero ut sæpe Ovidius utitur. Vid. Heins. ad Ovid Heroid. L. 4, 111. ad.

Nisi si manifesta negamus."

Tursellin gives, from the second book of Cicero de Oratore Miseros eludi nolunt, nisi si se jactent. Tursellin says nothing of Ovid, but quotes two passages from Terence.

Now, to my understanding, there is just as much pleonasm in nisi si as in δθ' οὕνεκα. Well, we say nisi *unless*, or *if not*: true,—but nisi is very different from si non, for nisi expresses a contingency which may, or may not be; but si non speaks of that which is not a contingency, but of that which actually is not; and it implies a condition in which something is positively denied. The condition lies in si, and the negative part of the proposition is si non. Nisi and si non are totally different, though not opposite; and if you will look into Herman de Ellipsi et Pleonasmo, subjoined to the last edition of Lambert Bos, published at Oxford, you will find the difference clearly made out, when he interprets μὴ οὐ in p. 204.

Herman's words are these: Exempla nunc afferamus particularum μὴ οὐ eum participio sic junctarum ut dubitanter negent. In quo usu nihil difficultatis est, si quis meminerit, μὴ ποιῶν esse quod quis non facit aliquid, aut si non facit; μὴ οὐ ποιῶν autem, nisi facit. Quæ quomodo differant, non est obscurum. Qui "nisi fallor" dicit, dubius est, utrum fallatur an non; qui "si non fallor," hoc, non falli se, ut certum sumit.

I know scarcely anybody more likely than yourself to apprehend, comprehend, and estimate the difference between nisi and si non, and I trust that you will accurately, copiously, earnestly, and repeatedly instruct the Winchester boys to make a distinction, which certainly is not made by school-boys any where, and probably is not known to four schoolmasters in England. This is a long postscript to my long letter. My friend, there is much importance, as well as much acuteness in Herman upon μὴ and μὴ οὐ, and you will do well to correct several passages in Sophocles. If you were with me in my library we should pull down many books, and have some interesting chat upon the subject.

I have little inclination at the moment for philology, for I breathe fierce indignation against the property tax, fiercer against the military establishment, and most fierce against the royal confederates, of whom, I tell you plainly, that I would put every one of them to death as the enemies of the human race.

I don't love Napoleon, but, driven to a choice of evils, I am compelled to be, undisguisedly, a Napoleonite; and this is plain English language in that true English spirit, the decay of which will ultimately subject England to the miseries and the crimes of a revolution. Happily for me I shall be under the sod when the day of retribution cometh upon us—as the disturbers, not the saviours of Europe, as conspirators against the social rights, and the intellectual and moral improvement of mankind. You will smile when I tell you that I have dictated three large folio pages upon the final mugient *m* in Latin for the perusal of Uvedale Price, who is going to attack our vile pronunciation of Latin. I used to tell my boys what is right, and to give them a dispensation for pronouncing wrong in conformity to custom.

Most truly and respectfully am I, dear Sir, your friend,

S. Parr.

DEAR DR. GABELL, *Hatton, May* 28, 1818.

Accept my very best thanks for the perspicuous, calm, and most interesting statement with which you have favoured me. I quite forget some inferences to which you don't accede; let them pass. Have you seen Jeremiah Bentham's book called Church of Englandism? The sale was stopped by the advice of my friend Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Brougham. But I have begged a copy from a nameless friend; and, as a contemplative and most sincere well-wisher to the established church, I must say, upon the contents, nec nihil, neque omnia. The church, most assuredly, is in danger, and, alas! there is little probability that any one of the three measures, by which it can be long saved, will be adopted, εἴπερ ἐγὼ μάντις εἰμί. It is not in my way to prophesy smooth things. But I should be hated as a μάντις κακῶν, if, speaking seriously and honestly from my own deep and painful conviction, I were to enter into detail, and provoke that numerous and formidable host who will not suffer even their enlightened and real friends

σκληρὰ μαλθακῶς λέγειν.

Pray give my compliments to Mrs. Gabell and the Bishop of Hereford. I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend, and most respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR AND LEARNED DR. GABELL, 1819.

I am writing to you in the spacious and well-furnished library at Shrewsbury, and the presence of Dr. Butler; and surely these circumstances are not ill-suited to the contents of my letter.

Lately I have been rambling over the lakes and Scotland. I spent a fortnight at Edinburgh, where the professors were at liberty to meet each other and myself. I had two most celestial days with Dugald Stewart at his charming villa. I had much conversation with Mr. Pillans, head master of the high school, and he put into my hands a book, written by his under master, on the subjunctive with qui. Such a book is really a desideratum in our schools: it contains what some teachers know not, and what all may be enabled to know more distinctly, and to

communicate more successfully. I entreat you to read, and I am sure that after reading you will employ it. The price is not more than two shillings, or two shillings and sixpence. I hope that you will lose no time in writing to Mr. Pillans, and desiring him to furnish you with two or three dozen for your scholars. Tell Pillans that I informed you of the book. You will direct to him as master of the high school, Edinburgh, and get somebody to frank your letter.

Dr. Butler desires to be respectfully remembered to you. Had the principles explained in this book been known to Bishop Lowth and other illustrious scholars, they would have escaped many improprieties. If we except the..... of Ernesti and Scheller's Precepta, I know not any book where the smallest degree of scientific information can be gained.

I shall return to Hatton in a few days, and hope to hear that you have sent for the books, soon. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR,

..... The Bishop of London has sent me his Charge. You and I must see the good effect of practice upon his style—it has more the appearance of ease—and surely the ornamental parts are what we rarely see in episcopal Charges. Every page abounds with good sense, though, I must confess, that I am not *entirely* with him about the national *church* schools. I would compromise in terms where the Lancastrian and the improved Bell's plan cannot be pursued separately. But this, I find, is not the season of controversies upon matters of far greater moment, and I look with terror to the..... of the contending parties. Let us rejoice that Howley has so speedily, even amply verified my prediction, when we talked about this appointment at Cowes.

Dr. Gabell, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Winchester*, 19 *Sept.* 1823.

You are right—Dr. Warton, when he was appointed head-master of Winchester College, delivered a latin oration in answer to a congratulary address from the senior boy, and the Oration ends with a future indicative after the final *ut*. In vobis Wiccanicorum sodalitiorum spes omnis et futura fama continentur: a vobis, alumni florentissimi! quorum præcipue in gratiam et commoditatem mœnia hæc construxit, uberrimum atque optimum munificentiæ suæ fructum, fundator vester expectat, qui de republicâ, de ecclesiâ, de patriâ, deque humano genere tantum meritus est, ut illius nomen ex annalibus nostris nulla unquam *delebit* oblivio. Page 48.

21 September.

There is, I believe, no other instance of the future indicative after the final ut in the whole volume—nor indeed is there any other specimen of Dr. Warton's latin in prose. For the address to the King, supposed by Wooll to be the Doctor's, was, I am told, on credible authority, *Tom's*; and is, I think, superior to the Doctor's address to his boys in many respects. I should suppose the author of it to be capacle of writing the preliminary dissertation to Theocritus without the assistance of Lowth. But your words imply that you have evidence of the fact, not only internal but external. I would have sent this off, without losing a post immediately on the receipt of your second letter, and had written the first page, but found I was too late for the post. Not being able to find Wooll's book in the college library, and the Bishop of Hereford being absent, I hope I shall see you at Binfield. I look forward to my retirement with an ardour that will terminate I am afraid in disappointment. For though I know that men even of the strongest minds have found the change from a life of occupation to a life of inaction to be too great, and that a man may have too little to do as well as too much, yet when I think of Binfield and retirement, I seem to have lost all sobriety of mind, and to be under an incurable delusion. I have been at Fonthill. Farquhar says "If the King comes to see the Abbey, and likes it, I will give it to him."

I am, my dear Dr. Parr, with great respect and regard,

Your very faithful servant, H. GABELL.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Glasse, father of Mr. George Henry Glasse, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR *Hermitage, Dec.* 11, 1767.

Though our several engagements are such as prevent that intercourse which I am persuaded would always be agreeable to me, yet I beg leave to assure you I have a real esteem for your character, and look forward with great pleasure to the time when you will approve yourself an able and zealous defender of those great truths which I know meet with your present hearty persuasion and belief. I once took the liberty to beg your acceptance of a very excellent treatise, and indeed I think the only good one I ever met with on the subject, written by Mr. Jones on the Trinity; I herewith send you an appendix to that work, lately published, which I beg you will accept of, to complete the work: and I am mistaken if you will not be much pleased with it. It will be necessary for your author's credit, that you should bear in your mind the title, an Address to the *Common People*, as there are no ambitiosa ornamenta, but only a great deal of plain common sense in the performance.

I am, with great esteem, dear sir, your very faithful friend and humble servant, S. GLASSE.

Rev. Dr. Hunt to Dr. Parr, and styled by him "the learned."

Vice-Regal Lodge, Phœnix Park,

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 5, 1806.

You very much overrate the trifling service my situation has enabled me to render you in your correspondence with friends in Ireland, and I trust you will feel no scruple in continuing to employ me in any way I can be useful to you here. I presume you know my privilege of franking and receiving letters free is not circumscribed by the ordinary limitations of the Post-office; it extends to any number of packets containing written papers, pamphlets, or unbound books. But I am not authorised to grant my name to the conveyance of any thing that may injure the

letters in the Mail-bags by friction, or occupy an unwarrantable space; such as large books, articles of dress, lace, &c. which are subject to Custom-house duties on importation. I beg leave to inclose to you an advertisement of the proprietors of our parcel offices relative to the best mode of conveying such cumbersome folios as you express a wish of sending to the Bishop of Down; though I cannot presume to say how they perform their engagements, as I have never had occasion to employ them.

And now, my dear Sir, allow me to assure you that I feel myself very highly gratified, in being permitted to hope that you may hereafter indulge me with your correspondence, on what is passing amongst English scholars. It is however a hope far from being unmixed with apprehension. For its completion seems to depend upon your being satisfied with the answers you may receive from me to certain questions you do me the honour to propose, as to the real pretensions I may have to the character some partial friends of mine have given you, of my literary attainments. When I compare them with what others have acquired, with assistance so very inferior to that I have enjoyed, I feel deeply humbled and mortified, and I must trust to your condescension in encouraging any zeal or attachment I may have shewn to classical pursuits; rather than to your admitting me into the number of those who have cultivated them with success.

My early education was at the Free Grammar, or as it is called the Head School of Newcastle upon Tyne, under the late Hugh Moises; whose grateful pupils are now erecting a monument to his memory, with the distinguished names of Lord Eldon, Sir W. Jones, and Lord Collingwood at their head. I remained with him till he retired from the Mastership of the School; but being then too young to go to college, I was placed in the family and under the private tuition of a relative at Nottingham, the Rev. G. Walker, F. R. S. whom you must know as a profound mathematician, as a nervous writer, and above all, as having enjoyed the very favourable opinion of the great and enlightened statesman, whose loss we have now more than ever to deplore at a crisis so portentous to the liberties of the world.

From Nottingham I went to Cambridge, where I was admitted Pensioner under Mr. Collier, of Trinity College; and amongst the friendships I formed there, I recollect none with greater

fondness than that of George Holmes, a pupil of your own, and one of whom, I believe, you are justly proud. My academical life during the four years of my residence at Cambridge was not devoted so much as it ought to have been to the studies of the place: nor was it marked by any acquisition of any prize whilst I was under-graduate. My name, indeed, was included in what is called the first class of Sophs, for having excelled in their exercises in the Public-schools—but at the Senate-house-examination I fell from my "high estate," and appeared on the tripos I believe sixth senior optimé, though my friends had anticipated my attaining the honour of being "a high wrangler." After taking orders at Buckden, where my examination procured me the favourable notice of the Bishop of Lincoln, I settled as curate in Bedfordshire; but on taking my degree of M. A. I was induced to accept the offer of accompanying Lord Elgin to Turkey as secretary to his embassy; during more than four years which I spent in the East, I visited the shores of the Hellespont and Bosphorus, I spent three weeks in the Tröad, I visited and examined the Greek manuscript-libraries in Constantinople, the Islands of the Propontis, and in the twenty-two Convents of Mount Athos; and sent home a very valuable collection of manuscripts, which, with those procured by my late friend Carlyle, are now in the Primate's library at Lambeth. I then traversed Macedonia, Epirus, Ætolia, Acarnania, &c. and resided a long time in Proper Greece; making Athens my head quarters for some months. I there obtained for Lord Elgin more valuable inscriptions, and sculpture of the age of Pericles, than all the cabinets in Western Europe contained. I then travelled through the Peloponnesus, touched at almost every celebrated Island in the Ægean Sea, and at Corcyra, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Leucadia, &c.; I then visited Crete, Rhodes, Alexandria in Egypt, and returned home by Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Turin, and Geneva. On entering the French territory, I was made prisoner of war, and confined in different parts of France upwards of two years and a half. During near seven years absence from England, I was not idle. I very much improved my knowledge of modern languages. I even attained a tolerable fluency in modern Greek; and I do not recollect to have omitted visiting one spot in the classic regions of Greece and Asia Minor that was celebrated for

the monuments that remain, or for having been the scene of any great event in classical history.

On my reaching England, the change of ministry allowed my most excellent friend Lord Ossory to recommend me to the notice of the late Mr. Fox, under an impression that he had not engaged a private Secretary; he however succeeded in obtaining for me the situation I now hold under the Duke of Bedford.

You perceive it is not with impunity you have touched the string of a traveller's history. I only fear that my prolixity may have fatigued you.

I have now only to add, that, grateful and proud as I should feel by being honoured with your letters on the subjects to which you allude, I fear I shall be able to make but a poor return. My official occupations here are of such a nature, and so completely occupy my time, as to give me little leisure to attend to the progress of literature in Ireland. Whenever I hear any thing likely to interest you, be assured I will readily avail myself of your permission to communicate it.

I have the honour to be, with the most sincere respect, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

PHILIP HUNT.

The Rev. Dr. Ingram, President of Trinity College, Oxford, was warmly patronized by Dr. Parr, when candidate for the Chair of Poetry Professor. The letters, which are merely returns of kindness and compliment, I have not inserted; but that there was mutual respect is proved by the inscription quoted p. 206 of Bibl. Parr.

Dr. Parr to the Rev. Dr. Wooll.

DEAR DR. WOOLL,

First let me discharge a sacred duty, in paying promptly and largely a tribute of praise which is due to the speakers whom it has been my good fortune to hear this day at Rugby. Their

bosoms perhaps would glow with honest triumph, if they knew the approbation of my judgment and the sympathy of my soul, from the proofs which they have given me of their taste, their sensibility, and their distinguished proficiency in that erudition which tends to make them good scholars and good men. Have the goodness, Dr. Wooll, to assure your speakers that I was not only satisfied but delighted by their performance of the task assigned to them. And permit me to add, that I was very strongly impressed, not only by the number of your boys, but by their gentlemanlike appearance and decorous behaviour.

And now, dear Sir, I entreat you not to let any arbitrary usage, or any puritanical scrupulosity, stand in the way of my very earnest request that you will give your boys a holiday: give it them for my sake, because I was myself an instructor of youth for many years, and to the latest hour of my life my soul will take a warm and serious in their intellectual and moral improvement. Give it them for their sakes, because by their compositions and their recitations they have this day supported, nay exalted, the credit of your school. I should turn away indignantly from any plea that you had refused holiday to peers and peeresses;* they cannot have claims equal to my own upon you for assent. Do not, I beseech you, chill the joy which I feel at this moment upon account of your scholars, and of their parents, and of their instructors. Let me leave your town with a light and cheerful countenance, and let me reflect upon the interesting event of this day with increasing satisfaction, from the consideration that you have granted to me a request which upon many other occasions you thought yourself bound to resist, and have furnished me with an opportunity of manifesting to your scholars my unfeigned good will, good opinion, esteem, and respect. Give my very best compliments to your excellent lady, and believe me, dear Sir, your sincere well-wisher, and very respectful humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

* Dr. James had offended Dr. Parr by not acceding to a like request on this plea.

"Dr. James," says Parr, "introduced the excellent plan of education upon the model of Eton into Rugby; and this was judiciously followed up by Dr. Ingles. Dr. Wooll is said not to have disturbed this plan. And I have to state, that he was strongly recommended by the learned Bishop Huntingford; that he is the biographer of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Warton; that he has the inestimable advantage of assistance from three persons most respectable for learning, activity, and fidelity—Mr. Birch, Mr. Philip Homer, and Mr. Logan; and that in a place where nothing is gained by supplies of candidates for the benefits of a regular and splendid foundation, or the authority of long-established fame, the present number of boys, amounting to more than three hundred, ought to be considered as a proof of public confidence, warranted by public experience."

Dr. James, to Dr. Parr.

Harvington near Evesham, Worcestershire,

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 22, 1801.

Having just been told by Dr. Johnstone that you intend coming to Worcester some time after Oct. the 7th, and fearing that my concerns here may not permit me to go hence till late in that month at the earliest (both on account of a possible roofing of my chancel, and on account of gathering the fruits of my orchard for winter use, and for making of cyder,) I have thought it right to express my thanks to you by a letter, for the variety of pleasure and information which I have received from your most masterly production upon the nature and principles of Benevolence. The variety of reading you have displayed, and the exquisite choice you have made of quotations (many of which are no less luminous than they are apposite), excited in me an eager desire of visiting the very springs from whence you had drawn so many delicious draughts. I have been truly astonished at what I have observed on every side, at the comprehensiveness of your reading, the fidelity of your memory, and that profound depth of thinking which is manifested both by your reading and writing. From the little conversation I have had with metaphysical authors, you may be sure I have been kept on the full stretch in the perusal of all the philosophical parts of

your work; but I assure you I have been entertained and gratified in the highest degree almost everywhere, and particularly in your incomparable note about atheism and superstition (in which you must win every heart), and by your most able and satisfactory vindication of Oxford. In both these causes, of religion and her guardians, you have discovered a warmth of feeling, a soundness of reasoning, and a sublimity of expression, that is to be equalled only by the goodness of your heart. The parts I have alluded to are, you well know, among the most popular in your book, and such as will entice the multitude of readers; while such as have a higher relish for literature may sate themselves as with a luscious banquet. Methinks I remember a passage in Cicero (I cannot say where, and here I have no means of inquiry), which, whether I quote it exactly or not, is in my opinion altogether applicable to your book:—"Cùm autem ad præclarum et admirabile ingenium eximia quædam accesserit et exquisita doctrina, tum vero in scribendo existere solet quod in suo genere sit præstantissimum, quod cumulatum, quod perfectum, quod denique omnibus suis numeris et partibus sit absolutum."

I have observed some few typographical errors, some of which I shall here take the liberty of noting, because I do not see them among your errata. . . . . .

I cannot prevail with myself to close this letter without assuring you, that I feel myself so highly exalted by your honourable notice of me, that it will add a stimulus to all my future exertions, by creating an endeavour to maintain the rank to which your kind partiality has promoted me. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, and with the compliments of Mrs. James to Mrs. Parr and all your family, your most obliged and faithful servant,

T. JAMES.

Dr. Parr has particularly applauded Dr. Jowett, Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge, for his liberality and courtesy in rendering back to him Pisacane's Latin version of Justinian's

Institutes, a book so rare that at the time he could not procure another copy. Of this restoration he has given an account in the annexed statement. I shall also copy two letters of Dr. Jowett, on account of their introducing Mr. Bloomfield of Tugby, the editor of Thucydides, to him.

The following statement is intended, not more to record the value of this book from its scarcity, than the courtesy of a very elegant scholar and a very exemplary Christian, to whom I am indebted for the final possession of it. In the winter of 1783 I met the Rev. Dr. Jowett at Jesus College, Cambridge, and after dinner I gave him this copy of Pisacane, because I thought that the Latin version of Justinian's Institutes was connected with his situation as Professor of Civil Law in the University, and because I was not entirely without the hope of procuring for myself another copy, for I did not then know the book to be so rare.

About the year 1780 I bought it from some London bookseller, probably Mr. Lockyer Davis of Holborn Bars, or Mr. Benjamin White of Fleet Street, with whom I had dealt early and largely.

I gave it away in 1783. I afterwards made many efforts, at many times and in many places, to get another copy. I employed the learned Mr. Hamley, Fellow of New College, Oxford, the accomplished Countess of Oxford, Mr. Windham the English Ambassador at Florence, and the Russian Ambassador at that place, to examine, or cause to be examined, all the booksellers' shops at Rome, Venice, Milan, Florence, Naples, &c. Mr. Windham and the Russian nobleman were men of letters, and well acquainted with librarians; but their labours were fruitless. Early in the spring of 1806 I desired Mr. Blount, an ingenious man who was prosecuting his medical studies in Paris, to inspect all the shops, and to inquire of all the scholars, and with the booksellers with whom he might meet in that city. His researches were without effect. I wrote to Mr. Robert Adair, the English Ambassador at Vienna, and from him I had no intimation, either of success or of a chance that he would succeed.

Since my purchase of the book in 1780, I never saw a copy of the book in the library of any scholar, nor the slightest mention of it in the catalogues of any librarians, English or Foreign, I could meet with no English scholar who had even heard of the book, and now feeling strongly its scarcity, I was rather out of humour with myself for parting with it. In my own library, I have no other book quite so scarce. On Sunday, Dec. 7th, 1806, when I was on a visit to Davy, formerly my pupil, and afterwards the very learned Master of Caius College, Cambridge, I had some conversation with the Rev. Mr. Howes, who was at that time Tutor at Trinity Hall, where Dr. Jowett resided, and who had been formerly under my care, when I was Master of Norwich School. Knowing Mr. Howes to be a man of good sense and learning, I stated to him my dearly bought opinion upon the unusual scarcity of the book, my inability to get it in any place, my reluctance to ask for that which I had once given, and the confidence which, under all circumstances, I reposed in the politeness and good nature of Dr. Jowett. Mr. Howes saw at once my delicacy and my solicitude, he immediately told the tale to Professor Jowett, and on the Monday morning he brought me the book himself, with a very handsome message from the Professor. Soon after I gladly committed to paper a testimony of my thankfulness to Dr. Jowett, and, according to his request, I sent him a few of my own publications, as marks of my great esteem and respect. Such is the memorandum which I made in my own hand-writing, and signed with my own name, at Hatton on Monday 22d of December, 1806.

At the end of this book will be found an account of the very unexpected success which at last crowned the exertions of my friend, Mr. Scott, to procure for me a second copy. Up to this day I have not found that in any English Library, public or private, the book is to be found. On Wednesday, July 4th, 1816, I heard from my much respected friend and patron, Mr. Coke of Holkham, that he was making many improvements in the large and valuable library which adorns his magnificent mansion; I instantly determined to request, that he would do me the honour to accept this, the first copy which had fallen into my hands. I think that from its scarcity it is not wholly unworthy of a place in the Holkham library, and I intend to carry it thither, in the

course of this summer. With the obliging aid of Mr. Nicholson, a member of Edmund Hall, Oxon, I recorded the foregoing particulars on July 5th: the same day I directed Mr. Sharpe, my bookseller at Warwick, to insert this paper in the book, and I further directed that the leaves should be gilt, and a proper title put upon the back, the old covering of which I desired Mr. Sharpe to remove, and in the place of it to employ Russia leather.

DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 24, 1812.

Mr. Bloomfield, whom I had the honour of introducing to your acquaintance, is diligently prosecuting his intended edition of Thucydides. In the last term he applied to the senate for the use of two MSS, but the grace was rejected. The principal reason which I have heard for this unexpected repulse was, that Mr. B. had not distinguished himself as an Under-Graduate. He wishes the grace to be proposed again at the next congregation, and in order to remove the suspicion of his incompetency he is anxious to obtain the honour of your testimony. For this purpose he is desirous to be permitted to send to you, in one large sheet, a selection from his critical notes. But, though highly flattered and encouraged by your kind reception of him at Cambridge, he feels a delicacy about asking so great a favour as that you would peruse his criticisms, and give your opinion of them, and therefore presses me a second time to introduce him to your notice.

I am not insensible that I may need an apology for complying with his solicitation. But I am persuaded you will not suffer a zealous and indefatigable scholar to fail in his literary pursuit for want of having his qualifications examined, and there is no person in whose judgment Mr. B. would more completely acquiesce, whether your advice should be to proceed or to desist.

I shall be happy to receive a good account of your health, and am, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant,

J. JOWETT.

DEAR SIR, *Trinity-Hall, Feb.* 2, 1812.

On the receipt of your obliging letter, I immediately wrote to Mr. Bloomfield, who is at Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, and advised him to send you, without delay, a specimen of his critical

abilities, which we had agreed should be in readiness, till an intimation of your willingness to peruse it should be received.

The circumstance of his being *οψιμαθης*, naturally induces the University to require some decisive proof of his qualification, before they commit to him so grave a task as the editing of Thucydides. Mr. B. is but little known to me, and nothing but my regard for literature inclines me to interest myself about the projected work.

It is very desirable that your opinion should be known at Cambridge four days before the next congregation, which is fixed for the 19th instant. I shall be happy to be honoured with a letter on the 15th, but if other engagements should make it inconvenient to you to determine at so short a notice, the grace may be postponed to the next succeeding congregation. I have the honour to be, with great respect, Dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. JOWETT.

Dr. Parr corresponded with three of the Masters of Eton, Dr. Davies, Dr. Goodall, and Dr. Keate. To the latter he sent an account of Barford, who was a Fellow of Eton College, with some notices of his merits, and peculiarities—

I perceive, says Dr. Keate, that you have already more information concerning him, than I, or I believe than any one upon this place can furnish you. . . . . Barford must have been a very considerable man; indeed, from your account of him I believe that they had but the dregs of him here, he was old when he was elected Fellow, and did not, I think, enjoy his fellowship many years.

The two following letters convey a notice of a present from Dr. Parr, to Dr. Keate, with an inscription; a communication of certain criticisms; and an answer to Parr's offer of a visit, on expressing a wish to be present at the Eton Election in 1824.

To those who watched over his declining health soon after the date of this letter, June 17th, it is affecting to look at these records of the past—to see how eager he was when the thread of life was so nearly spun out to grasp at these empty shadows. Yet, was it not natural? He himself had been a high mettled racer on the course, and his last aspirations were for the triumph of the youthful brood, who were now beginning the race, and were training for glory.

Rev. Dr. Keate, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Eton, July 16th,* 1816.

I have offended most grievously, I am aware, in not having replied to your kind favour by Dr. Middleton, and thanked you for your very flattering enquiries respecting my health, as well as for your invitation to Hatton. Though I can make no excuse for so long a silence, I am willing to believe that you will make some allowance for me, from the nature of my occupations, which I assure you are incessant and most fatiguing.

I thank God I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted health since I have held my present situation. The indisposition, to which you kindly allude, has not been a serious one, nor such as to disqualify me for business, though from its having directed its attacks upon an important part, the head, I own I was at one time rather uneasy upon the subject. The good advice of Dr. Baillie has almost entirely relieved me, so that even if Leamington Spa were recommended for complaints of this nature, I am happy to say that I now should have no occasion to try the effect of its waters. I am very grateful, however, to you for your proposition, and for your wish to receive at Hatton a person so unworthy as I am to pass your threshhold.

I have been taught from my earliest days to reverence your great talents and extraordinary learning, and should be most proud of being admitted to your society. And though my engagements at this time will not allow of my accepting your very obliging invitation, I still entertain hopes of being able to ac-

complish at no distant period what I so much desire. In the mean time, I beg you to believe that I am, dear Sir, with great and sincere respect, your obedient and faithful servant,

J. KEATE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Eton, June* 17, 1824.

I am totally unworthy of your correspondence, as you must have discovered long ago. I received your admirable criticisms in January, and have not yet said a word upon the subject of them. You desired me to take my time with a vengeance—the excuse of the perpetual occupation of a schoolmaster is not sufficient; yet I am sure you have no idea how my time is occupied. Though I have read and been delighted with your papers, yet I have not sufficiently devoured them, and I must beg to be permitted to detain them a little longer. But I ought not to have been so long in answering one part of your letter, I mean that in which you express a wish to be present at our election. The wish is most flattering to us, and I assure you it would at all times give me great pleasure to receive you here. But as your proposal upon this occasion is accompanied with certain conditions, I am sure you will excuse me if I give you my sentiments without reserve. You wish, you say, to see our election, and yet to peep at it from a corner, to avoid the dinners in Hall, and particularly not to come in contact with the Provost.

Though I cannot help thinking you are mistaken about the affair which gave you offence many years ago, yet, if you think otherwise, and are determined to avoid him, I must fairly tell you that it would be impossible at our election. In the first place there is no exhibition but the speeches and the dinner, which latter you wish to avoid; and as to the speeches they are seldom worth your hearing, as the boys are not selected for their powers of oratory, but from their standing in school, and it is very rare that we meet with an orator gifted by nature, or are able to make one from a post. Now at either of these exhibitions it would be impossible for Dr. Parr latere in angulo—he must have the post of honour, and be placed close to the Provost: to this I am afraid, from the sentiments expressed in your letter, you could not consent, and yet it would not possibly be otherwise. I must also candidly, though perhaps rudely, acquaint

you, that my time is so entirely occupied by the business of the period, that it would be impossible for me to enjoy your society as I could wish, and I own it would be more convenient to me to receive you at any other time.

You have now my sentiments candidly stated: they are dictated by a wish to spare you some unpleasant feelings, which, if you retain the sentiments which you expressed in your letter, you would undoubtedly experience here. I trust you will take them as they are intended. I am, my dear Sir, with the highest respect, your very sincere and faithful servant, J. KEATE.

Professor Malthus was introduced to Dr. Parr by Sir Samuel Romilly. There is one letter of great kindness in the collection, but it is on a private topic.

Mr. Martyn, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, placed his son under Dr. Parr's tuition at Hatton. During part of 1791, and almost the whole of 1792, this young gentleman performed the part of amanuensis. The following letters displays the Professor's gratitude, and is declaratory of the improvement of his son. There is an elaborate reply of Dr. Parr to the Professor's inquiry concerning Latin adjectives ending in *osus*.

DEAR SIR, *Park Prospect, Nov.* 9, 1792.

Knowing the importance of your pursuits, and how well your time is filled up, I avoid troubling you with letters unnecessarily; and presuming that my son would communicate to you my instructions concerning the time of his migration, which I had settled in concert with his uncle and worthy master, I thought it unnecessary to trouble you on that point. Now that he has quitted your friendly mansion, it is highly proper that I should acquit myself of part of my debt to you, by returning you my

most sincere and hearty thanks for all the learned instruction and friendly counsel which you have so obligingly bestowed upon him, far above my expectations when I placed him under your care.

My son informs me that you have honoured my Letters on Botany with some notice; could I have flattered myself with such a supposition, I should have taken a pleasure in sending you the book. I write not for the learned; and taking advantage of the epistolary form, the manner is loose and the style careless. The motto should have been—*virginibus puerisque.* My view was to reduce the women from their frivolities to something that might enlarge their minds, and yet contained nothing too abstruse. The experiment has succeeded; for three large impressions have been sold. When I have opportunity I shall take the liberty of sending my Tour to Italy; though it is a mere vade mecum, useful on the spot. I have kept it down, and made it as stupid as possible. The whole merit of it consists in having much compressed into a small compass, and in being faithfully transcribed from notes made on the place, wherever I had an opportunity of observing. In the course of the winter I shall print a botanico-philological book, which I shall also have the honour of sending you. This year I hope nothing will prevent my having the pleasure of meeting you in town, either at my house or Dr. Shepherd's, or both. If, when you have settled your plan you will appoint a day, by a line from Hatton, the Doctor and I will gladly receive you on your own terms. In the mean time I am, dear Sir, with genuine esteem and respect, yours most sincerely, THOS. MARTYN.

Adjectives in *osus* have generally an unfavourable sense, though their substantives have a favourable one, as *religiosus, famosus, gloriosus, animosus.* They are sometimes, however, used in a good sense, as *famosus* by Pliny and Tacitus—*religiosus* by Cicero. I find *gloriosum* used by Cicero in a good sense, but not the masculine. Milton applies the superlative *gloriosissimus* in a favourable sense to Cromwell. Has he any authority for so doing? Or can you give me any certain rule for these adjectives in *osus?*

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Dr. Mavor.

REVEREND SIR, *June 6*, 1792.

I yesterday had the honour of receiving your excellent pamphlet,* and the very polite note which accompanied it. The style is often animated and often elegant; many of the observations are very just, many of your distinctions about politics in France and ecclesiastical matters in England appear to me well founded, and the *spirit* which pervades *far* the greater part of your work does credit to your candour as a clergyman, and to your liberality as a gentleman. I must, however, take the liberty of limiting this last commendation, because you in one or two places seem to impute to the Bishop of Llandaff some invidious and secret designs, which I cannot reconcile to the vigour of his understanding or to the openness of his temper. I have known him personally for many years, and have conversed with him freely; I have disputed with him frequently, I have read all his controversial writings, I have watched his public conduct, and I am deeply acquainted with his private character. On some political and some theological points I differ from him in opinion, and especially I differ from him about the time and the manner of repealing the Test Act. But I do assure you, Sir, upon the word of an honest man, that I believe him incapable "of prostituting the sacred name of liberty to purposes of faction," of attempting to "demolish the form of the English Government," and of breaking down indiscriminately and simultaneously "the connection between Church and State." You have with great propriety noticed and commented on "the candour of the Bishop in stating an objection to his own way of arguing," and I agree with you that the objection itself is a very strong one. I further agree with you, that the "majority have a right to prescribe civil privileges to the minority;" but in the exercise of this right I have often found less wisdom and less moderation than I could wish. In the present state of things, I, with the entire approbation of my judgment and conscience, resisted the repeal of the

* *Vindiciæ Landavenses*, or Strictures on the Bishop of Llandaff's Charge to his Clergy.

Test; for I disapproved of the spirit and the season too in which the repeal was demanded. I saw a very simple question either indiscreetly or invidiously made a complex one; and I found political opinions of which I did not approve, interwoven with the business of the Test. For these reasons I oppose them; and for other specific reasons that convince me the Test is at present useful, I could not have supported them.

As we have hitherto gone on well, I would not be in violent haste to remove the Test, and if we hereafter go on *much* better, if a spirit of intolerance gives way to a spirit of moderation, and if moderation prepares all parties for confidence, I shall then think that the safety of the Church will admit, and that the honour of the Church will require, the repeal of the Test. It became necessary at first from particular circumstances, and when those circumstances cease to exist, a Test will cease to be necessary, and of course must cease to be just. In saying so I adopt your own wise and virtuous principle, when you call upon "all moderate men to exert their influence in abating that violence which has unhappily been excited in the minds of individuals." In *principle* we are agreed, and even in the application of the principle to the present state of things we do not disagree. My observation upon men convinces me that bigotry is to be found upon *all* sides, and my writings and my conduct will be steadily employed in the discouraging it.

Without pretending to approve of all particulars of Church or State, I am most sincerely attached to the interests of both, and I would rather bear with the defects which may be justly imputed to them, than expose either to the ravages of innovation. In truth, Sir, I am a moderate man, and as I know how to value the real and substantial excellencies both of our civil and ecclesiastical Constitution, I should be very sorry indeed to expose them to danger *near* or *remote*. All our rights would be secured, all our comforts multiplied, and all our reasonable wishes abundantly gratified, if men cherished in their hearts and carried into their actions the judicious and noble advice with which your book concludes.* It coincides with every dictate of my under-

* The words are — "And now, my Lord, having fallen in company by accident, diverged in the course of our journey

standing, and every feeling of my heart—I applaud, I thank you for it.

While "the substance of our ecclesiastical establishment re-remains the same," the form of it, as you properly observe, "may be varied according to circumstances;" and I beg leave to add that, in calculating the *importance* of those circumstances, and in fixing the *degree* of those variations, the utmost wisdom and the purest honesty are indispensably necessary. I know some churchmen, and one or two statesmen, who will fall under your splendid description: and yet I fear that too many may be found, who, as Bishop Watson says, are enemies to free inquiry. But sound knowledge and unaffected moderation are daily increasing among ecclesiastics; and my prayer is, that they may increase more and more. Your own book, Sir, is an illustrious proof of this position.

If you have read my *Sequel* you may have seen that I last year exerted myself with success to check some *political dialogues* which were publishing at Birmingham; and by the same post which yesterday brought me your book, I had intelligence of fresh and *greater* success upon a subject of yet greater importance. I last week published at Birmingham, without my name, "A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis." I am very sorry that it is not in my power to give you a copy, but you may get it at Oxford. The object of it was to dissuade the Dissenters from meeting on the 14th of July. Upon the force of my reasoning you will judge from the perusal of the book, and upon its *effects* you will congratulate the public when you read the following advertisement.

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according to what seemed the best road to each of us, we meet, we embrace, I hope, in the spirit of charity at last. To endeavour to secure the protection of God in another world by propagating the pure gospel of his Son in this, is and ought to be our grand aim, our unwearied pursuit. But while we study to propagate its mild and benevolent principles, let us not forget to infuse their practice by our example. Let us banish anger and evil speaking, and study peace with all men; assured that one breach of the great law of Him is of more importance in the sight of God than a thousand speculative errors which disturb not the quiet of others, or a thousand speculative truths which have no influence on ourselves."

Birmingham, June 21, 1792.

"A report having been propagated that it is intended to celebrate the commemoration of the French Revolution in this town on the 14th of July next ensuing, it is hereby declared by those who promoted the last anniversary, that the said report is groundless, and, although they have seen no reason to change their sentiments, that they ought to rejoice as *men* at the emancipation of so many of their fellow-men from the miseries of a government universally acknowledged to be tyrannical; or *as Britons and good citizens,* that the beneficial consequences of the French Revolution to the commerce and finances of this country, by preventing foreign wars, have been already felt, and have contributed to the national peace and prosperity; yet they are too much the friends of peace and order to endanger the public tranquillity at the present crisis. They conclude this advertisement as they began their last meeting, by declaring their loyalty 'to the King and Constitution,' their attachment to which remains unaltered, notwithstanding the injuries some of them have received from the temporary delusion of their townsmen."

This advertisement came out the very day week after my book. It will convince you that Dissenters will sometimes listen to a man whose politics and religious tenets are different from their own, and it may induce you to believe that my exertions for the preservation of public tranquillity are not very deficient in judgment or efficacy, and that your opinion of me is well-founded, when you did me the honour of saying, that I am a friend to the Church and the State. In abilities to serve them they have other friends superior to myself; but in sincerity and in firmness I allow no man living a praise of superiority.

I am, Sir, your very respectful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Dr. Mavor, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Woodstock, June* 9, 1792.

To be indifferent to the opinion of such a distinguished scholar and judge, would argue insensibility: not to feel and to acknowledge the honour you have done me, would show a mind neither actuated by honest ambition, nor deserving any

share of that praise you have so gratuitously bestowed. Accept my cordial thanks for your praises and for your abatements; for the candid avowal of your private sentiments, and for the pleasing intimation of your late exertions to promote the general weal, and to preserve the public peace.

I was in hopes of finding your *Letter* at Oxford; but, my bookseller informed me that it was not yet published in London, or, at least, he could not procure it. It had been announced, a few days ago, by a gentleman of Christ-church, and enquired after by several without effect. I took the liberty of mentioning its success. The intelligence gives universal satisfaction. To one singularly benevolent and liberal minded friend (Dr. Bathurst of Christ-church) I shewed your letter. I knew the candour of his mind, and the coincidence of his sentiments; and I thought I was doing *you* justice, and giving *him* pleasure at the same time. I have now a letter from him before me, in which he says, "to your well-earned reputation the suffrage of Dr. Parr will ever be deemed an honourable accession. The sentiments contained in his letter are so well calculated to promote the happiness of individuals, and the peace of society, that they cannot fail to be highly acceptable to every man who has really at heart those interesting objects. May he always exert his excellent talents with the same success that he has done at Birmingham."

Pulchrum est laudari à laudato viro. Though your reputation stands in no need of new support, yet I flatter myself you will not be displeased to find that you have—what is *more* than *fame* to a good man—the *approbation* of the *good*.

And now, Sir, suffer me to advert to an expression in my pamphlet, which, had I meant to apply it to the Bishop of Landaff in *particular*, I should, with you, have considered it as illiberal and unjust; but considered, as I intended it, in *general*, and without individual reference, I trust it will appear neither improper nor uncharitable. If, however, my *Letter* should have the honour to reach a second edition, I will take care to profit by your remarks, and to leave nothing equivocal or indecorous. While zealots are ready to call down fire from heaven on those who think differently from them, I place my glory and my duty in candour, liberality, and moderation.

I have the honour of knowing Dr. Watson only by his writings and his character. Regarded *absolutely* as a man and a christian, my heart is with him; regarded *relatively* as a bishop, I lament his indiscretion. What is right is not *always* expedient; what is liberal is not *always* safe. At this crisis there seems to me equal danger from stretching the principles of our civil and ecclesiastical constitutions too far, or relaxing them too much. I think Mr. Burke has been guilty of the first error, Dr. Watson of the last. Under this impression I hastily write what you have been pleased so freely to approve. It is no less singular than true, that the whole was written and sent to press during three or four days that I was confined by a severe cold and fever. I had no friend to consult with; I wrote rather to banish thought than to think. This may account for occasional languor, and palliate imbecility of argument.

To-day I have read your Sequel a second time with renewed pleasure, and, I hope, with permanent improvement. In one or two political points of great importance, on which I have thought much without being able to decide, I adopt you as my guide. I admit your argument with the full conviction of my reason, and the entire approbation of my heart. I am grateful to you for the light you have diffused on my mind.

Formed, as you are, to illuminate, to improve, and convince mankind, I hope your splendid talents will neither lie dormant, nor go unrewarded. The present season opens a spacious field—a glorious opportunity for the exercise of your varied endowments. While so many are busied to agitate and inflame, be it your province, as I am sure it is your wish, to support and enforce a love of civil and social order, on which all our individual happiness and all our public prosperity so intimately and entirely depends. Animated with this object, I sometimes forget the feebleness of my own powers, and wish to "pursue the and partake the gale."

I am, with the greatest respect, Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant, W. Mavor.

Professor Pillans, to Dr. Parr.

Edinburgh, 25 June, 1820.

DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED SIR,

Nothing could have prevented me from replying to your valuable communication, and thanking you in my own name, and that of my friend Mr. Carson, for the kind interest you take in our labours but the strong desire I felt to answer at such length, and in such a manner, as should testify the deep sense I had of this mark of your friendly attention. But the incessant occupation of my life, between pupils at home and pupils in school, has, day after day, frustrated my intentions; and, despairing now of overtaking this extended discussion till my holidays arrive, I sit down to write a few hasty lines, lest you should imagine that I entertain any but sentiments of the most profound respect and sincerest gratitude for the long, luminous, and interesting communication you sent me by Mr. Horner. And these feelings are not a little increased by considering that you wrote it when labouring under severe indisposition. The store of rich and apposite quotation, enforcing doctrines so just and so well stated, has already been doled out to my pupils, and, under the sanction of so distinguished a name, will act as a great stimulus to learn.

Two points only occur to me at present as requiring explanation: the one regarding the double ii in the genitive of nouns, which you seem to think a licence introduced by Ovid. Yet I think I have met with it more than once in Propertius. One example occurs in III. 3, 22. Non est ingenii cymba gravanda tui. The other regards the use of the indicative after indefinites; in treating of which you appear to have overlooked a remarkable passage in the same poet, in which he seems to have used both modes indiscriminately, and to have passed from the one to the other without any feeling of impropriety. The passage is the last thirty lines of lib. III. 5. beginning

Tum mihi naturæ libeat perdiscere mores
Quis Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
Quà venit exoriens, quà deficit, unde coactis
Cornibus in plenum menstrua Luna redit, &c.

In stating these difficulties which occur to me, I am, perhaps, only exposing my own ignorance; but this I should always do without reluctance if I were sure of finding an instructor as able and indulgent as you. I have much more to say, and many inquiries to make, in the hope of obtaining additional information; but as this is the busiest season of the year with me, I am obliged to defer the gratification which your former kindness encourages me to expect from future letters. I trust your health is now re-established, though I fear we cannot look soon for the honour of another visit to Edinburgh. I shall never forget the delight and improvement I received from your conversation, and, above all, the days we passed at Kinneil.

Horner is at present full of anxiety and apprehension, having four or five of his girls ill of the hooping-cough. Mary has had a narrow escape; but I think I may say is out of danger.

I remain, dear and honoured Sir, your faithful and obliged servant,

JAMES PILLANS.

Dr. Parr, to Professor Pillans.

Hatton, Sept. 10, 1823.

DEAR AND LEARNED MR. PILLANS,

As Mr. Mackay is returning to Scotland, I shall take an opportunity to send you three or four lines. I cannot write legibly. I hold a pen with extreme pain. I very often have no amanuensis; for these reasons I find it scarcely possible to perform the duties of a correspondent. But I dictate this letter for the purpose of assuring you that I look back with delight to the hours which I spent at Edinburgh in the society of yourself and many other enlightened men, whose virtues, talents, and literary, or philosophical attainments, endear their excellences and their names to my soul. Undiminished are my regard and my respect for yourself, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Playfair, Dr. and Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Gregory, Dugald Stuart, Mrs. and Miss Stuart, Mr. M'Kenzie, Mr. Allison and his daughter, his very sensible auxiliary, all, even all the Horners, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Thomson,*

* My brother-in-law, Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk Register, and Clerk of Session.—J. P.

who is the most accomplished man I ever saw. Pray thank Mr. Thomson for the honour he did me in sending me the interesting memoirs of a great Scotch family. I read them with great attention and great approbation. Be assured I shall always have pleasure and pride in being permitted to subscribe myself, dear Sir, with sincere respect, your friend, and obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PILLANS,

Your letter was sent up for me from Hatton to London, where I received it yesterday. I cannot, in the absence of books, send you such an answer as I wish; but you will hear from me when I get a scribe in Warwickshire. The passage from Propertius's Elegy, 5, lib. 3, is one which I have again and again employed as an instance where the indicative and the subjunctive are, in the same sentence, used promiscuously; and my present scribe remembers it well. There is a parallel one in Persius. I cannot, from memory, speak about my letter to you; but I think it scarcely possible for me to have omitted so notorious a passage. Pray look at my letter. Among the early Roman poets, except the comic, there is but one instance: that one occurs in Ennius, which I must suppose myself to have produced. You will remember, that I told you, that this use of the indefinite words with the subjunctive was gradually introduced as the Latin language became more and more refined; and you will take notice that, according to my opinion, the Romans, in their ordinary conversation, did not observe the rules which were afterwards established. Plautus and Terence frequently put the indicative; and this shews the colloquial use. In the *Origines* of Cato the structure of the sentences is very inartificial, and in the parts which have reached us there is not one sentence where the subjunctive could be used after an indefinite. But I desired you to observe that in the prose writers the rule is uniformly attended to, and for this position I appeal to Cato de Re Rustica, and to Varro. Let me intreat you to mark what I am now going to say: we are all charmed with the energetic style of Quintilian; he never violates the rule. But the striking circumstance is, that in so large a book we have very few instances in which the

rule is employed. It is in the poets only that the violation of the rule occurs, and probably one reason is the metrical convenience. Thus, in Propertius, after *temperet* we find *venit, deficit, videt, trenuere, coit*, in the indicative, when the verse did not admit the subjunctive. As to the terminations in *ii*, from nominatives ending in *ium* and *ius*, the principle which is laid down in Bentley's Prolegomena to Manilius is perfectly correct. When I mentioned Ovid, I did not forget Propertius, I consider them as contemporary writers, and poets who lived after them would write Fluvii for Fluvius, and Ingenii for Ingenium. Thus, in Propertius, we read

Quid tunc Tarquinii fractas juvat esse secures,
Et spolia opprobrii nostra per ora trahit.

There may be here and there rare instances, but they are very few. Now Propertius is not so correct and polished a writer as Tibullus. From both we are warranted in saying that this use of the genitive does not occur before the Augustan age, that Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace afford no instance, that even the comic writers afford none, that the practice began with Ovid and his contemporary Propertius, was very convenient for their verse, and is found in all the poets subsequent to the Augustan age. Boys should be informed of this distinction in time; and I would permit them to use this genitive in every sort of verse, except the lyric and the iambic. Make this your rule; Never admit it in sapphics, never in hendecasyllables, never in alcaics, never in iambics, never in trochees. But let your boys use it in heroics and elegiacs. I would further observe, that in Propertius, who, as I told you, is not a very correct writer, there are five instances where he uses a short vowel at the end of a word, when the next word begins with st, sp, &c. Dawes very acutely remarks, that in Lucretius and the old writers there is the same use. We never find it in Virgil, nor in the *lyrics* of Horace; but in the *sermoni propiora* there are several instances. Looking at the whole case, I should forbid boys to do so in all lyrics, and in all iambics, and in all stately heroics; but in heroics, where the style is not grand, and in all elegiacs, I would leave them at liberty, still recommending it to be done sparingly. I will give

you two instances from Propertius, and there are more than two, where a short vowel is used before *sp*, &c.

"Jam bene spondebant nunc omnia," &c.

"Consuluitque striges nostro de sanguine," &c.

Remember me to all my friends, and especially the Horners, Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Allison, and Dugald Stewart, and Dr. Thomson, and Mr. Thomson, and to your wife, and to Mrs. Thomson. I am truly your friend, S. PARR.

Rev. Dr. Raine, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Charter House, March* 25, 1792.

I am very sensibly and very thoroughly ashamed to have so long delayed answering your very obliging favour; the value of which, though unacknowledged, has not, I trust, been either forgotten or improperly appreciated. The kind expressions, and liberal instances of friendship, with which you have been pleased to honour me, at once call for my respect and secure my affection. Nothing but that unremitted attention, which I feel bound by necessity and duty to give to my situation here, could have prevented me from telling you how much I feel myself gratified by your kindness. Indeed I am sometimes ready to be out of temper with my employment, when I reflect how frequently it subjects me to the mortifying character of a bad neighbour and a worse correspondent. One of my assistants has been for some time so much indisposed as to make his absence from school indispensable. This has brought a considerable addition to my accustomed daily cares, and, added to the disgusting attention which must be given to the friends and parents of boys at a school situated in the centre of the metropolis, will find in the liberality of your judgment a ready excuse for neglect, resulting more, I may say altogether, from necessity, and not from choice. Egerton was not so punctual in sending the Marcellus, as you meant that he should have been. It is arrived, however, and I am proud to accept it as a mark of esteem from one whose principles I had, in common with my countrymen, learned to look up to, and as a testimony of regard from one whose learning I had taught myself to revere. I think I observed to you, when

you were so good as to give me your company here, that, although myself a teacher, I was never ashamed to be taught by those whose abilities enabled them, and whose humanity inclined them, to give me information. Under this impression, I leave you to judge of the disposition of mind with which I read your excellent and judicious instructions. Some of the books you mention are known to me more than by name; the rest I shall endeavour to be well acquainted with, as soon as time and my honest gains will put it into my power. I am sorry I cannot go more at length into this subject, and suggest more things for your assistance, which, however, I must content myself with postponing to an opportunity of more leisure. I seize my pen now in haste, and more because I am every day hurt that my shame should be accumulating upon me, than because I have time to write as I could wish. I read Jonathan that part of your letter in which you are so good as to mention him with so much approbation. An ingenuous mind is never hurt by praise, and an ingenuous mind I am certain he possesses. You will readily suppose that he was affected by it as he ought to be. He is now upon the circuit, spending money on the expectation of its returning by and by with interest. I sometimes see Tweddell, and never without inquiring when we may expect to be treated with your book. I have no doubt but that, as it is expected with impatience, it will be read with avidity. Bigotry and intolerance should now be publicly scouted, and it is happy when a man can open the minds of his fellow-creatures at the time that he is doing justice to himself. I cannot conclude this imperfect reply to your flattering notice of me, without once more assuring you, that, as I look upon it to be one of the most important events in my life which introduced me to your acquaintance, so I shall be ever studious to cultivate your good opinion and regard. My sister begs to present you with her respectful compliments. Believe me, dear Sir, to be, with every sentiment of gratitude and esteem, your obliged and sincere humble servant,

MATTHEW RAINE.

MY DEAR SIR, *June* 23, 1792.

My heart smote me this morning, when your second letter was put into my hands; conscious that I had omitted to reply to

your first. It is now small hurry and bustle which we are engaged in at the close of a vacation, when our boys are returning to school, and this circumstance has of late interfered with the little leisure that is generally left to me. However, I am determined to be no longer impeachable for neglect of one by whom I ought and do think an honour to be noticed. I shall invert the order of your letters, and reply to the second first, as it seems to contain matter of much importance to the good cause in which we are engaged. You see a difficulty in the sum which we apply for. You will be at no loss to see the immediate propriety of the subscribers being as few in number as possible, for which if there were no other reason than the one urged in your P.S., I think it of itself abundantly strong. But we do not mean to limit ourselves in the subscription for which we apply precisely to ten guineas. Our wish is to see how much may be raised by this mode of procedure, and only to have recourse to less sums when we find it necessary. An obvious caution, therefore, presents itself to those who interest themselves in the business; and that is, not to apply to such persons as it may be a matter of consequence to whether they give ten guineas or five, but wait till the necessity of the case makes it expedient to accept small donations. Our subscription is at present in a very flourishing state, and, with your exertions, now amounts to nearly, if not quite, a thousand pounds. Do not, therefore, my good Sir, despair of our efforts, and let us not value our friend's necessity too cheap yet; for every additional name, you know, adds to the obligation, and multiplies the difficulty which you suggest. Besides, no man ought to have it to say that he conferred a favour upon R. P. which cost him less than ten guineas. I am still, therefore, of opinion that we should adhere, for the present, to ten, and that the well-wishers of the cause should be desired, *for the present*, to suspend such applications as only give hopes of five, or, in short, of any sum less than ten. You may be assured that we feel much obliged by your strenuous endeavours and services in the cause. Mr. Windham has already been a liberal contributor, and I hope that his great neighbour Mr. Coke will not be less so. By no means apply to the Master of St. John's, nor to the Master of Trinity, directly or indirectly; for it was stated to P. that this subscription was a tribute of literary men

to literature, which had been deserted by the University, or rather its own College. And it would not, I think, be proper to lay him under obligation to the man by whom he conceives himself, and justly conceives himself, to have been injured. It is our wish to keep this matter off paper as much as possible, for fear of a Lord Orford or a babbling Boswell, who should hereafter, on finding a record of the circumstances, think it fit and charitable to intimate it to the world. Names also should be kept as much as possible out of sight, for two reasons; first, that the donor may have the merit of a purely gratuitous act of munificence; and, secondly, that P. may not know to whom he is obliged.—And here I am led to reply to an objection of yours to our keeping the names from P. If the subscribers are previously told that their names are not to be mentioned, they must necessarily take for granted, supposing them to fall into company or connexion with P., that he is totally ignorant of his obligation to them; and therefore any offence arising from his singularities is not aggravated by the reflection of being committed against a benefactor, as he does not know the person to *be* his benefactor. If ever he knows of any individual's kindness to him, it must be from the individual himself, and the bare mention of the circumstance from such an one, at once cancels the obligation. Supposing that P. should, on seeing the list of subscribers, find names to which he would not, in his own person, have owed obligations, with what vexation must he reflect that the officiousness of his friends had subjected him to the bounty of one to whom he would on no account have been obliged. I cannot readily estimate the extent of his mortification. "Pol me occidistis amici," might he exclaim, and I should dread the idea of realising the quotation. Whatever may be his peculiarities, the relative situation of the parties will be the same as if no favour had been conferred, P. being kept ignorant; and the party conferring the favour can expect no sacrifice of feeling, when he knows that P. is not conscious of having been obliged. Weighing, then, the ill consequence to himself of communicating the names to P., against the accidental inconvenience that may arise from the display of his singularities before or towards any of his benefactors, I find the former to preponderate excessively in my mind: for I should be sorry to see the expansive force of his un-

derstanding weakened by the heavy load which would be laid upon it by being presented with a long list of subscribers.

June 25.

Thus far I had written on Saturday, under the expectation of seeing Dr. Burney to dinner, who was called another way; for which I should not have forgiven him, had he not informed me that it was *the cause* which he found himself likely to support by accepting another invitation. The subscription still thrives; we are 1100*l.* strong, and to-morrow I have the promise of 45*l.* more, so that I adhere to my first opinion, and I doubt not but that this statement will make a convert of you.

Your books, amidst all my troubles (and it is none of the least that I have a house not only full of boys, but of work-people), have engaged much of my attention. If my principles were still to be formed, I should have no scruple to say, that I subscribe with hand and heart to the creed of the wise and eloquent citizen of Irenopolis; and I assure you that I am no hasty subscriber to any man's creeds or confessions. I have for some time been of opinion myself, that there are many things in our Constitution, both civil and ecclesiastical, that required the meliorating hand of a temperate reform; and I have been much longer persuaded, that Government was never so injudicious, whether we consider their own immediate interests, or the propriety, justice, and wisdom of the measure itself, as in refusing to grant the civil immunities requested by the Dissenters. The first wisdom of all government I hold to be the prudent anticipation of grievances by the repeal of obnoxious statutes. It was strongly, and I believe justly said, by one of the most opulent, and not the most violent or absurd of the Dissenters, that he rejoiced when Government refused the repeal of the Test Act, persuaded, as he was, that if that statute had been repealed, the majority of his brethren would have instantly become the most abject and servile tools of Administration, as well as the professed advocates of arbitrary power. There seems, I know not how, to be a spirit in our rulers to try how far matters will go, and, as if the stake were life and death, to risk all by a convulsion, rather than endeavour to quiet the rising commotion by moderate concessions. If this be the age, as they say, for questioning power, it

is not surely, or ought not to be, the age for grasping it with a tenacious jealousy. But our state chemists, whilst they combine with the most curious felicity, seem to forget that combinations, without skill in analysis, may probably end in the demolition of the elaboratory.

But I am wandering into a large field, where I have nothing to discover that has escaped your discernment, and where I may probably only bewilder my own understanding. I will release you, therefore, from a tedious interruption of your better employments, with an assurance that I shall be happy, in all fluctuations of church and state, to subscribe myself, dear Sir, your very sincere and obliged humble servant, MATTHEW RAINE.

MY DEAR SIR,

I do not pretend to enter the lists with the Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, in zeal for the Church, in intolerance of Dissenters, or in Filmerian principles of politics: for I believe that our Church (certainly our Churches) might be mended; I believe that the Dissenters may be saved, as well as my Lords the Bishops; and I am sure that, when men are absurd enough to talk of the divine right of kings, they take the shortest way to bring into question the human expediency.

I should take shame to myself for not attending most immediately to any request of yours. If I did not think that in this instance I have something to offer in apology for silence, I should throw myself upon your mercy: but when you are informed that I have on my hands an anniversary oration, a divinity act and opponency, a clerum, and an English sermon, besides that which cometh upon me daily,—I shall not only claim your indulgence, but look for your compassion. My trifling contribution to the projected ornament of your church, has not been so reluctantly offered as my acknowledgment of your letter. I met Kett some days ago, and learning from him that you had empowered him to receive such donations as might present themselves, I took the liberty of requesting him to take the trouble of mine. It was, when I saw him, not quantum volui, but quantum potui; for I never carry in the street what I should not wish to lose. I shall be glad, however, to double the sum, when I can double the opportunity of conveying it.

So far am I from objecting to the adorning of Churches, that I have been sometimes tempted to offer something like an argument in favour of it; I certainly as far as comfort is connected with it, for in this our churches are miserably deficient; and Dr. Priestley must forgive my want of candour, when I attribute some of the overflowings of conventicle worship to the superior accommodation of the place, rather than the doctrinal zeal of the worshippers. As you know me to be a determined enemy to every thing that wears the aspect of an intolerant and persecuting spirit, you will be at no loss to determine what my sentiments are on the subject of Frend's trial. He has not yet published his own account; and of course you will believe that Squire Beverley does not lean with any partiality towards opinions which are obnoxious to the powers that be. If Mr. V. C.'s speech be just, there is reason to suppose a genuine copy of what was delivered; it is speaking tenderly of it to say that it is an insult upon an University, which professes to encourage and cherish the freedom of philosophical inquiry; and coming from a philosopher, it certainly impeaches either the soundness of his understanding or the sincerity of his faith. I am inclined to think that there is nothing in Wakefield's whimsical piece of autobiography more just than his character of Mr. V. C.

Dr. Beza, I believe, is just now in very good hands, and will some day or other bear a very good account of his book. I learn by a letter from Cambridge to day, that old Professor Plumptre, M. D. has paid the debt of nature; that Pennington expects the vacant chair; and that Farish of Magdalen offers for the Chemical Professorship. I wish that the latter had not been one of *the twenty-seven*. But I shall not interest myself in the matter, and most likely not vote at all if there be a contest. Miss Raine desires to present her best compliments. Believe me to be, dear Sir, yours very sincerely, and much obliged,

MATTHEW RAINE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Charter-house, Nov.* 26, 1795.

I heard of your visit to Cambridge before I was informed of it from yourself, and could only wonder that you should have chosen a time for being there, when so many of those were

absent, who would have been so much gratified by seeing you. That my character is treated with sufficient freedom by some of our learned and candid Academicians I am well aware, and I shall be content to bear the malicious insinuations of prejudice and bigotry, if I can assure myself of the good opinion of yourself and a few other friends, the dignity of whose support will outweigh with me the cavils and calumnies of a host of narrow-minded and intolerant sciolists. When I engaged in my present situation, I was unacquainted with the world, and little aware of the misrepresentations to which the conduct of those is constantly exposed, who are ever so strenuous in the discharge of their duty. I have now seen and heard so much of it, that I am grown callous to the opinion of the world, and repose myself in the valuable esteem of a select few, with the conscious satisfaction of a strict attention to the arduous task which I have imposed upon myself. Amongst these friends, you, dear Sir, have allowed yourself to be reckoned; and believe me, that I feel your regard to hold a chief place among the few consolations which the niggardly selfishness of mankind allows to public situation and disinterested exertion.

Upon the subject of public measures I know not how to write to you. The mischievous conduct of men in power has long made this country an uneasy dwelling for the moderate and peaceful man; their present proceedings render our situation alarming, and our prospects dreadful. Neither the imperious language of Mr. Pitt, nor the gloomy and metaphysical subtleties of Mr. Windham have reconciled to my mind the necessity of measures subversive of all that is valuable in the boasted constitution of the country. I should lament sincerely that societies and clubs of any description should be allowed to spread confusion; but I dread more the fictitious apprehensions of placemen than the silly clamours of a discontented and hungry populace. It is to be feared, I think, that there is more corruption in the government, than effective virtue in the nation; and we must tremble for the dreadful issue of a portentous evil administering to its own correction. As I see nothing in the papers relative to the county of Warwick, I fancy, though you may not approve, that you do not mean to express disapprobation. I shall rejoice at any occasion which affords me the pleasure of your company;

and if I can be informed of the time when I may expect you; you shall not want the presence of some chosen men, whose wisdom is seasoned with cheerfulness and tempered with urbanity. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest esteem your faithful and obedient servant, MATTHEW RAINE.

MY DEAR SIR,

Causes which it is not necessary to explain, have moved the guardian of Mr. John Lambton, eldest son of my ever-to-be lamented pupil and friend, to remove the boy from Eton School, and he is as yet too young for college. I have recommended that he be sent with a private tutor to Edinburgh, and that he be put under the immediate care and management of Mr. Dugald Stewart. Will you do me the very great kindness to interest yourself so far in this matter as to write to Mr. Stewart upon the subject. The name of the father is not unknown to Mr. Stewart as a man of tried independence, and warmly attached to Whig principles. There is a most ample fortune descending to the son; and it is of public importance, in my opinion, that he should be qualified to inherit such a name and such a fortune. Terms, I need not add, are no object. Do, my good Sir, allow me to prevail with you in this matter; for in so doing you will rescue from ignorance and folly an understanding that ought not to be so shipwrecked, and which is still alive to the credit of a father's good name, and not insensible to an ambition for public distinction.

I thank you for your obliging communication in regard to the Warburtonian Tracts; but I have given up the idea of meddling further; and willingly consign Bishop Warburton to the regret, and Bishop Hurd to the contempt of all ingenuous and good men, which cannot fail to attend upon the perusal of certain parts of the lately published volume of letters.

Had my good fortune led me near or towards you at Christmas last I should not have been slow to find the road to Hatton, where the specimen of hospitality that you so liberally gave us would readily lead to a repetition of the visit. But you must give me the opportunity of showing you here that I am not unmindful of the noctes cœnæque deûm at Hatton.

In the hopes of being soon favoured with an answer on the interesting topic at the beginning of this letter, I shall beg to conclude and to assure you that I am with true regard, my dear Sir, your very faithful friend and servant,

MATTHEW RAINE.

Jonathan Raine, Esq. M. P., to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, 33, *Bedford-row, Feb.* 26, 1812.

As a monument was decreed, can you wonder at my anxiety that the inscription should be the best possible? I do not repent of the hint which led to Mr. Russell's application to you, because the task will be in your hands of very little difficulty, and I am confident it will be a source of satisfaction to you through life to have contributed to such a work. I do not trouble you with a word upon the subject of your various inquiries, because I have furnished Mr. Russell with the means of answering them all, and I have no doubt he has already done it. I send your two books by Mr. Serjeant Rough, and Scriverius accompanies them. You will observe by Porson's writing at the end that the book was probably bought at the Pinelli sale, and you will also see in p. 52, noted by him, an imitation by Pacuvius of a passage in the Phœnissæ, which, as being written by that extraordinary man, I hope you will not consider as defacing the book. Along with these I have taken the liberty of sending a curious little book, of which I entreat your acceptance. It contains, as edited by Bonaventura, Vulcanius Aristotelis de Mundo; Gregorii Cyprii Encomium Maris (nunquam antea excusum); Pauli Silentiarii Carmen; Constantini de Thematibus; et Apuleii de Deo Socratis liber. But perhaps it comes recommended to you principally as having at the beginning the autograph of Gerard Vossius, recording his having purchased it at the sale of Jos. Scaliger's books. I thought you would value it as having formerly belonged to two such scholars—to say nothing of the last possessor.

Next week I shall leave London for the circuit, intending before I go to York to deposit my sister at Harrowgate, where she proposes passing some time, as well with a view to change of air as to the benefit she hopes to derive from the use of the waters. I flatter myself it will answer the desired purpose, as

she has heretofore tried the same plan with success. I have no hope of being able to return to town before the week after Easter, when I look for the long threatened performance of your promise. Mr. Russell is engaged to meet you, and I will endeavour to prevail upon two or three others to join the party—such men I mean as I think you would like to meet. I hope the catalogue reached you safe and in good time. I took care that it should be sent off at the time when I called for my own. My sister is not with us, or you may be very sure she would not have failed in her respectful remembrances to you. Mrs. Raine unites in every sentiment of respect and regard for you with, dear Sir, your very obedient servant, JON. RAINE.

Rev. Dr. Rees, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, 7, *King's Road, Gray's Inn, Feb.* 10, 1817.

I should be vain indeed, and think of myself more highly than I ought to think, if I did not attribute to your politeness and kindness many of those expressions of regard which your last letter contained. I cannot less than highly appreciate the least token of your esteem; but, whilst my pride is flattered, I am humbled by the consciousness of my own insignificance. Your approbation is an ample recompence for all my labours in the exercise of my own profession, and in my efforts for the advancement of literature and science. Under your sanction they cannot fail to be acceptable and useful. My sermons, selected from a mass of such compositions, at the desire of some partial friends, were not worthy of your acceptance, nor could I expect that they would engage your attention; but they were the only tribute of respect which I had in my power to present to Mrs. Parr, accompanied with best wishes for your long-continued happiness.

My friend Lindsay is no less gratified than myself by the notice you have taken of his performances in the same way; and we both think that our productions will be much amended by your correction and *consecration.*

I remain, with great respect to yourself and kind regards to Mrs. Parr, dear Sir, yours very truly, A. Rees.

P. S. Please to favour me with conveying the inclosed to my dear Anna at your leisure.

MY DEAR SIR, 2, *King's Road, Gray's Inn, June* 5, 1821.

I have sent you by Mr. J. Parkes two additional volumes of Practical Sermons, which I am now publishing, as a humble tribute of respect for the high opinion which I entertain of your pre-eminent talents, learning, and character; of the liberality of your sentiments, theological and political; of your laudable attachment to the interests of civil and religious liberty, though it may possibly have prevented your bearing a mitre on your carriage, and lawn sleeves on your arms; and of the candour which you have exercised in forming your judgment of the two volumes of plain discourses, which I had the honour of presenting to your amiable and much esteemed lady. I mentioned the last quality that completes the excellence of your character, because I am personally most interested in it. The sermons which now solicit your acceptance will need the exercise of the liberality and candour which my former efforts in this way have already experienced; and if you condescend to read any of them with patience, and if you should think that they may be useful to any of those persons for whose perusal and benefit they are intended, I shall be vain enough to think that I have not bestowed upon them the labour of transcribing, nor hazarded the expence of their publication, with unbecoming presumption.

Wishing you many years of literary honour and of rational enjoyment, and requesting my kindest regards to be presented to Mrs. Parr, I remain, much honoured and esteemed Sir, your sincere friend and obedient humble servant, A. Rees.

HIGHLY HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, *Denmark Hill,*

I am in no small degree amused by the Leamington story. Whilst I feel mortified that my insignificant name should occasion any expressions of reproach from two of your dignified brethren, I am exalted in the estimation of myself by being ranked in the number of your friends, and fear that, without

some drawbacks and alloys, I shall become too proud, and think of myself more highly than I ought to think. You, Sir, have done me a favour, and at the same time justice, by vindicating me from the contumelious appellation of a Socinian; and though I am an avowed Unitarian, I challenge to myself this distinction without being one of my friend Belsham's description. You will probably see his commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. His friends have encouraged the publication by a very liberal subscription. His remuneration, as I am informed, amounts to more than 2000 guineas. It is written with candour and liberality on his avowed principles; and yet, without the presumption of being a very competent judge, I feel great doubt and difficulty in admitting the propriety and correctness of some parts of his paraphrase and criticisms.

It would give me great satisfaction if I could contrive to spend two or three weeks at Leamington, chiefly because I wish to pass a day or two in your company, which always affords me both delight and profit. In order to enjoy the benefit of country air and retirement, I have left Dr. Lambe's, and am now settled, probably for life, on Denmark Hill, near Camberwell. The situation is elevated, and commands an extensive prospect, and affords me the eminence to which I have been aspiring. I look down on the world, and see a great number of persons passing and repassing, in pursuing their different objects of avarice or ambition, without their passions and interests, and I have only one step more to take, which, I trust, will be further upwards. The air in my abode is reckoned very salubrious; and its proximity to London renders it, in every respect convenient; the distance from the several bridges being about four miles. I need not say that, if I were honoured with your company to offer up the incense of unadulterated Virginian produce, my small mansion would be duly consecrated, and I should not dread the approach of any pestilence, unless the demon of pride obtruded and harassed my spirit. But as I have nothing to fear, I have no ambition to gratify besides that of retaining a place in your good opinion, and of being allowed, whilst the remnant of life is prolonged, the honour of subscribing myself with great respect and best wishes, dear Sir, your sincere friend and obedient humble servant,

A. Rees.

Rev. Dr. Russell,* to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Charterhouse, Jan. 3, 1824.*

It is now two years since I accepted the office of treasurer to the Society of Schoolmasters, which can lay claim to the proud boast of ranking among its vice-presidents one of the first schoolmasters that ever existed, and the first scholar of the age. Were I, indeed, holding any other station in the society, I might perhaps be contented with my share of the honour which accrues to the whole body from so distinguished a member of the profession. But I have been taught that it is a treasurer's duty to replenish the purse, and provide the funds necessary for the relief of the distressed.

To you, therefore, my dear Sir, do I venture to appeal for some additional donation. That your name is on my list as an annual contributor of five guineas is, I fear, owing to some mistake; and indeed I would rather rest my appeal on the grounds of your known liberality. Our means are small, the number of our applicants great; and I beg to assure you, every case is closely scrutinized by the committee, and that without any bias whatever.

I once before addressed you on a very different occasion, and of the kindness which I then experienced I retain a most warm and lively recollection. Nor I confess should I be well pleased with myself if I should fail of success on this my second application. The poets, indeed, too often describe the gods as granting the one half of man's prayers, and wafting the other in the empty winds. May I, my dear Sir, meet with more propitious deities. I have the honour to remain, with the highest respect, your very obliged and faithful servant,

J. RUSSELL.

Rev. Dr. Seale, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Rochester, 29th March, 1788.*

The decease of a relation having lately very disagreeably employed my attention, I could not (as Dr. Shepherd will have informed you), being absent from Cambridge, revise the proof sheets for Tunstall.

* Master of the Charter House School.

In three or four weeks I hope to have settled every thing, and then I shall be at his service.

I have as little reason as any man to think well of the Syndics of the press. But I know that whenever business is transacted by a fluctuating body, allowances must be made. Tunstall I think has yet no reason to complain.

I am sorry to find that there still exists animosity between you and Dr. Farmer. As I am entirely unacquainted with the grounds of the dissension, I cannot easily be induced to become

Λαβδακιδαις επικουρος
Αδηλων αιτιων.

You are sensible no one ranks higher in my mind than yourself, as αγαθος ων γνωμην ανηρ, but I must have βασανον, πριν ουτος εν εμω φρενι οφληση κακιαν. The editor of Bellendenus had no occasion to put his name to the Edition. The preface carries sufficient internal evidence. *One man* only in the kingdom is capable of writing it. The frequentative preterpluperfect, I observe, occurs often, but I do not recollect any instance in which the subjunctive preterpluperfect is used as a second future, or what some grammarians call preter-future.

I am glad you have heard from Dr. Beadon. He would be able to inform you what Dr. Taylor said to him, and of the high respect he entertained for Terentianus Maurus.

I suggested to Tunstall that this circumstance might be introduced into his preface: and that the University, out of respect to Dr. Taylor's memory, commissioned their principal librarian, Dr. Farmer, to purchase the manuscripts, e Bibliothecâ Askevianâ.

I do not apprehend there will be any other difficulty than what arises from the printer himself, respecting the sending the proof-sheets into the country. Those men, I have found in many instances, will not be put out of their way. And their superiors are often obliged to yield.

If Tunstall could not stay till the middle of April, I advised that he should employ some other friend in College to revise the sheets.

I will give Dr. Shepherd immediate notice of my return to college.

The correspondence of Dr. Shepherd, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, translator of St. John's Gospel, contains a long list of emendations suggested by Dr. Parr.

Rev. Dr. Shepherd, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,

Your favour last received created in me, what your favours always have done, great pleasure; with a draw back of some vanity in your approbation, of what I am on the eve of hazarding to public notice. It relieved me too from an anxiety which I had long experienced in your silence, and made me happy in the cause of it. The appendix is printed off, and I should have sent you the MS. copy of a prefix advertisement intended, if your candour and liberality had not prevented it by giving me leave to use your name.

The impressive picture of a liberal and independent mind, that dropped from your pen, so pleased me, that I read it to my son, as a model, that I would wish those whom I love to emulate. He was delighted with it, and, giving something to parental prepossessions, believe me that he is not an incompetent judge. He was three years Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Munich; was called home to make way for that thing of a man, and is now at home unemployed, and without either place or pension. He was unfortunately introduced to his Foreign employ by a friend of Mr. Fox, to whom he was three years secretary.

I have added to my volume some notes in the Appendix, in defence of the two sacraments, and the doctrine of atonement, which subjects have lately been rather rudely treated by the pen of Mr. Frend, through the sides of the Bishop of Lincoln; between whom some personal animosities seem to have existed. And the Bishop of Durham having observed to me that he could not reconcile the obligation of worship to Christ if he were ever any other than the Supreme Deity, I have added to the Appendix a postscript on the subject, which I should have been happy to have submitted to you before it went to the press, where it now is, had I received your last favour a little sooner; but indeed I was ashamed to trespass further on your leisure than I had already done, and with so small pretensions to do it. These, and

a critical illustration of the 8th chapter, are the chief additions to what you have already seen. I have written a preliminary discourse on the expediency of revising the articles of Liturgy; but it has been suggested to me, that the times would ill bear it. I, on the other hand, think the times particularly call for it; but, in compliance with the desire of a friend, I have suppressed it.

Your additional authorities on the word *ὁντος*, which are very conclusive, I shall hope an opportunity will be afforded me of introducing them with correctness to the public. Accept for them, and every other favour, the best acknowledgements of, Dear Sir, your obliged and respectful friend and servant,

R. SHEPHERD.

Professor Dugald Stewart, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR. PARR,

The inestimable present you sent me last summer of *Philopatris Varvicensis* has since served to lighten many a heavy hour, and has afforded me more pleasure and instruction than any book which I have read for years. What Mr. Addison says of the writings of Plato and Cicero, may with equal truth be applied to the letter which concludes your first volume, and to the whole of the notes and annotations contained in the second, "That it is impossible to read a page of them without being a greater and better man for it." To particularize the various merits of your work would require a power of language not inferior to what you have employed in describing Mr. Fox's oratory. In some respects I was still more struck with it than with any of your former publications; as it superadds to that splendid display of learning and eloquence which so remarkably distinguishes them all, a great number of the deepest and most refined reflections, both on intellectual and moral character, and many suggestions equally enlightened and benevolent on some of the most important questions of legislation. To myself it gave no small pleasure to find various conclusions towards which I had been pointing imperfectly in the course of my own private studies, confirmed by your reasonings, and sanctioned by the authority of your name. If you can receive from my very abstract discussions any satisfaction at all resembling what you have commu-

nicated to me, my ambition will be fully gratified. It would gratify me still more, if I could flatter myself with the hope that they may occasionally contribute to withdraw your thoughts from painful recollections.

I have now retired completely from the University, and have even quitted Edinburgh as a place of residence: My anxiety to secure my office to a successor on whose talents and principles I could rely, forced me, very contrary to my inclination, to spend great part of my last winter in town. That object is now happily accomplished, by the appointment of Dr. Thomas Brown, a very learned and ingenious young physician; and I propose henceforth to devote the whole of my time in preparing my works for the press. Our house is about twenty miles from Edinburgh, where we are within reach of the advantages of the public libraries, and can enjoy from time to time the society of our friends.

I beg my best respects to your friend and neighbour, Mr. Corrie, and to his fellow-traveller, Mr. Lee. Mr. Playfair and I regretted much that they visited Scotland at so early a period of the season, and at a moment when our college engagements prevented us from paying them the attentions so justly due to them, both upon their own account, and upon yours.

Kinneil House, by Bo-ness, N.B. 4th Feb. 1815.

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR. PARR,

I trust that before this time you are again in possession of the very learned and most acceptable criticism which you so kindly sent me on one of my philosophical essays. Our good friend Horner undertook to convey them safely to Hatton, in the course of his circuitous journey from Edinburgh to London; and in order to reward him for his trouble, I took the liberty, which I hope you will not disapprove of) to give him permission to read them before returning them to the author.

I believe I mentioned to you before, that I had employed a young friend to copy your papers in a fair and legible hand, that I might be able to enjoy the reading of them without any stress to my eyes, or distraction of my attention; but I have yet to add that, soon after I last wrote, the original MS. disappeared,

and I had almost given it up for lost, when Mrs. Stewart, to whose care I had committed it for the sake of greater security, put it into my hands a few weeks ago. My object in sending it at present is to request your permission to extract from it a few of your strictures, as an ornament to the next edition of my book. The paragraphs I should wish more particularly to print, are those where you animadvert on my reading of the passage in Longinus (see Phil. Essays, pp. 357, 358) and where you give your sanction to that which I have presumed to object to. I should like, also, that you would mention the doubts that have occurred to you with respect to the common opinion which ascribes the treatise on the sublime to the secretary of Zenobia, without entering more into the grounds of those doubts than is perfectly agreeable to yourself. If to all this you would subjoin the heads of your argument in favour of the common etymology of *sublimis*, it would add not a little to the value and interest of the note (see Phil. Essays, p. 345). I shall be able to spare for it a full sheet, printed in the same small type with the notes annexed to the first edition of the essays. If you should find it convenient to send me such a communication in the course of the next three or four months, it will answer my purpose completely, as my bookseller does not propose at present to begin printing the second edition for several weeks at soonest.

I am truly unwilling to encroach for a moment on your precious time; but, beside my anxiety to be the channel of so much instruction and pleasure to my readers, I will not deny that I am also urged by other feelings of a more selfish nature, which make me unwilling to lose the present opportunity of recording in a volume of my own, that I was honoured by the correspondence and friendship of Dr. Parr.

I have been very busily employed of late in writing a preliminary discourse to a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This work I was led to undertake in consequence of the solicitations of my bookseller, Mr. Constable; but I have often repented of my rashness, as the task has turned out infinitely more difficult than I had at first apprehended, besides its interference with other plans, the execution of which I have much at heart. What I mean to attempt in this discourse is to give a rapid sketch of the progress of metaphysical, ethical, and poli-

tical philosophy since the revival of letters; which sketch will be followed by a similar one from my friend Mr. Playfair, on the progress of mathematical and physical science during the same period. But I shall not enter into particulars in this letter, as I have some hopes of having it in my power to submit my MS. to your revision before it is sent to the press.

I find my paper drawing to a close, and have only room to repeat a question which Gibbon somewhere addresses to Dr. Robertson; "while the minor heroes fight, why has Achilles retired from the field?"

The accounts from France are not encouraging, and often remind me of Mr. Fox's remark, that "the worst of all revolutions is a restoration." I would still, however, willingly hope that things are not so hopeless in that country as is commonly imagined. Farewell, yours ever most affectionately,

DUGALD STEWART.

Kinneil House, 14 *Dec.* 1815.

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR PARR,

I trust that, before this reaches you, you will have received a copy of a preliminary Dissertation which I have been over persuaded to write for the *Supplement* to the Encyclopædia Britannica. When you have had leisure to read it, may I beg a single line to say if it meets with your approbation. I never undertook any task more reluctantly; nor felt myself more nervous than I do at present about the success of any literary attempt. A few encouraging words from you will fortify me completely (as they have more than once done before) against the impertinence and malignity of anonymous critics.

The Dissertation I now send you has employed more of my time for the last six months than you might suspect from its length; and has engaged me in a course of various reading not very agreeable to my taste at so advanced a period of my life. Nothing, however, connected with it has vexed me more than the interruption it has so long given to our correspondence on the subject of your invaluable manuscript, which I have not been able till very lately to study with the attention which I was anxious to bestow on it, and which it necessarily required from

one so very little conversant as I am with philological disquisitions. On such matters I am abundantly sensible that my opinion is but of little value; yet, I cannot forbear saying, that the facility with which, in the course of a few weeks, you brought stores of reading and of reflection to bear on so narrow and insulated a field, appear to me to be itself a fact worthy of record in the history of the human mind, evincing the possible combination of the most miraculous power of critical and philosophical induction. The materials you have collected are, all of them, deeply interesting to the philologer; and many of them full of instruction to those whose metaphysical curiosity leads them to the study of language, considered as the insensible image and record of our intellectual processes.

It only now remains to be considered in what shape this treasure shall be brought before the public; and on this point you will oblige me extremely by letting me know what will be most agreeable to your own wishes. My printer tells me, that the whole would occupy more than 250 octavo pages, if printed in my next edition: a calculation which renders it quite impossible to annex it to my work without much condensation and abridgement, in the form of an appendix; and yet I should be truly sorry to lose one drop of the precious and characteristical overflowings of your mind. My own idea is, that the general results should be summed up in a note to be annexed to the Philosophical Essays; and that your MS. (if you have no objection) should at the same time be published at full length, in the same type with my volume. But on this head I shall be able to explain myself more fully when I shall have seen my bookseller Mr. Constable, who is at present in London, and whose opinion I shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating to you, as soon as he returns to Scotland. It is not altogether impossible that he may call at Hatton in his way down; in which case I trust you will shew him some kindness as a friend of mine.

When the octavo editions of my two last volumes shall appear, I shall request the favour of your presenting from me a copy of all my works to your learned and friendly amanuensis Mr. Barker, as a slight but heartfelt testimony of my gratitude for the pleasure and instruction he has afforded me by his goodnatured

patience in transcribing for my use so long and many-languaged a paper in so fair and beautiful a character.

Mrs. Stewart unites with me in every good wish for your prosperity and happiness; and I ever am, my dear Dr. Parr, most affectionately and truly yours, DUGALD STEWART.

Kinneil House, near Bo-ness, N. B. 17 August 1816.

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR. PARR,

Since I had last the pleasure of writing to you, I have devoted every spare moment in my power to the second part of my Dissertation, which I am extremely anxious, *in case of accidents*, to bring to as speedy a conclusion as possible. The task of composition is become from long habit comparatively easy to me, but I find my progress retarded at every step by the numerous volumes which I am forced not only to turn over but to read with some attention; a labour which is peculiarly irksome in my present situation, where the smallness of my own library obliges me to send to Edinburgh (a distance of twenty miles) for by far the greater part of the books I have to consult. I trouble you with these particulars, as the only apology I have to offer for my seeming inattention to the various learned and most instructive communications with which you have lately favoured me. I am too well acquainted with the extent of your candour and good-nature to add any thing more on the subject; and feel persuaded that you will give me full credit for the sincerity with which, once for all, I return you my warmest and most grateful thanks for the friendly and flattering interest you have been pleased to take in the success of this as well as of my former publications.

I have not yet had an opportunity of communicating to Mr. Napier your important contributions to the article *Encyclopædia*. I believe he means to write that article himself; and I am sure he will be encouraged to undertake it by the hints you have suggested to aid him in his researches. I shall take care that for these hints a proper acknowledgment shall be made; although I know well that from Mr. Napier's high veneration for Dr. Parr's name no suggestion of this sort from me will be necessary.

I am quite unacquainted with the works of Michaelis, but what you say of them has given me a strong curiosity to see

them. I presume they are to be found in our public libraries at Edinburgh; but, if I should fail in finding them there, I shall request of you to do me the favour to send me through Mr. Horner a sight of the volume on language, your account of which has given me a much higher idea of the author than I had been led to entertain before.

I do not mean this hasty note to be considered as an answer to your invaluable letters. If I could command a *heavy* frank, I would write at greater length; but in the remote corner where I live, I have no access to anything of this sort, not even to the conveniency of an ordinary frank when I wish to write to a friend. I expect, however, soon to have a visit from one of our Scotch members, and shall not miss the opportunity of writing to you again. In the mean time (when you have a spare moment) will you have the goodness to tell me whether the following passage in Mr. Copleston's Reply to the Edinburgh Reviewers, is, or is not, meant to be applied to *you?* I can think of no other person at all entitled to so high a panegyric, and as it perfectly coincides with my own sentiments, I should wish to quote it in the new edition of my Philosophical Essays. I would not have given you the trouble of answering this question if I had been personally known to Mr. Copleston; but, although I consider myself as greatly indebted to him for his kind offices to a young relation of mine during his residence at Oxford, I have have never had any direct correspondence with him; nor do I think myself entitled to ascribe to him an anonymous article, of which he has never publicly acknowledged himself to be the author. The passage to which I refer is this.—

"To solve the intricate phenomena of language which still remain unexplained, requires not only extreme erudition, a strong memory, an acute and penetrating mind, but an acquaintance also, either self-taught or methodically acquired, with that true logic which enables us to sort, to discriminate, and to abstract ideas, to know them again under all the changes of dress and posture, and to keep a steady eye upon them, as they mingle with the confused and shifting crowd. This combination of qualities is indeed rare; but there have been men so variously gifted, though few; and some perhaps there still are. ONE I know there is, who could not render a more acceptable service

to the lovers of ancient learning, than by guiding their footsteps through this perplexing labyrinth."

Is it possible that there should be, at present, in England any philosophical scholar, excepting Dr. Parr, to whom Mr. C. could have conceived this compliment to be at all applicable?

I ever am, my dear Dr. Parr, most sincerely and gratefully yours, DUGALD STEWART.

Kinneil House, near Bo-ness, N. B. 5th Feb. 1817.

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR. PARR,

Having accidentally the opportunity of a frank, I gladly avail myself of it to return Dr. Copleston's excellent letter. I trust he is satisfied with the manner in which I have alluded to the anonymous pamphlet at Oxford: and he may rest assured that I shall make no improper use of your confidential communication with respect to the author.

If I recollect right, you hinted to me, some time ago, that you had good grounds for ascribing the letters of *Junius* to the father of one of your friends and correspondents, still living. As this is a question about which I have always felt a particular curiosity, I should like much to know your conjecture; provided always, you feel yourself at perfect liberty to speak out upon the subject. Adam Smith, from some circumstances which had fallen under his own knowledge, was strongly inclined to acquiesce in an idea which was once very prevalent, that the writer was no other than his old acquaintance *single-speech* Hamilton; but I am sure he would have at once abandoned this opinion had he lived to read some of Hamilton's posthumous compositions, both in prose and verse. Of the other suppositions I have hitherto met with, I have not heard of one which seems to me entitled to the slightest attention.

It amused me to learn that Dr. Copleston leans to an etymology of *sublimis*, which had been previously suggested to me by my successor Dr. Brown. Your objection to it, which I have not yet had an opportunity of mentioning to Dr. Brown, appears to me quite decisive.

With best respects, and every good wish (in which Mrs. S. cordially unites with me) to yourself and to Mrs. Parr, I remain, my dear Sir, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

D. STEWART.

St. Mary's Isle, near Kircudbright, 30th Sept. 1817.

A thousand thanks, my dear Doctor Parr, for your most kind and valuable letter. It contains many hints of much importance to me, and much information which I could not have obtained from any other source.

I never had any *direct* correspondence with Lord Greville about my Dissertation, or, indeed, on any occasion whatsoever; but some letters passed between his Lordship and our late excellent friend Horner relating to a passage where I had alluded, somewhat incorrectly, to Locke's expulsion from the *University* of Oxford. The criticism was expressed in very gentle terms, and was accompanied with some encomiums on my work, which I regarded as peculiarly liberal and flattering from the Chancellor of that learned body. The statement of facts given by Lord G. is, as far as I can at present recollect, the same in substance with that which you have sent me; although his Lordship seemed to think that the correction of my mistake, in confounding the words *College* and *University*, was of more consequence to the reputation of Oxford than you are disposed to allow. Horner was so good as to allow me to keep possession of Lord G's letter, and as soon as I return home I shall refresh my memory, and write to you on the subject more particularly than I can do at present. I shall have occasion to revert to the same event when I come to review Locke's Essay in the Sequel of my Dissertation; and I shall then not fail to avail myself of your wise and friendly suggestions. In the mean time it is consolatory to think that the present race of Oxonians feel so sore when reminded of the misconduct of their predecessors, and that the only defence they attempt to set up is by laying hold of Dr. Fell as a scape-goat.

I have not had an opportunity, since I received your query about St. Mungo, to converse with any of our Edinburgh Antiquaries; but I was promised by a learned friend a *note* concerning his legendary history; and it was my daily expectation of this communication (in which I have been hitherto disappointed) which led me so long to delay writing. All that I have yet learned is, that St. Mungo (or Kentigern) was the patron saint to whom the cathedral of Glasgow was dedicated, and that some account of him is to be found in the history of that city. In

consequence of this intelligence I desired Constable to send you a copy of this history, which I thought might deserve a place in your library, not only on account of the saint, but of the details contained in it with respect to a place so memorable in the annals both of learning and of commerce. Constable, however, is a little negligent about these small matters, and I should not be surprised to learn that you have not yet heard from him. By the way, will you have the goodness to inquire if your friend, the Rev. Mr. Barker, ever received the copies of my books which I wished to present to him? Constable assured me that he had given particular orders that they should be sent to Mr. Valpy's; and, as I expressed some anxiety about the business, I would willingly flatter myself that *this* commission has not been neglected.

And now, my dear Doctor Parr, will you allow me to ask a favour which I assure you I mention with the greatest hesitation and diffidence? A monument is about to be erected in the cathedral church of Exeter to a friend of mine who died in Devonshire about twenty years ago. I have written a short English inscription, merely as a ground-work for a Latin version which I am extremely desirous should be executed by your hand. I shall say no more on the subject till I hear from you, excepting this, that, if you should be pleased to comply with my request, you will do me a favour most grateful to my best feelings. I shall be moving about, if the weather be at all tolerable, for the greater part of next month, but I hope to be established at Kinneil before the 20th of October, when I shall be most happy to find a letter from you lying on my table.

Mrs. Stewart unites with me in best respects and kindest good wishes to yourself and to Mrs. Parr; and I ever am, with the greatest regard, my dear Doctor Parr, your most affectionate and obliged friend and servant,

D. Stewart.

I was delighted to learn the result of your philological discussions with Dr. C., and I hope it will afford an additional motive to induce you to communicate to the public a part, at least, of the rich materials which you entrusted to my hands. Your arguments against the prevailing opinion, with respect to the author of the Treatise on the Sublime, should certainly not be withheld from the learned world. If your time would allow you to con-

tribute a short article under the word Longinus to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, what an ornament would your name add to that work. I have not yet seen the last number of the Quarterly Review.

MY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR. PARR,

I understand that Pillans is to be succeeded by Carson, whom, if I am not mistaken, you saw while you was at Edinburgh.

Your conjecture about the meaning of the passage in Locke, about which I consulted you, appears to me highly probable; and would lead one to conclude, that the futility of the scholastic philosophy was more justly appreciated by the young Oxonians, at the time when this proverbial phrase was in fashion, than it has been by some of their successors. If you should obtain from your learned friends any traditionary information on the subject, I should be glad to have a short note of it.

Since I received your letter of June 16th, I desired our friend Sir William to make a great search for Collier in the Advocates' library; and he has been so fortunate as to find a copy bound up with some very insignificant pamphlets of the same date. He has also found a copy of Arpe's Historical Account of the Writers de Fato and Fortuna. You need not, therefore, take the trouble to send them here. But I shall look forward with much impatience for your re-publication of Collier; and, if possible, with still greater for that of Hartley's first work, of which I do not recollect to have ever heard before. The sermons you mention, more particularly those intended to be preached before the University of Cambridge, will, I trust, be published as soon as you can find leisure. That on the death of the late King would, in my opinion, appear, on many accounts, with peculiar propriety at the present moment, and would be read with much additional interest, from the critical state of your health at the time when it was written.

I learn, from Sir William Hamilton, that Collier's *Demonstration* has drawn more attention in Germany than in this country. Eschenback, a professor, I think, at Rostock, translated it, and printed it in his "Collection of Writers who have denied the

actual existence of bodies. Greiswald, 1756." Sir William adds, that Tenneman, in his History of Philosophy, places Collier on a level with Berkeley, and gives a very full analysis of his work. If you have any curiosity to know what Tenneman says, I shall request Sir William to send you a translation of his observations.

I have just received from Paris a present of a book in two vols. 8vo. entitled Essai Historique sur l'Ecole d' Alexandrie, et coup d'œil comparatif sur la Litterature Greque, depuis le temps d' Alexandre le Grand jusqu'a celui d' Alexandre Sevère. Ouvrage couronné par l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, par Jaques Matter 1820. I know nothing of the author, nor have I had leisure to look into the book: but I am glad to see that the *Savans* of Paris are beginning to turn their thoughts to such subjects. Another proof of this we have in the publication of some works of Proclus from Manuscripts in the royal library, by Victor Cousin, professor of philosophy. The first volume is all that has yet appeared, containing three Tracts de Libertate, Providentia, et Malo (8vo. 7 francs).

I shall receive, with great gratitude, your present of Michaelis on the First Language. You could not possibly have thought of a more acceptable gift to me at this moment. I ever am, with the greatest regard, my dear Sir, your much obliged and most affectionate friend,

D. STEWART.

Rev. Dr. Stinton, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, Exeter Coll. March* 17, 1787.

This morning I received your favour of yesterday's date, and take the earliest opportunity of explaining myself frankly and sincerely on the contents of it. I fully admit the fact of the estrangement between me and Professor White, and will explain the cause of it as clearly as I can. The Professor's common acquaintance and mine have for many years lived if not in a state of warfare, yet at least of an armed neutrality, in order to prevent him from obtruding his numerous Germans, Swedes, and other foreigners, upon them; as most of them who profess.

letters visit Oxford (among other places) before they settle on a professorship at home. This made no difference between these Oxford friends of his and the Professor himself; but he continued to be as he has been for about twenty-two years, the perpetual martyr and victim of his own ill-judged hospitality, living in unceasing poverty and insolvency, though his debts have been paid no less than three times by his friends, and the last time to the amount of £1200. But lately, upon my having a house and servants of my own, I rather relaxed in this particular, or else the Professor grew more hardy and was more successful in atchieving several obtrusions upon me which I bore tolerably well. But my acquaintance in Oxford begun to remonstrate with me upon this subject, and particularly the two senior Fellows of my own college, and since the third Fellow also, who told me they spoke the sense of others as well as of themselves; and I have found since that they said true. Besides these, two other persons, men of long standing and heads of colleges, two of the oldest and most intimate of my acquaintance, have talked to me in the same manner. The upshot of what they said was, that if I continued the *dupe* of Professor White, a very harsh and unpalatable word, he would *ruin me*; and that, my income being small, I should e'er long be *insolvent* like himself. They knew me to be a regular, a frugal, a quiet and peaceable man; but this would do me little good if I suffered myself to be embroiled with Mr. White; and that they took him to have cast off all shame and feeling for his friends, as well as all prudence with regard to himself. After having digested these remonstrances, though I found them of very unpleasant concoction, as not being much used to, nor very patient of reproof or rough language, I told the Professor the whole truth, in the most unreserved and pointed manner; intending not to desert his acquaintance (as I liked him with all his faults) but but only to prevent the like for the future. But I found that after having gone so far, I was more alienated from him than I expected or intended, and the friendship could scarcely be said to be *sensim dissuta* (though I had that passage in my eye) but it went off all at once, cut off at one blow, but the blow sufficiently premeditated on my part, into coldness and distance, and was reduced to mere formal civility when we met accidentally or

unavoidably. Thus it stands at present, and there, I fear, it will ever remain.

As to yourself in particular, I beg you to believe, that I have all due respect and regard where so much is deserved. But his bringing you to me was *a fraud.* He said *you would stay but two days,* and his breach of his word was eventually very prejudicial to my health and quiet. I dare say you know my good and my bad qualities as well, and perhaps better, than I do myself. I was not only pleased but thought myself honoured by your company; and if I had been free to follow my own taste and inclination, should have thought the longer you staid the better. But I will confess to you freely, that I profess no hostility to the incorporated societies amongst whom I live; and love peace above all worldly things.

Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli, finxerunt animi, &c. &c. And as peace is sometimes only to be obtained by war, I will hazard the anger of half mankind rather than forfeit that character amongst those who, by being my neighbours, have a title to my good offices in preference to all connections of a more remote nature. This is also the principle of all our regulations both public and private; which make the perturbation of the peace, and abetting the perturbers of it, the greatest of academical crimes. I find my own society, by the testimony of the three eldest members of it, to be of this opinion; and to that I believe it to be my duty to conform, when I know that opinion to be decided and fixed. You will see by this I do not like among other things to wage war either with Christ Church or Queen's College, or with any others; though I neither court their friendship nor fear their hatred without just cause; nor have any views of interest from their good-will.

For these reasons, and in conformity to the declared wishes of my neighbours and my own brotherhood, of this my own college in particular, I communicated my inclinations to Professor White (in two lines more of poetical Latin) to emulate the character of that obscure and humble man,

Qui tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.

If I could do this, and continue my acquaintance with the Professor, I would willingly do it; but I fear it cannot be. He

likes a bustling, a rioting, and a noisy life, with a tumult of company, and my disposition is quite contrary. Therefore I live with my own society *(as long as they can bear with me)* and eschew the Professor. I hear of your goodness to Mr. Uri from Mr. Agutter. I can only pray, as beggars do, that God would reward you. I beg my respects to Mrs. Parr, and remain, with all respect and regard, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS STINTON.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, Exeter College, March* 21, 1787.

Yesterday I received your favour of the 19th, which I have, I believe, decyphered rightly, at least within a word or two. I am very glad that we have been able to come to an explanation upon the subject of Professor White. He has certainly used you very ill; but he would not scruple to use the same deceit towards any other persons whom he might be supposed to love or to fear above all the rest of mankind. I believe him to be as little restrained, either by feeling or principle, as any man I have known; and that, as well before as after the fact, he looks with equal indifference upon the pains or losses of other men. He is not even influenced by the fears of resentment or hostility. His levity and giddiness on the one hand, and the callousness occasioned by long habits of every sort of parasitical and fraudulent deception, have secured him from all those ordinary means which regulate the minds and manners of common men. I have always had reason to think this of him; but of late am confirmed by the united testimony of many other persons. Notwithstanding this conviction, I have been so credulous as to think I might carry about the fire without being burnt, and touch pitch without being defiled by it, or ride a stumbling horse, and yet by constant attention and a tight rein prevent him from breaking my neck. I still believe all this to be *possible*, but am diffident of the sufficiency of my own talents. If I should recover confidence enough in myself with the Professor, without the fear of his leading me into any more scrapes or embarrassments, I may even venture to come to Hatton when he is there, if not in his company. Last year I was deterred by the *number* of the visitants. He told me there were to be at least four of us

to domesticate with you *at once;* viz. Messrs. Routh, Smith, White, and myself. This looked to me like dragooning you, or coming to eat you up; and my affections by temper and long habit are so rivetted to snugness and small companies, that I found it totally impossible to reconcile my mind to such a tumultuous invasion of your rural retreat; besides that, your being desirous to see us all in that manner at once might very probably be a falsehood forged by the Professor. The Professor has lately got a living from the Archbishop, which I am told will remit him clear to Oxford about £130 per annum. This, with the professorship of £70, will just make up the £200, which he has defined to be the ultimatum of his wishes. For you know he is to make a great deal of money by authorship, and particularly by the History of Egypt, which, *if you will write it for him*, may indeed bring the money he talks of; but I think not else.

Mr. Uri's affairs go on very well. Messrs. Kett and Agutter have converted the whole world except the two Regius Professors of Divinity and Hebrew.* I went yesterday to try to convert them, but I met only Hebrew at home. He manifested some signs of returning grace, and I hope he will amend as well as his brother. If not, be it on their own heads.

I am now giving you in my turn some matter for your art of decyphering. I will only add my prayers that neither you nor I may be any more misled by that foul fiend, P. White, "through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire;" for I verily think he is one of the worst guides that a man can well be led by, not even excepting the devil, the world, and the flesh.

I remain, with great truth and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, THOMAS STINTON.

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* John Randolph, D. D. and George Jubb, D. D.

Rev. Dr. Symmons, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Richmond, July* 23, 1806.

I feel much gratified by your very friendly acceptance of my trifling present; which is now in the Poultry, on its journey to Hatton. When you read my pages, I shall be satisfied if you can *tolerate* them; though the approbation which they have been so fortunate as to obtain from Mr. Fox has given them a value in my estimation of which they were previously destitute. I am, however, my dear Sir, very nearly, if not wholly dead to the feeling of praise or of censure; and it can be only from some very particular hand that either the former or the latter can excite any of my sensibilities. Respecting public criticism, I am really so indifferent, that I shall probably not open one of its journals, or enquire about its verdict on my works. I am nearly certain of being abused in the Edinburgh Review for the crime of my English birth, and in the British Critic for the inexpiable offence of my Whig politics; but I rather expect friendship in the Critical Review, and toleration in the Monthly. Thus possibly, with respect to my poor volume, "Will gods meet gods, and justle in the dark;" but Ου φροντὶς Ἱπποκλείδη. We had been taught to expect you in the neighbourhood, by something which was said on the subject by your friend Maurice; and I have, in consequence, been waiting in high hope, for more than a fortnight past, to hear of your arrival at East Sheen, if not to see you alight at my own door in West Sheen. But Maurice, as I hear, has resigned his house at the former of these places to poor Beloe; for whose fate I am sorry, as I conceive it to be the result of too severe a sentence. John, who is now on the point of leaving me for some months, on a visit to his relations in Wales, laments that he is not likely to meet you during the summer. I am satisfied that your friendship for him is fully requited by the feelings of his heart; and that you possess, as you ought, the largest measure of his respect and regard. I know nothing more at the present moment respecting Mr. Fox, than what the papers are able to communicate on that interesting subject; but it is not more than a week since I was informed, *by the very highest authority*, that this admirable statesman and most amiable man

was certainly advanced to such a stage of convalescence as to give his friends reason to expect, or at least to hope, his entire recovery. Seldom, as I believe, has so much of the public welfare been involved in the fate of an individual, and seldom has the public wish hovered so solicitously about the sick bed of a minister. A few of that desperate and sanguinary faction, which lately crushed Britain, may feel and may wish, in this instance, in opposition to the community; but the affection of these men is the strongest reproach, and their enmity the highest compliment which can be paid to any subject of our realm. Farewell! Accept the kind remembrances and best good wishes of all my party, and believe me, my dear Sir, to be most truly your sincere and faithful friend, CHARLES SYMMONS.

P. S.—I have just heard from our friend Wrangham, who mentions you with much regard. You will not, I am certain, think that I have been too liberal in my acknowledgements for the assistance which I have received from him in my Milton; as I know that your own heart, where the services of a friend are in question, would always prompt you to be ample in your requital, and to give too much, rather than too little. He is, indeed, very high in my regard; for with considerable talents and various knowledge, he unites the still more estimable possessions of probity and friendship; of a warm heart, and a bosom unfrequented by any malignant passion.

MY DEAR EXCELLENT FRIEND, *Feb.* 21, 1809.

I cannot adequately express my sense of obligation to you, for the trouble which you have taken with my work, and for the very valuable communications with which you have indulged me. I have only to regret (and the circumstance really distresses me) that some of these communications are lost to me in consequence of the vehicle in which they are conveyed. As you confess that you cannot execute the *mechanical part* of writing, however admirably you perform the *intellectual*, will you, from respect to the interest which I must feel on the occasion, permit me to solicit explanations of some of the words in your last letter. I agree with you that the propriety of retaining my inscription, and perhaps my preface, may be questionable; and yet I believe

that I shall retain them. The feeling from which they first sprang is still in its full force; and I am so weak as to wish to run my course, be it long or short, in future time, thus hand in hand, as it were, with two of the most perfect human beings with whom I have ever conversed, and who were once, by the divine goodness, my own. I must resign Plutarch to your much superior judgment; but I cannot thoroughly persuade myself that, with reference either to his selection or arrangement of words, he can be regarded as a master of style, and in this respect be entitled to the epithet facundus. I am truly sorry to find you among the unbelievers, on the subject of the unity of authorship in the Iliad. With the exception of a few passages, which may be, or rather are, indisputably interpolated, I cannot distinguish in this wonderful poem the slightest difference in the character of composition, to allow me to think it the result of more than one mind. Your infidelity does more to stagger my conviction in this instance, than all that has been advanced on the topic by the whole herd of German scholars, with Wolfius at their head. I will do, on your suggestion, what I can in favour of poor T. Warton; but with respect to the *old boy*, the more I re-consider his case, the more deeply am I convinced of his guilt, and the more inclined, of course, to strengthen, rather than to mitigate, the severity with which I treat him. To retract, indeed, a syllable of what I have said of him, would be, in the present state of things, an acknowledgment on my part, either of rash judgment in the first instance, or of a timid relinquishment of truth in the second. As to his intercourse with Lander, I could make out a much stronger case against him; and his zealot friends, in whose ranks you, my dear Sir, are not to be found, may be thankful to me for my forbearance. His critique on the Paradise Lost weighs not a feather in my estimation; as it was evidently formed on the demand of his own character, and is likewise poisoned with as much venom as, consistently with his pretentions to probity and judgment, he could mingle with its materials. Let me now, my dear friend, relieve you from my long and uninteresting scribble, by requesting your acceptance of Mrs. Symmons's and my daughter's kind regards, and by assuring you that I am, with great truth and with every feeling of affectionate respect, yours, CHARLES SYMMONS.

P. S.—John is now in the Temple, and wholly devoted to the law. In the course of the next month he is to enter on his first circuit.

John Symmons, Esq. son of Dr. Symmons, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *May* 29, 1804.

Though the causes which have produced my long silence are not yet removed (indisposition and confinement), yet they shall influence me no longer. I am too solicitous about your health and your welfare, too curious about your sentiments and opinions, to bear any longer such a complete interruption of intercourse. I really want a little of your illumination, with respect to political affairs both at home and abroad; they are too much for my comprehension, ἅτε νέῳ τε ὄντι καὶ ἀπείρῳ; the ways of statesmen are grown more crooked, the *hearts of kings more inscrutable,* and the whole aspect of politics more mysterious. It is for such as you, my dear Sir, men of capacity, research, and long experience, to know (at least to guess and adumbrate, as Aristotle says, οἷον τύπῳ περιλαβεῖν) which way the tide of affairs is setting; to keep in view, as it were, metes and bounds in a vast and unruly ocean, certain immutable principles which govern the affairs of men; to note, amidst the tumult, and clash, and entanglement of occurrences, which only serve to stupify the common observer, the silent and regular progress of those causes and effects, which, as Zosimus says in the outset of his History, form a chain, an εἱρμὸν τινα, of events, in vain ascribed to the μοιρῶν ἀνάγκη, or the ἀστρώων κινησέων ἀποκαταράσεις. I was very much disappointed that your Sermon was published without the Notes which I was given to expect. Philosophy and erudition are, to my mind, more amiable companions in the closet, than declamation and eloquence; of more and higher instruction to the φιλομαθής, and of more exquisite relish to the curious. However this may be, as I am intended for the Bar, I should like to know of you, my dear Sir, whether a man can profit for practice by the aid of the rhetorical art? and then by what precepts and masters? or, is the art sufficiently known, and nothing wanting but exercise and custom? and then what

exercise and custom to serve as velitationes and progymnasmata? Certainly, though there are no Gorgias's or Prodicus's, it is not necessary, as it would not be advisable, to come to the forum wholly unprepared, when a man perhaps may profit something quotidiano usu, whether by thinking, writing, or speaking. I had hoped (but it seems in vain) to have seen you ere this in town, and to have been released myself from confinement. God knows when I shall have the happiness of meeting you. I shall not be released till perhaps the end of June. My fever has considerably abated. Our whole family desire their best compliments, and pray give mine to Mrs. and Miss Parr. Yours sincerely and respectfully, J. S.

P. S.—I hope you will be able to make out by the initials the writer of this letter. My father once wrote a letter of business and of dispatch to the Dean of Ch. Ch., and was huffed, and complained of not receiving an answer. The Dean's apology was substantial; the letter bore no signature or mark by which to discover the writer.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Ewhurst, Sept.* 12, 1820.

I am here on a visit to my uncle, and have received, with great pleasure, your letter transmitting seven instances from Propertius of the use of the indicative for the subjunctive moods. I have not here Petronius, or would refer with pleasure to the hendecasyllables you allude to. I have quite forgotten them, *if* I ever read them. Laurenburgius I never saw, and if I do not meet with him before, shall call upon you to shew him me at Hatton next year. I recollect something about myself, Professor ———, and Καλλίπυγος, but don't know, so don't vouch for your version of the story. I don't know whether you have it that a lady committed us on the subject, having represented to him that I called it Venus *Callipygia*, which the Professor answered by letter, seriously, as a piece of criticism impugning the word *Callipygia*, and maintaining, most stoutly, Callipygis, by analogy and examples. One of which was (in this letter to the lady)

Δώριδα τὴν ῥοδόπυγον ὑπὲρ λεχέων διατείνας,
Ἄν θέσιν ἐν χλοερῇς ἀθάνατος γέγονα.

This was funny, was it not? I met the Professor since, and liked him much. His edition of Hippolytus is very learned and accurate. I don't agree with him, however, and I hope you do not, in his reading of the sixty-seventh line of that play commonly thus:

Ναίετ' εὔπατέρειαν αὐλὰν
Ναίεις εὐπατέρει' ἀν' αὐλὰν.—Monk.

I have no objection to ναίεις from Lascar's Ed., but I strongly object to εὐπατέρει' ἀν' ά. (a conjecture of Gaisford's). It introduces a great awkwardness and inelegance both of metre and construction; besides, I don't know that it is even Greek: ναίω αὐλὰν, or ἐν αὐλᾷ, is proper, but I doubt as to ναίω ἀν' αὐλὰν. Besides, what necessity is there for it? But, to return to Petronius, I am much obliged to you for giving me information respecting the hendecasyllable above-mentioned. I am glad to hear your leg is better. It is very singular that in our ed. of Bayle (London 17— I forget the two last figures, but it is either a little before or a little after yours), from p. 603 to p. 608, is occupied with another Julia, and not the daughter of Augustus, which is the very space which (as I understand you) is allotted in your edition to Augustus' Julia. There is a signature at the bottom of your letter which I cannot decypher; but beg to offer my compliments to ἀγνώστῳ. With many wishes for your health and happiness, I remain, my dear Doctor, your very sincere friend, J. Symmons.

P. S. I am trying to decypher the latter part of your former letter relative to the Queen.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Chiswick, March* 3, 1824.

I have been returned these some months from abroad, where I passed nearly two years. I write to you, wishing to have the pleasure of hearing you are well from yourself, though I have the satisfaction of hearing it from others. But there is nothing like having it under your own hand and seal, always provided I can read it. It is a long long time since I have had the pleasure, the great pleasure to me, of seeing you, and since that, I have had to lament the sad and unexpected death of our excel-

lent friend Bartlam, than whom a better man, or dearer to his friends, hardly ever existed. Poor fellow! the last time I saw him was at the very pleasant dinner he gave us in Hind-street, when you told Collingwood not to sitby his wife at dinner (as he was just going to do) for it was ἀρχαῖον καὶ σαπρὸν.

I believe I have to congratulate you on the marriage of one of your grand-daughters, who were at that party. I believe it is a little after the time, but you will not receive it, I am sure, in the style of Tiberius. My father has been unwell the greater part of the winter, I believe, from the gout flying about him, but he is now better, and reading Cicero's Tusculan with great pleasure. He and I were the other day at the Duke of Sussex's, where we were speaking much of you. We liked much your portrait at one end of the long library, and thought it very well painted, and a good resemblance. Major D'Este was there, a very pleasant goodhumoured young man.

I have been induced to print my translation of the Agamemnon with a few notes; it is a mere trifle, and only intended as a specimen. I know this sort of work (translation) is not much valued, particularly now-a-days; for what Varro says is very true: "Si qui veteris *tragediæ* studio teneantur, si sint Græcis doctrinis eruditi, Græca potiùs quàm nostra lecturos; sin a Græcorum artibus et disciplinâ abhorreant, ne hæc quidem curaturos, quæ sine conditione Græcâ intelligi non possunt." However, such as it is, I will send you a copy into the country, or leave it for you in town where you please to direct. I saw Sir J. Mackintosh the other day; he had a serious illness in the winter, but he is now recovered. Our good friend Collingwood I have not seen since my return. My father desires me to say every thing that is most kind to you. My mother also will make me recall her to your recollection, and hopes that you will come, on your visit to town in the summer, and do us the favour of passing some days with us. Believe me, my dear Doctor, your obliged and affectionate friend, J. Symmons.

Dr. Thomson,* to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Fitzroy-street, Rathbone-place, Oct.* 29, 1787.

Ten thousand thanks for your Strictures on the Critical Review, of which I shall make use in due season. You are right in supposing that I never asserted the Cunninghams to be the same. I certainly did not; but, at the same time that I owned that a degree of doubt remained in my mind, stated that the probability lay on the other side. But it has since appeared from undoubted evidence, discovered and transmitted to me from some Scotch Professors, that Cunningham the critic and Cunningham our historian were the same. I state and insinuate an apology for real and some apparent blemishes in Cunningham, but certainly do not convert them into canons of historical composition. I can add some defences to those sent by you; and, on the whole, when it is considered that the critic, whom I have discovered to be a Dr. Thomson, a namesake (who is the chief critic, and who has formed, they say, the Review), attaches himself solely to blemishes and errors, without making any account of the labour of translating thousands of words of no very easy explanation, or any merit, if there be any in the introduction, I hope the criticism will not appear to be candid.

I rejoice very sincerely at your unrivalled reputation as a philologist, and at the happy as well as singular dexterity of applying antient literature to the service of your political friends. I have with fidelity embraced and courted every opportunity of supporting the same cause, and continue to do so, as the last Number of the English Review will, I hope, convince you and your friends.

Once more I solicit and entreat your interference on this subject. I have scarcely spirits to write this letter; and what I have, are excited only by a sort of conflict among different evils, one of which, recalling the mind from brooding over the other, preserves a kind of armed and stern tranquility. The notes given to me by Mr. Sheridan two months ago for £100., on the strength of which I have launched out on a subject to my own

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* Editor of the English Review.

taste, and independently of the perfidious advances of booksellers, have all of them this morning been returned unpaid. This is a shock I cannot bear; and, till it be repaired, I must interrupt my literary labours, and retire from my family. Fifty pounds, with my own exertions, would relieve me for the present. I pray you to state my case, not to Mr. S., but to Mr. Wyndham, or to Mr. Fox; by which you will console, if you should not be able to relieve, W. THOMSON.

Rev. Dr. Valpy, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Reading, May*, 31, 1801.

"Ea est profecto jucunda laus, quæ ab iis proficiscitur, qui ipsi in laude vixerunt." All the Academies, whom you have honoured by your mention, will surely think, as I do, that "Unus tuus, Xenophon, tuus libellus facilè omnes imagines statuasque superavit." How has the perusal of your Sermon and Notes sharpened the edge of my resentment against your writing so seldom for the public! In the present state of morality, of religion, of politics, such abilities as yours ought not to astonish for a moment like a meteor, but to warm the heart, to enlighten the understanding, and to cherish the best principles in a nation, that has a heart to feel, an understanding to perceive, but is deficient in the principles which are necessary to avert the threatening dangers.

I send you a dramatic attempt of mine, which was much applauded in my little classical stage. Perhaps the only consideration that will make it valuable in any degree to you, is that is one of the six copies that were printed on fine paper. Pray compare it with Shakspeare's, and form a judgment of the difficulty of the undertaking. You recollect the ministerial abuse of the intended pillar, to which I allude in the note, page 50.

I sent an offer of the MS. of the alteration to Mr. Sheridan. I wrote in the most civil manner possible. I disclaimed all idea of any remuneration, except the gratification I should receive in the intelligence that it had been useful to his theatre. He received and read my letter; but sent me no answer! Since that

time Mr. Kemble has been suffered to bring out the original play curtailed, but with all the indecencies of the first act, and with other deformities. Had not the speaker, Addington, and other persons of judgment and respectability, who saw it acted, urged its appearance on a London Theatre, I certainly should not have made an offer of my play. It would have succeeded better than what they brought out; but causas tanti sciat Ille furoris.

A friend of mine in this town, who has long admired your literary and political character, desires me to transmit his wishes that you would accept a pamphlet of his, which has been severely felt, but not answered, by the Methodists of this place. The Bishops have praised it, and "passed by on the other side."

Your printer has been very inaccurate in his orthography (dele the first part of the word) of proper names. Our lamented friend H. Homer he has strangely misnamed.

You had promised me some additions and emendations to my Latin dialogues. I will not blame you if you are unwilling to descend to these minutiæ, provided majus opus moveas.

The book is out of print, and the booksellers call for it; but the price of paper is a prohibition. The paper, which in London costs 30*s.* a ream, sells for less than 10. Was the last duty of Mr. Pitt intended to shut the gates of *knowledge* on mankind? It could not be designed for an object of finance.

I hope you will not think the invitation I gave you to Reading was insincere. If you can come, let it be before the 15th of June; on that day begin the preparations for breaking up, which during a whole week will make a puddle of my brains.

Accept the assurance of the high veneration and esteem, with which I am, my dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

R. VALPY.

DEAR AND BENEVOLENT SIR, *Reading, March* 12, 1816.

I have for some time been desirous of troubling you with my sentiments on Stephens, a subject that harrows me with constant apprehension, but my attention is more than ever devoted to my professional duties, and I may say with the Roman orator: Occupata opera, et impedito animo vix res ulla suscipi potest.

My opinion of the plan is of little consequence, if that of the

subscribers were favourable. But I know several, who are impatient and hurt at the delay of the real work, and who exclaim at the sight of the articles in No. 1, What is all this to Bacchus?

My son is indeed willing to listen to my suggestions; but Mr. Barker is not. I am certainly best pleased if both are guided by your abler counsels. I think the fine-paper copies are most beautiful, and I trust all will be useful; but is it not your opinion that the second No. should contain a beginning at least of the Dictionary? If it does not, I fear many will abandon their subscriptions, as it happened in many other works, and say they will be satisfied with the new Scapula. The advertisement promises a long list of articles; but that promise must be broken, or the delay will be fatal to the publication, ...

I believe you have seen the advertisement. I had marked some expressions which I thought faulty. The writer was too fond of *quod* after such verbs as *moneo*, and in general of the indicative mood. Almost all these passages are indeed corrected; but I shall not be satisfied without your δευτέραι φροντίδες. In page 1, line 11, should not *non modo* be left out, as nothing corresponding follows? l. 34, et passim, I would write *Maittarius*, as they write *Voltarius*; on the same principle, *Valckenarius*. P. 3, l. 26.—I am not clear that *quod* after *ægrè laturum esse* is the most correct latinity. I would prefer the accusative and infinitive. If *quod* is tolerated should it not be followed by the subjunctive? P. 4, l. 16—*quàm objectiones, quas ipsi prævident sibi oppositas iri*. Pray, cast your judicious and experienced eye on this sentence; I shall be glad if you like it better than I do. *Objectiones* is not a very pure word. *Opponere objectiones* appears to me very harsh; and I would prefer *oppositum* iri to *oppositas*, as I believe the best writers use that supine with *iri* for any gender or number. *Oppositas fore* would not be so bad. I should prefer *quàm quod sibi objectum iri prævident*. Indeed the whole sentence ought to be restored to the anvil. Is *evitent*, in the same line, the proper word? Would not *elevent* or *infirment* be preferable?

It is necessary to be particular, as there is a set of men in your University, who will seize the smallest pretence ut elevent et infirment what Barker produces. They even extend their malignity to whatever my son publishes or even prints. B. indeed has

dealt some severe blows; but my son never injured or offended any person. By the way, they have failed in their scheme to overset the Classical Journal. With a few articles from your pen, even privately, that publication would receive incalculable benefit.

It is a great object with me that they should obtain Schæffer's MS. additions to Stephens. He is the first man on the continent for materials derived from his own reading. With these (though they may be anticipated by others) and what is promised them, and, *συνελόντι φράσαι*, with your directions, they may defy the shafts of opposition.

I wish to introduce another son to your notice. He is now a resident member of Trinity College, Cambridge. Before he left me, he had read, partly in private with a little examination, all Sophocles, nine or ten plays of Euripides, three of Æschylus, one of Aristophanes, and all Thucydides. He has besides a turn for Greek criticism. As soon as he is relieved from the shackles of mathematics, which he detests, I would give any thing in the world that you would receive him for a few months as your amanuensis, so that he might receive the invaluable benefit of your conversation, and assume a certain degree of confidence, which he wants, and without which he will never emerge from obscurity.

I long to smoke a social pipe with you, and recal the astonishing events which the world has exhibited since we met. I cannot now intrude more on your leisure; but I must mention that last week Sir Francis Burdett spent an evening with me. Mr. Palairet, whom I believe you know, was of the party; and he and I agreed that we never met a man of more gentle and pleasing manners, of a more interesting conversation, and of more liberal and moderate sentiments.

Accept the assurance of the deep veneration, and sincere regard, with which I am, my dear Sir, your most affectionate friend, and faithful servant, R. VALPY.

I send you a scheme of a few of the questions that were proposed to my boys at the last visitation. You will see that we aim at some knowledge of the elements of Greek criticism.

Professor Young of Glasgow, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Large, August* 5, 1819.

A rather troublesome complaint "qualia multa," prevents me from enjoying the great pleasure on which Mr. Buchanan's communication of your intended excursion had led me to count. I am, literally, at present not able to *move about* without uneasiness. Should your return lead you again in our direction, some weeks hence, I may hope to be more fortunate. In the mean time, I have despatched notes to three of my colleagues, who, I hope, are on the ground, and who I know will be ambitious to show you our Bœotian lions, such as they are. One of them, Mr. Walker, our "Professor of Humanity," is a sort of *Etonian*, having been many years private tutor to the Marquis of Tullibarden. The Hunterian collections you have probably seen more than once. The *medals* are famed all over the world. There are in the collection besides, many very old editions of the Classics. Lord Spencer spent three whole days in the midst of them, and gave out short *oracles* on their characters. So, I trust, will you, my dear Doctor. Shall I tell you which of the two sets of oracles it is likely I shall pronounce of most price?

I hope you enjoy comfortable health: indeed your present excursion proves these hopes not idle. I ask you not to name the literary objects you are particularly occupied with at present. Their name, I know, is *Legion*.

I have been pretending to bestride a favourite hobby for a considerable time past—a hobby whose paces *you*, I doubt not, have at times tried. I speak of the *Provençal* language and composition. Much has been done, I think, by Raynouard, to render *both* worthy the attention of philologists. You will have seen the three volumes he has published in the course of the last two years, under the title of "Choix des Poesies des Troubadours;" of which the *first* volume is a "Grammaire de la Langue Romane," a capital work, me judice. But, I forget that I am not entitled to send forth dictation, ex *cathedra*, on such subjects to such auditors.

En revanche, will *you*, my dear Doctor, take *your* seat in the said cathedra, and pronounce—for you *can* pronounce—what estimation is to be formed of "Matthiæ's Greek Grammar," which

has lately come out in an English dress." But I am getting still more unreasonable in attempting to decoy you from your excursive trains into stiff and musty studies. I conclude, therefore, with repeating my regrets, and with wishing you all the pleasure in these your relaxations, that our hyperborean regions can yield. I am, with much real respect and regard, my dear Doctor, your most faithful humble servant. J. YOUNG.

'MY DEAR DOCTOR, 'Glasgow Coll. Sept. 4, 1820.

I presented to our Senatus Academicus the very valuable mark of your much-valued regard and esteem. You will not doubt that I did my possible in presenting it, to do justice to the spirit and the polite mode apparent in the language in which you expressed your regard. Shall I need to say that the gift was received with the feeling, and with the expression of acknowledgment it deserved? I shall *not* need to say so. Suffer me, however, to say *this*, that a sort of disappointment was expressed "that the book was not marked with an inscription." *Do* you suffer me to say this? Mind, the disappointment is of the category of *compliment*. Pray, take it so.

I know you are too much occupied to let your thoughts run upon dry discussion of grammar. I will not tempt you to turn aside into such a devious field. Yet I cannot help mentioning (to be attended to when you are at leisure) that I have been looking at the passage in the preface to the Glasgow Homer, in which you conceived the idiom of the Latin language to be violated by the use of the conjunction "ut" with an "indicative mood." Do you know, my dear Doctor, that I am flogging myself up *to dare a defence*? and to ask you, whether "SPERAVERIMUS" would not have *altered the thought* intended by the editors? They intended to state the *fact*, not the contingent *possibility*. What they "*did* hope"—not what they "*might have hoped*." That Latin writers *do* use the subjunctive even in such circumstances, I take not upon me to deny, but it is not too much to bind an author to this practice so far as "donner la change" to the thought. Take a similar case; "non sum is quem suspectum *habes*" is a fair expression for "I am not the man whom you *do* suspect me to be." Suppose it turned, as we might say, more

elegantly, "non sum is quem suspectum *habeas.*" Is not the thought changed into "I am not a man whom you *can* suspect?" You see, that "what man dare, I dare." I am, with much respect and deference, my dear Doctor, your most obedient servant, JOHN YOUNG.

BAMPTON LECTURES.

Rev. Mr. Badcock, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *South Molton, May* 13, 1785.

I esteem myself under very great obligations to you for relieving my mind from the oppression it really laboured under for my having omitted so long to complete the Review of Mr. White's Sermons: and above all from a listlessness of spirit which rendered me incapable of answering the expectations of the public. The disorder which hath been upon me for a considerable time hath no less affected the intellectual than the animal powers, and rendered me torpid, indifferent, indolent—dreading the idea of exertion, and particularly backward to *set about* anything that called for exertion and labour, though when *once* began the terror subsided, and what was entered on with reluctance was pursued with pleasure. This is a sort of mental *vis inertiæ.* When at worst it gathers itself into its own circle, like a hedgehog, and it must receive a pretty strong impulse before it will expand its powers, and exert its strength to quit the spot where it slumbered at ease.

Talking of a hedgehog reminds me of a porcupine:—a "fretful porcupine" with his "quills on end."—I am informed that Dr. Priestley is writing a work on which he stakes his whole credit for futurity as a divine, an historian, a critic, and a polemic.

Not to allow Dr. Priestley great merit as an acute and subtle writer, would argue great prejudice or gross ignorance. I allow him all the merit to which I think he is fairly entitled, and by which he will be known to posterity; but I do not think him a *critic;* and he is too *hasty* to be an accurate, and too *zealous* to be an impartial historian.

I *think* I know the man perfectly well,—know his particular

forte and bias, and guess also at the extent and comprehension of his mind.

In his letter to me, which he published, he calls me "his *quondam* very great admirer." There was indeed a time when I held his abilities in higher estimation than I do at present. My acquaintance with the Doctor was confined to that period of youth when the glow of a free heart full of friendship, and a fancy full of fire, threw a lustre on every object that was near it; and the pencil of an inexperienced mind wholly under the direction of imagination, drew every figure larger than life.

The Doctor, I find, carefully preserves my letters to show how much I admired him in my early days, and part of one of them he hath published; and I wonder his civility stopped here; for while he was *in the line* of showing the gentleman, he should have shown him to perfection; he might have published the whole bundle with just the same propriety as he published an extract.

My own sense of what is due to politeness, as well as the company I keep, will not permit me to follow the example he hath set me, so that I am like to continue at as great a distance from Dr. Priestley's *civil* as his *theological* walk. Though *I could* publish letters also, very flattering to my vanity if I had not in some degree outlived it, or if Dr. Priestley had not taught me to be alike indifferent to his praise and to his censure.

A poor wretch who hath lately rushed into the vineyard (though no one hath hired him, I believe) amidst other unwarrantable licences, took the liberty of mentioning your name in a letter addressed to me. How would it mortify that envious fool if he were told that Dr. Parr hath an esteem for Mr. Badcock; and that Dr. Priestley said of Mr. Harwood, even when he was in the very zenith of his fame, "I despise Dr. Harwood;" and said this in a letter to me, which I still keep as a curiosity! I suppose Priestley would say the same thing now—I am certain he *thinks* the same.—*Mutato nomine*, what Pope said of Dennis I may say of Harwood:

> Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad.
> On one so poor, &c. &c.
> Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
> Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age.

I shall be exceeding happy to see your sermon if you should publish it: and from what I have already read of Dr. Parr's writings, I have no doubt of receiving much pleasure and improvement from it. I was your great admirer long before I had the honour of hearing your name as an author; and bestowed warm but most honest and merited praise on a noble discourse of yours on the Test, though totally ignorant to whom I was indebted for the rich entertainment it afforded me.

I have the same strong curiosity to see men of talents and merit that you possess; and shall be happy if my good fortune should ever throw you in my way: it is not an unlikely event, though our distance (if your word be Warwickshire, as I guess), will be very considerable. But as I have no domestic ties, I may take it into my head to visit some of the midland counties, which I have long wished to see, and I will not be within fifty miles of you without making it a point to spend a day with you.

An uncle, on whom my great dependence for the comforts of future life lies, is in a weak and precarious state of health; and I cannot with propriety leave him till he is recovered—of which I almost despair. His disorder baffles all medicine, it hath been gaining on him for almost a year and a half, and the physicians are divided about it.

I shall always be happy to hear from you; and shall esteem your friendship and correspondence an honour to, dear Sir, your truly affectionate and faithful servant,

SAMUEL BADCOCK.

P.S. I could not read every word in your last: I am sorry to lose any thing that drops from Dr. Parr.

A paper of mine respecting the Wesley family, published in the History of the Spalding Society, and afterwards by Maty in his Review, hath been animadverted on by Mr. John Wesley in the last Gentleman's Magazine. I have just written an answer which I *believe* you, and such as you, will like.

DEAR SIR, *South Molton, Aug.* 12, 1786.

The pleasure I received from your letter, amply recompensed the labour it cost me to decypher it. As I become better acquainted with your hand-writing, the labour will diminish: and I

am convinced that the favour will increase as I get better acquainted with you.

With the most sincere and cordial respect, I return your own compliments. But I recall the word. I will not desecrate the honest warmth of friendship by a term which hath long been in the service of hypocrisy.

I do not flatter you when I express for you all the esteem that is due to the good man, and all the admiration that is demanded by the great scholar; I really view you in that superior light. I view you as my master, and never speak of you but under that conviction.

Our friend, the professor, alarmed me when he hinted that I was suspected to have been the writer of that sophistical criticism on your truly noble discourse on Education. I owed it to you, and I owed it to myself, to disown it in the most positive and unequivocal terms. But I find you had done me justice in your own mind before. Had I conceived that the discourse would have been treated with such indifference, I would (in spite of the resolutions I had formed, and the oppression of my spirits, and ill health) have rescued it *from the dungeon*, and placed it where it ought to be, in broad and open day-light.

I was lately asked, in public company, my opinion of Dr. Parr's discourse. I said that it reminded me of Sir John Denham's celebrated description of the Thames, "*though deep, yet clear*," &c. but if the parallel failed, it was in its not being full without overflowing. If any censure is to be passed on your sermon, it ariseth from its exuberance, an overflowing exuberance, which astonishes me at the time that it oppresses me.

But in this sterile age, who would complain of a spot, that was distinguished by superabundant fertility? The dunces, however, will complain, and who can wonder at it? It is for their own credit to depreciate the luxuriance which only tends to show their own barrenness in a more despicable light.

You speak of a certain gentleman, whose heart you had been exploring for some time, in order to discover with certainty *what manner of man he is*. If it be the person I have now in my eye, I can only say, that I found a certain secret recoil of heart, an inexpressible instinctive repulsive vibration, the moment I looked into his eye. I felt as if all was not right somewhere,

and would not bear examining. At that time I was totally unacquainted with every thing but his name. I have often such sudden impressions; and were I to reveal all the effects they have had on my mind, I should be accounted as enthusiastical and superstitious as a methodist, who believes in the instantaneous impulses of the Spirit overruling or superseding the operations of the understanding, or the Highlander who credits the delusion of the second sight.

You speak of Priestley, and the infamous attempts of him and his agents to depreciate my character. It is all in vain. I know the ground I tread on; I know its firmness, and because I have confidence in myself, I confide in the good opinion of such men as you are, and have little doubt but that those worthy characters who have honoured me with their friendship, will never have occasion to withdraw their esteem, or a wish to break the connection.

I have not yet seen the doctor's last publication; but am informed that he only went round the old circle, to make his readers sick. He hath not proved me to be a false critic; but hath proved me to be a true prophet. I foretold the revolution in his sentiments respecting the miraculous conception; I observed that matters were *en train*, and then exclaimed with the Frenchman *nous verrons*. We have seen it; and in a very short time too. What are we further to see?—What? We do not need Herschel's glasses.

I dined last week with the Bishop of Exeter, and he tells me that he scarcely hath heard the work mentioned by any one. 'Tis over. The controversy is exhausted—curiosity is satiated—and let the Doctor publish a hundred Socinian—mere Socinian works, and they will all "drop dead-born from the press." I almost question whether, if he were to publish rank Deism, that it would be noticed; and, for this reason, because it would not excite any surprise by its being regarded as a novelty.

I am, with sincere respect, your affectionate friend,

J. BADCOCK.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Henry Kett.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, June 25, 1789.*

The good opinion I have of your judgment, and the readiness you have always shewn to oblige me, induce me to trouble you with this letter. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you at Oxford, Dr. White and I settled a time for his coming hither, and we agreed to join Mr. Richards with Mr. Parsons. I told Dr. White by letter, that, as our business would take up a good deal of time, I should order beds for him and his friends. He came on the day appointed, about a quarter before twelve; and to my surprise said, that he should return to dinner at Warwick; and at all events neither he nor Mr. Richards could stay here the evening, as they were impatient to get back to Oxford, and Mr. Richards especially, the next day being, as he said, the first day of term. I was a good deal perplexed at this sort of language. But we proceeded to examine the sermons, and continued doing so till four o'clock. We dined, and adjourned to smoke, drink, and laugh, which took up about two hours. We resumed the examination, which ended after eight, and then we spent about half an hour in preparing and in entering an account of what we had done. But we did not then, for want of time, see whether White's marks agreed with those of Parsons, who marked for me. Considering the time, we did a great deal; for we went through the whole book, and had often occasion to pause and consider how much was done by me, and of what kind, whether correction, substitution, or addition. Expecting a much longer examination, and depending upon Dr. White's assistance to my memory, I had literally never opened the lectures, till the afternoon before White came, and then I marked many passages with hesitation, and many I did not mark at all. But Dr. White had previously marked his own copy, and I believe not only with fidelity, but with rather more care than he usually does business. Where we both had marked, we very seldom differed; and considering the length of time, and absence of papers, we agreed wonderfully. I must observe, too, that Dr. White had, in two or three instances, marked some very long passages, which, though written by me, had escaped my attention; for, as I told you before, it was a mere gallop of my eye upon the preceding

day. I mention this to Dr. White's credit, and I found upon conversing with him, something to my own credit. I found that all papers, whatsoever, were sometime since destroyed by Dr. White; and I also found that all my own papers had been long ago destroyed by my own express order, to prevent any discovery that might injure White. I had forgotten the order till White mentioned it, and I cannot help lamenting that, having such a proof of my delicacy and fidelity, he did not favour me with some confidential communications about his dealings with Mr. Badcock, and prepare me against those provoking and clamorous reports which forced out from me, when I was at Oxford, in Easter week, the declarations about myself. You know very well that Badcock was then said at Oxford to have claimed the whole, and that in opposition to this claim I set up my own pretensions, which I certainly could not set up from vanity, which I would not have set up merely from resentment against White, and which I should not have set up at all, if I had not felt myself injured by Badcock's claim, and abandoned by White's silence. You also know that, upon my interview with Mr. Hutton, I found the reports about Badcock confirmed; and, if Dr. White had been explicit with me, he would have guarded me from the uneasiness I felt at that report, as well as himself from the effects of the discovery which I made in consequence of it.

The day after our travellers left me, I had occasion to go to Warwick, where I found that, instead of hastening back to Oxford, they had spent the evening, and the whole of the next morning at Warwick, which place they did not leave till past twelve o'clock, and where they had arrived too on the Monday evening, quite time enough to have come over with ease to Hatton, and so to have given me the whole of the next morning for the examination. I naturally took the alarm at this discovery of shuffling with me, and at the little time that was allowed for business, where plainly more could have been allowed. I did not when they left me make any complaint, nor suspect any omission. But, on my return from Warwick, determined again to inspect the Lectures, and having found a few passages, which, as I thought, had been omitted, I directly wrote to Mr. Parsons

stating the passages, and complaining of the time spent at Warwick, which might and should have been spent at Hatton; and he read my letter, as I requested, to Dr. White, and he sent me a very polite and judicious answer about the passages, some of which were, and some were not, marked at our interview. I could not distinguish between them, as my marked copy was sent to Mr. Routh; and I could not decide about those which were not marked, as Mr. Parsons was not authorised by Dr. White to say how far they were mine, or whether they were mine at all. Mr. Parsons declined all further interference, at which I am not surprised, but I am much obliged to him for the trouble he had taken before. I soon received a letter from Dr. White, which has disgusted and provoked me exceedingly, for he virtually refused to take into consideration the additional claims, unless I would pronounce them all that could be produced, and he presumed in appearance to insinuate the possibility of my claiming what did not belong to me. In my answer to that letter, I treated both the refusal and the seeming insinuation with the severity which they deserved. I proposed a second interview of two days, for a second and final examination. I, for obvious reasons, proposed to meet him at Warwick, rather than at Hatton, and I promised to produce no claim which should not be then and there produced. He persists in giving no answer at present to the claims already produced. He declines the interview at Warwick. He does not disown the insinuation. He desires me to send to Gloucester all the passages which seem to me omitted, and he requires a full and final declaration that I will hereafter produce no more. But he is very silent about the time he spent at Warwick, and about the injustice of refusing to consider a part, till he is informed of the whole.

Though the business would certainly be done better in a personal interview, I have acceded to his proposal, and at the same time I have chastised him sharply for his conduct." At this you will not wonder, when you consider the services I have done him, and the treatment I have received from him.

I thought you entitled to this information, and I desire you to read it in confidence to Mr. Warton and Mr. Routh only. You see plainly that between White and me all friendship is now dis-

solved for ever." He wants delicacy, firmness, and sincerity. He seems rather to want gratitude; but he shall not be suffered, in this case, to want justice.

Rev. John Bartlam to Dr. Parr.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, *Saturday, Nov.* 21, 1789.

Your words immediately following the sharp sentence against Dr. White, are these: "Thus far you may read *any where*, and you *should* read *every where*, if the subject comes before you." Thus, dear Sir, you find your commission to me was full, positive, and extensive; a commission delivered not merely in the form of a request, but even of a *command*. Be not alarmed; every man of sense, honour, and virtue, in this University, most unreservedly condemns the series of impostures which Dr. White has from time to time practised upon your credulity. The violence of your language finds its complete justification in the multiplicity and bitterness of the insults which the rash and unfeeling advocates of White have heaped upon you. I have seen Dr. Gabriel, who is every where received with cordiality and respect. None of his old friends have deserted him, and others who were indifferently known to him have treated him with marked attention. This I heard from Dr. Gabriel himself; this I was desired to tell you; this I in part beheld, for I walked with the Doctor for some time before the Convocation House, where an election was going forwards for a University living. Dr. Gabriel says that every thing has "turned out most charmingly." He has convinced every member of his own college that all is perfectly right and honourable. Dr. White was in the Convocation, and it was observed that he and Gabriel were hustled together in the crowd; no compliments, no words, no acknowledgment took place on either side. Your letter, which imposes some restrictions upon Hutton, came too late; but Gabriel again and again observed that there was no occasion to be alarmed, and Gabriel, you know, is much given, very much given, to *be*

alarmed. Old Horner, your dear friend, has been in Oxford. I believe he left it this morning. He laughs at the unnecessary and unfounded troubles which you raise up to yourself about the Chancellor, the Bishops, and the strength and number of White's partizans. Mr. Valpy says that all the members of his college [Brazenose] are omnes ad unum with Dr. Gabriel. Gabriel is in high spirits, and has stood his ground most manfully. A very vulgar, illiberal, pompous, execrable letter is come out, addressed to Dr. Gabriel. Every man on either side expresses the most pure contempt for the whole composition. Edward Legge observed very justly to me, that Dr. Gabriel ought to triumph in the weakness, ignorance, and scurrility of such opponents. I delivered your commission to Kett, who says that he is more and more bound to serve you, as you give him so much confidence. He is pleased that Warton is to see the copy, and as I am not acquainted with Warton, Kett offered to show it himself. I laid upon him the strictest injunctions of secrecy, which he pledges his honour to observe. Mr. Valpy is now in Oxford. I don't know whether Gabriel is gone, but I believe he is not yet gone.

I hope you will believe me when I tell you that I never read the sharp part of your letter to any one, except a confidential friend or two of your own, and about three of mine, from whom nothing has ever burst forth. Mr. Smith did tell it to the Master of Pembroke, who told it to others. I did not impose secrecy upon Smith, because you enjoined a declaration of the matter to me. But I will read it no more, and I will, I will most implicitly, follow all your commands. I have capped Dr. White once since I have been in Oxford. It was coldly returned, and I do *not* mean to subject myself to any more slights from one who has deceived and insulted the man by whom he has been befriended and protected; from one who has forfeited his word to the University, by whose applause he has been flattered, by whose honours he has been exalted, and by whose generosity he has been rewarded as a scholar and supported as a gentleman; from one, who, under a specious veil of simplicity, meekness, and condescension, has disguised from the world at large the meanness of hypocrisy, the darkness of resentment, and the insolence of pride. I *do* now bid the Doctor a final adieu; for I can derive no honour

from the friendship of one who has injured you, cajoled the University, and imposed upon the public.

I called upon Smith to deliver your message to him. He is so rooted in his contempt and detestation of White, that he turned upon his heels when White spoke to him in Convocation. Mr. Smith means to write a letter to you very soon. He has struck out quite an original, and I think not an unlikely conjecture, about the 500*l.* bond. He supposes that it might have been given to Badcock under the idea of employing him to attack Dr. Priestley, at the time when White was so positive in his intentions of coming forth as the assailant of Priestley. White well knew how Badcock had distinguished himself as the answerer of Priestley in the Reviews; and it is not unlikely that White had conceived the highest hopes of the honour and advantage arising from the overthrow of such an adversary, while Badcock was to supply him with argumentation and with eloquence. All this, however, is mere conjecture. Mr. S. also told me, that some swaggering ignorant academic had been puffing up the mighty talents of Dr. White at Lord Charles Spencer's, declaring him alone as the author of the plan, as well as of all the finest parts of the composition. He avowed, at the same time, his hearty contempt of all the enemies of White, whom he represented as ignorant, envious, and malevolent in the extreme. Mr. S. did not tell me his name; I therefore did not press to know it. Mr. S. really believes that White never wrote a sermon in his life, except the one upon the Septuagint version, which might be White's, and which Mr. S. considered as a very inferior composition. Mr. S. observed, that some members of White's College never believed him the author of the Lectures, and that there was one man in particular who totally disbelieved it, but dared not open, as the tide of popularity ran so much in White's favour. Mr. S. himself thought the production the effect of almost inspiration, yet he did sincerely believe White to be the author, and was one of the latest that yielded to the facts. Mr. S. believes White *not* to have been the author of the Inaugural Oration! How could the man who never applied be the author of such elegant latinity, which can be gained by application alone? In short, Mr. S. does not scruple to avow, that, as White deserves

no fame, he wishes he may *have none!* Mr. S. wishes Gabriel would produce what he has kept back; but still he is afraid of your writing, as the world may impute it to such wrong motives. Mr. S. is apt to consider White merely as the editor and corrector, not the real translator of the Philoxenian Version. He also considers him merely as the editor of the Life of Timour, which was really translated by Major Darcy. He also said that White was his acquaintance when an under-graduate, and that he and all his friends did consider him as a man of most uncommon quickness in the attainment of languages, but in all other respects greatly below all his other acquaintance. Smith believes Parsons the firm friend of White, and at the same time surly, dark, and secret. Poor Bright of New College got the University living against Clapp of Baliol. Messrs. Burrows of Christ Church, Lockton of Pembroke, and Ward of University, were chosen Vinerian scholars. Richards of Trinity, and Mackaness of Baliol, were thrown out. Dr. Gabriel very civilly gave me one of his votes for Lockton. Canning has just heard from Crewe Hall that Sheridan is not to be opposed at Stafford. If you have heard any thing more of Tickell, might I beg the favour of you to tell me what? Remember me very kindly to Augustus Legge, whose brother Edward I shall meet this August at Lord Molyneux's, who is to give a most superb supper to all the noblemen of the College and all his acquaintance. Lord Henry Spencer is very good-natured; Canning likes him much I believe. What a degradation to a Duke's son to go Secretary to Eden's Embassy! White's London friend, a young hot fellow, is supposed to be the author of the most foul abuse against Gabriel. Most truly yours,

BARTLAM.

P. S.—My eagerness to justify your sharp censure against White, induced me to say more than you precisely ordered to Kett, who expressed himself ready to serve you with all the ardour and faithfulness of friendship. Mr. Routh is not come up; he is at Durham with the Bishop. Mr. Crowe is up; he behaved very cordially indeed to me, and desired to see me. I said not a syllable to Smith about you and Parsons. My kindest respects to Mrs. Parr; tell her I will restrain my temper, which has been

under the severest trials, when I have been disgusted with the petulance, ignorance, and misrepresentations of White's partizans. I told Homer that you prized his book beyond every thing, and that all your visitors saw it as a specimen of all that is fine in typography. He was really so pleased that he says you shall have another. This is true.

Rev. Dr. Gabriel, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bath, Feb.* 5, 1790.

I thank you for your letters, and for the friendly concern expressed in them on my account. You will call me perhaps a very impudent fellow, when I assure you I have no dread, no fears whatever; and I begin to look down with contempt, not only on Dr. W. but on his advocates. Herewith you receive a printed copy of the minutes, which were taken by Dr. Falconer and myself after the three late interviews. It would have been an endless task to have transcribed as many as I had occasion to put into the hands of my enquiring friends. But I have laid this restriction on them, that they are not to suffer a copy to be taken, nor are they to lend them to any friend of their own, but under the same restriction, as I wish to keep the minutes, authenticated even as they are, from circulation through the medium of Newspapers. Some inaccurate accounts of our interviews are daily presenting themselves in some or other of the papers. I have reserved four or five copies for you, if you shall have occasion for them, but do let Mr. Legge give me a plain and safe address where any basket or parcel may be left for you at, and forwarded from Birmingham to Hatton, as I wish much to send you a dish of Bath fish. Pray, remember this in your next. I have sent George Hardinge, as you recommended, a copy of these minutes. Since the receipt of your friendly letters I have heard again from Mr. Hardinge, who writes thus, "the more I think of your controversy, the more I think you in the right, as to all parts of it that are come to my knowledge, and a benefactor in a very high degree to every man of honour, by exposing at a personal risque, infinitely delicate, that which is the

reverse of honour. They are littora littoribus contraria, and must eternally be opposed," &c. &c. &c. I have sent also two or three copies to Oxford, and as many to London. It is astonishing the noise White's coming here made, and his subsequent conduct much more. I assure you I do not think I had a single enemy here before he came: and since his departure, there is but one opinion of White, and that opinion is openly and publicly declared, without the smallest reserve. When Dr. W. and Mr. Ph. Smyth left Bath, viz. on Saturday morning, Jan. 16, they went to Bristol, when W. called on the Dean of Gloucester, and there first opened to the Dean on the subject of his controversy with me; who said to him, "Dr. White, I have certainly a high opinion of your abilities, but I am at a loss to account for the impropriety of your conduct. With regard to your controversy, I assure you I shall take no part in it. I know Dr. Gabriel, and I have a respect for him." Mrs. Tucker then said, "Why didn't the Doctor play up to Miss Badcock and marry her, good now, and then all would have remained a secret." By this ill-timed kind of joke, I hear, poor White was much cut down. This intelligence came from Dean Tucker's curate at Bristol, who is a party friend of mine, and who rode over here, purposely to communicate this to me, with the Dean's compliments also, and with his approbation of the facts. Since I wrote to you Dr. Napleton, late tutor of Brazen-nose, and now Canon Residentiary of Hereford, examining chaplain to the Bishop there, and morning preacher of St. George's Hanover square, has dined with me. He was a very old acquaintance of mine, but, through Parsons and Prosser of Baliol, a staunch advocate of Dr. White. He is now a thoroughly convinced convert to me and my cause, and he talks a great deal, and talks well, and was worth attending to and making a convert of. You can entertain no conception of his surprise and astonishment when I discovered to him still more than the facts had laid open. It was not my business, in my humble opinion, Dr Parr, to say any thing about the 5th of November sermon. That still remains in petto, and I say and think the same of the canonry, to which he, Dr. W. did make a whispering kind of allusion, which no one heard but myself, and therefore I could not with propriety introduce it. My answer was suffi

ciently loud to have been heard, but Dr. F. and Mr. Ph. Smyth were then busily engaged in conversation, and Dr. W's reply was not a verbal one, but a significant kind of shrug with uplifted hands. No, I am glad that all that remains to come out, when necessity calls for it. Be assured W. knows this very well, and dreads the consequences, or he would not remain silent. Burgess, I hear, still continues to defend him, and Burgess must take care in time, lest he should burn his fingers by an over and a dishonourable officiousness. How should you like to see a printed list of the remaining advocates of a man, such as the fallen White. No, Dr. Parr, certainly it would not have been right to have shewn how much evidence I was in possession of when such evidence was not called for. Did you not once tell me " that it was a great art in controversy not to cover too much ground at once, and to keep on the defensive side." I have reason to think that the chancellor is now convinced of the propriety of my publication of the Liturgy, and has changed his tone. Surely, good Dr. from George Hardinge's first letter it is evident that Lord Thurlow has not seen the pamphlet. Read it again, good Sir. But his Lordship has seen it now. For "discovering" read " disowning the effect of the note;" see G. Hardinge's letter, &c. It has been matter of wonder to some of Ph. Smyth's intimate friends, that he would condescend to attend Dr. White on such an embassy. I think he was sent by W's advocate with him as a sensible man, and as a man of the world also, to explore, &c. &c. &c. Dr. Falconer thinks B——— a man of erudition rather than a man of learning. A mere philologist. The Dr. and Randolph desire to be cordially remembered to you. We all long to be smoked by you here. Our subscribers need not to be multiplied here, for though Bath is grown thin, the Octagon o'erflows, and we have no less than 50 sittings now waited for. I must necessarily go into Middlesex again for a fortnight the 22nd instant, and therefore shall not be able to go into Devon till towards the latter end of March. But when I am there I will scrutinize depend on it. Yes, Miss Parr, Yes, Mr. J. Bartlam, I believe I should have had virtue sufficient to have gone usque ad Uticam, had I been detected as Dr. White was. Dr. Walker did not preach at the Octagon, nor have

I ever seen him, but I hear he preached at St. James's here a strange kind of sermon: and in the afternoon of the same day he read prayers at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel. I hear of Mr. Porson from every letter the same account as you give me. Hamilton you see has done in the Critical what you foretold. But I think with all his friendship he has given W. a hard and a fresh blow, when speaking of Badcock, and he pushes him to come forward more than W. can wish him to do. Towards me he is very unfair, and I care not for him. I hope you will approve of the minutes.

Why did I not see your name among the honest Warwickshires? Are you writing any thing against the Repeal of the Test? We are very orthodox here, and Keate, late of King's, who knows you and desires his respects to you, is very active with his pen, and has addressed Wm. Pool, steward of the manor of Bishop Whitelands. Dr. Falconer is also a zealous friend.

You may authorize Mr. Smith of Pembroke college to shew your letter, concerning me, to whom you think proper.

I beg to be remembered to Mr. A. G. Legge, and to J. Bartlam when you write next to him, with my dear Doctor your faithful and much obliged friend and servant, A. B. GABRIEL.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Henry Kett.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, March* 13, 1790.

I beg leave to thank you for giving me an opportunity of reading what Dr. White has published, and you in return will not be displeased, if I tell you what occurs to me upon the perusal of these four pages. Dr. White states the inference properly, to wit, that Smith had never received the sermon, and that White had used Smith's name to get it from Badcock for some other purpose. Smith's answer states that he accepted an offer of assistance; that the assistance, when furnished, consisted only of a few trite pages, which were of little use, and that White's own promise so accepted, was sufficient ground for saying that he was engaged to furnish Smith with a sermon.

Now, from Gabriel's statement, I should not suppose that any assistance whatsoever had been solicited or received, promised or accepted. From White's statement I should suppose that a complete sermon had been sent as well as promised; and from Smith's statement it should seem that only a part of a sermon, or a few trite pages, were received by Smith; and these not asked by himself, but offered by White. But further, for while Smith varies from White in two particulars, and while both prove in a third particular the very reverse of what Gabriel's statement would lead us to *conclude*, yet there is no evidence whatever that Gabriel has in the smallest degree misrepresented what passed at Bath. It does not appear either from White's letter, or from Smith's letter, that the promise as made, or as accepted, or as performed, was *mentioned* in the conversation at Bath, and therefore Dr. Gabriel may be in reality, and in my opinion is right, when he represents Dr. White as acknowledging the whole relating to Smith to be a direct falsehood. What does the whole include? Probably, neither the promise nor the acceptance, nor the partial performance, but the whole of what passed at Bath; and though *à priori*, I should infer that all these circumstances had passed in conversation; there exists a negative evidence, *à posteriori*, that *not* one of them passed, and if not one of them passed, the obvious and unavoidable conclusion is, that Dr. Gabriel *has only omitted what he did not know*. But he does not *assert the contrary*; he states what *did* pass, and what would lead to an inference to something which did *not* pass. Well, Dr. Gabriel's statement, *as a statement*, is in no one point of fact confuted; and as to *inferences*, Dr. Gabriel, I must observe, has in this statement *made* none, nor is he responsible for the erroneous conclusions which others may make, because it does not appear from what is said by himself, by Smith, or by White, that the particulars which might have prevented such an inference were brought forward when the parties were confronted. Dr. White has cleared himself from one falsehood which might have been inferred; but he has shewn, and Smith also shews, that he is guilty of all the falsehood accurately and directly spoken. Of a falsehood when he says that Smith offered him ten pounds. Now this, Smith calls a *culpable* falsehood; and so far I agree with him. He also calls it a *mys-*

terious falsehood, and such I allow that it might appear to *him*, though I could easily unravel the mystery. But, besides the falsehood relating to money, there is another falsehood, of which neither Smith nor White takes any notice, but which is very closely connected with the literary and moral character of Dr. White. White offers a sum as from himself; White applies for that sermon to Badcock; White sends the sermon, or part of the sermon to Smith, without saying that he had applied to Badcock, and under circumstances which implied that it was written by himself. It therefore appears, that, while he deceived Mr. Badcock about Smith's offering money, he also deceived Mr. Smith, by suppressing that Badcock had furnished the sermon. There, then, is double deceit, for White never denies that Badcock furnished the sermon, and Smith never says that he supposed it to come from any other quarter than from White, and both are agreed that the money was not offered. I therefore look upon Dr. White's publication as vindicating him from one falsehood, which might have been inferred, and establishing his guilt in two instances of falsehood. It also establishes the impropriety of Dr. White's conduct in mentioning Mr. Smith's name. Now it does appear that Dr. White had the credit, be it more or less, of a sermon which was *not* his own. Moreover, it does *not* appear that Badcock had the advantage of money, which *was* his own, whether the sermon was offered by White or solicited by Smith, and whether the ten pounds were to be supplied by the one, or by the other. Badcock earned the money, expected the money, and, it should seem, received it not. White promised the sermon, sent the sermon, and wrote it not. I cannot respect the delicacy of a man who, without Smith's authority, reveals his name, and imputes to him an offer which he had not made. I cannot respect the veracity of a man who deceived one friend, by whom the sermon is written, and another friend to whom it is sent. What remains involves points both of delicacy and veracity between Smith and Gabriel, and these points must be settled by themselves. Smith says, "I in part denied the fact," but does not say that he stated *the denial to Gabriel as partial.* He says, "I acquainted Gabriel with the true state of the case, as well as I could recollect it, and I will now repeat it for your satisfaction." Now, the question is, did

he then recollect, and recollecting, did he then state that he had been promised a sermon by White, and that from white he received a few pages. I should think that he might not recollect, or that he did not state these facts in the first interview, *because* they do not appear to have been recollected or stated in the second interview. But if he did not recollect, or, if recollecting, he did not state them in either interview, he cannot be said to *repeat* them at all. On the contrary, he now states for Dr. White's satisfaction, what he before ought to have stated for Dr. White's vindication, and Dr. Gabriel's satisfaction. To me it should seem he was unwilling all along to own the act of receiving, and that Dr. White, confounded and distressed at the detection of *his* lie about the money, did not insist upon the act of promising and furnishing what, from his own letters, it appears that he did not write. In respect to the promise of silence from Gabriel, I believe that to be discretionary which Smith affirms to be positive. But, whether discretionary or positive, I believe that the promise was made void by two causes, for which Smith alone is responsible; first, because soon after the interview Smith, without imposing secrecy upon others, had himself related to others what, by his own account, ought to have been kept secret; and, secondly, because in consequence of that relation made to private persons, not only was the story circulated in Bath, but an erroneous account of the transaction was soon after published in the Morning Chronicle. But it is the business of Gabriel to explain this, and I believe that you will soon see a full and clear explanation. I make no remarks upon the rude charges of rancour and malignity, rhapsody and pragmaticalness, produced, but not proved, by Smith. I hope Dr. Gabriel will combine stronger proofs with milder language.

I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

P. S. Pray shew this to Routh, and tell me whether, in your opinion or his, I have made any mistake in my reasoning.

Mark how Stafford Smith declines general terms; how he avoids saying directly, and particularly, and explicitly, that I said so and so to Gabriel. And pray now, if it did pass clearly in conversation that this sermon in question was received and not used, how could Falconer forget such striking particulars; and

how dare Gabriel suppress them, when Philip Smyth, who *might* be appealed to, and is *not*, would detect such suppression. I have no more objections in store.

Rev. Henry Kett, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

I ought to repeat the apologies which I requested Mr. Bartlam to make in my name for not having shown myself more worthy of your kind and confidential letters by returning immediate answers to them. To the letter which related to Gabriel's facts I could not immediately reply, because I had no opportunity of consulting the marked copy of the Bampton Lectures, as I was for a considerable time absent from Oxford. Since my return, all the time I could spare from my College engagements has been engrossed by an electioneering business, which has terminated unfortunately. But I regret not the loss of so much time and labour, as it was sacrificed to the cause of a worthy and amiable young man. I am sure, Sir, that your great candour and regard to merit, will induce you to see my representation of my engagements in the light of the best excuse I can make for my great inattention and want of respect to you.

According to your desire I have perused the marked copy. When I read the parts which you furnished I was astonished. Whether I consider the solidity of argument, the comprehension of thought, or the splendour of style, I think them, upon the whole, the most able and elegant parts of the Lectures. In point of quantity they are considerable, as they are more than a *fifth* of the whole, without reckoning the corrected passages. But their intrinsic excellence is such, that any person, with such materials alone, might not only have obtained a great deal of present applause, but lasting fame. They are in the highest style of composition, as they are of a philosophical and refined cast, and make many of the other parts of the Lecture with which they are connected appear nothing more than loose and florid declamation. When I think of your having made such valuable communications to White, I am astonished at his ingratitude and hypocrisy. Your generosity deserved a far different

return. He has forfeited every claim to your friendship and esteem. But I will not, ought not, in common charity, to be too severe upon him. I consider him now as an object of pity. He is detected. He has paid large sums, and will be obliged to pay more without securing his grand object, which was secresy. I have seen him here, and have observed him closely; he is pale and dejected; restless and uneasy; he has all the indications of a ruffled and distressed mind; something preys upon his heart. The reception he has met with here was coldly civil. I really think that many people have shown him some attention, merely because they think that total neglect would drive him to despair. By others he is esteemed almost as much as he was before. They think that Gabriel has gone too far, that he ought only to have justified his assertions by bringing forward his facts, and not have thrown out intimations that he had more in reserve. When I consider the humbled state of White, the censure which Dr. Gabriel has, perhaps undeservedly, incurred, the officiousness attributed to Hutton, and the imputations which are fixed on Badcock's memory, I cannot help considering this whole affair as containing something necessarily injurious to the reputation of all who engage in it. This is one great reason that induces me to persuade you not to publish. It is surely beneath the dignity of your character, as well as hurtful to your feelings, to attempt to expose a man who is sufficiently detected already. I am very sure that your publishing will be imputed to many unjust and unworthy motives; and, consequently, as from the very nature of the case you cannot possibly avoid censoriousness, misconception and misrepresentation, you will injure your reputation instead of increasing it. I think I may venture to say, that all those whose opinion you most value here, are sensible of the infinite obligations that White is under to you, and at the same time lay great stress upon your declaration, when last in Oxford, that, although those obligations were extensive, they were only such for which one scholar might be fairly indebted to another. Give me leave to say, that I think such a declaration, added to the unconditional manner in which you originally gave your assistance, ought to induce you to be silent. If you do not publish, your conduct will appear uniformly generous and noble. You were great in your ability to give White assistance; you

were great in the frank and friendly manner in which you gave it. But you rise to that eminence which is truly consistent with the extent of your literary character, the liberality of your sentiments, and the delicacy of your feelings, when you attempt not to attack him who, if conquered, would afford you but half a triumph, and leave him in possession of what you once gave him leave to call his own.

I always attend very particularly to those passages of Mr. Bartlam's letters which you are so kind as to address to me. I shall certainly make it my business to rectify the misunderstanding mentioned in your last. I hope you will excuse the freedom with which I have stated my sentiments, and that you will attribute my conduct to its right motive, which is, my zeal to suggest any thing that I think most conducive to the encrease of your reputation, and most likely to give you satisfaction in the end.

I remain, with best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and the young ladies, and hopes that all the family are in perfect health, dear Sir, your most obedient, and most obliged friend and servant,

H. Kett.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. ASKEW.

In this work (says Parr, in his collections for the Life of Sumner,) the name of Dr. Askew is often mentioned, and, from my intimacy with him, I can bear testimony to the accuracy with which many of the statements are made. We are told, in vol. III. p. 494, that he was "educated at Sedgburgh School, and from thence removed to Emanuel College in Cambridge."

He told me that he had received a part of his education under Richard Dawes, at Newcastle, and, with great pleasantry, he described the astonishment and terror which he felt upon his first interview with a schoolmaster, whose name was a μορμολύκειόν, in the North of England.

With concern I have lately observed a disposition in the critics and editors of this country to depreciate the merits of Dr. Askew, and to represent the credit which he obtained as a scholar, as resting upon no solid foundation, and as sinking gradually under the evidence of facts, which it was reserved for the scholars of the present time to discover. I honour the abilities of these men; I commend their zeal; I admit that, with the guidance of Professor Porson, they have introduced many improvements in verbal criticisms. But to their strictures upon Dr. Askew I cannot give my assent.

I lament that it is impossible for me to give at length Dr. Parr's vindication of his first medical friend. There are no letters in the collection; but intimacy was kept up to the end of Parr's life with Dr. Askew's surviving children, and at Lady Cave's he was introduced to the personal acquaintance of Mr. Mathias.

Dr. Arnold senior, of Leicester, held a high place in Parr's estimation, He was consulted for Mr. T. Oliver at his desire, and was brought to Stafford to give evidence on that sad case. The letters of Dr. Arnold now subjoined relate to subjects of considerable interest—his work on Insanity, &c. &c. The two Dr. Arnolds, and the Rev. H. Arnold, sons of Dr. Arnold, held correspondence with Dr. Parr; the latter was with him some time at Hatton.

Dr. Arnold, to Dr. Parr.

Belle-Grove, Leicester, Feb. 19, 1804.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

From the moment when I had read your late excellent Fast Sermon, I was determined to gratify my feelings, by expressing to you in writing some of those sentiments of approbation and pleasure which I had experienced during the perusal.

As I had long been convinced that both friendship and *patriotism* (the want of exhortation to which was attributed as a defect by Lord Shaftesbury, and as a perfection by Soame Jenyns, to the Christian system; and while it was considered by the one as a convincing argument of its want of divine inspiration and authority, was by the other esteemed as an incontrovertible proof of their existence,) were each of them at once, both virtually and practically, contained in the New Testament, as well as the Old; I could not but be much gratified by seeing these two points so ingeniously handled and so completely established in your invaluable discourse, which at once deprives the infidel of a plausible objection, and withdraws from the believer a feeble and unnecessary support.

The propriety, in general, of avoiding political discussion in the pulpit; of not loading our enemies with indiscriminate reproaches, which may be partly doubtful, partly false, at best exaggerated, and for the most part very imperfectly known to us, who have no share in the management or intrigues of government; of not presuming upon our national and political integrity, when possibly we ought to humble ourselves before God, for much deviation from the paths of moderation, and rectitude, and virtue, in ourselves, as well as in our governors; and of calling upon our Maker with confidence and truth, only as we are fighting against an invading enemy "for our lives and our laws;" is more obvious to a candid and considerate mind, than practised by the majority of preachers on such occasions; and your observations on the subject are at once solid, liberal, and satisfactory.

The picture which you have delineated of our critical situation; of our danger from the power, the ambition, the unquiet spirit, and the numerous and successful armies of our enemy, and

of the military skill, political sagacity, and peculiar temper of their leader, is as awful as it is exact; and the unprecedented extent and imminence of that danger presents such serious cause of alarm as might well appal a less prepared, less united, less resolute, less free, and less patriotic people; but as you, with thanks to Heaven, justly observe, "at *no* crisis whatsoever were Englishmen equally prepared to encounter such danger, by the united good sense, loyalty, and courage of our countrymen."

The comparison [p. 20, &c.] between the situation of this country in former actual or threatened invasions, and that in which we at present find ourselves; and the beautiful portrait of the favourable circumstances in which we now stand, and of the high privileges and blessings which we now enjoy; are well adapted to animate us with hope, and to inflame us with ardor, in the present contest, in defence of a religion, whether as established by law, or as professed by dissenters, the most pure and the most catholic, and of laws and a civil constitution, however in some respects imperfect, the most enlightened, and the most friendly to civil and religious freedom, which the world has ever seen; of both which you have given a most engaging and energetic display.

The contrast between French and English liberty; between the mere parade of the assertion of natural, and the actual possession of political rights; between the circumstances favourable to our success, and unfriendly to theirs; is well founded, skilfully managed, and truly animating; and is well followed by that fine series of triumphant queries, which is introduced [p. 25.] by this passage—"Whatsoever, then, be the good, whether moral or physical, which rational freedom is capable of producing, our own experience will tell us, that our own share of such good has been most ample indeed."

The conclusions which follow [p. 26.] are rational, pointed, and eloquent; and the final address to the audience, your neighbours, and parishioners, is most appropriate, most impressive, and most persuasive; and such as, were it to come from the mouth of a faithful and respected pastor, in every place of worship in the kingdom, must in every hearer excite such a spirit of patriotic energy, as is adapted, with the blessing of the Almighty, to raise an insurmountable barrier to more numerous arma-

ments, than are likely to assail this land of happy freemen, and for that reason unconquerable heroes, who stand undaunted and unyielding, to resist the torrent of slavery, and, while they nobly defend and secure their own liberty, prevent the entire subjugation of the rest of Europe, whose degenerate inhabitants, habituated to a very scanty and limited freedom, and wanting the legitimate excitement, do not possess the requisite energy to oppose with effect the overwhelming tide.

In a word, the whole discourse affords a specimen of good writing, not inferior in my estimation to any with which you have hitherto favoured the public; and abounding in accurate investigation, sound reasoning, manly sense, and truly Demosthenic eloquence.

Numerous professional engagements, and some indisposition producing a headache, which totally unfitted me for writing, and in a great measure from reading, have prevented me from thanking you at an earlier period for the pleasure and instruction, which I have received from your valuable sermon; and now prevent me from thanking you as I wish.

I have often blushed in imagination, that I should have exposed to your inspection my imperfect and crude observations upon Paine's discourse before the Theophilanthropic society. They were written in haste, and only for the private perusal of a few friends, to whom I hoped they would serve as an antidote against some of the pernicious insinuations. As I may sometime wish to enter more minutely and accurately into the subject, I shall be happy to receive such remarks and suggestions as you may think proper to communicate.

Your kind remarks on my inaugural Thesis, will likewise be received with thankfulness.

Mrs. Arnold, and Mrs. Hawksley unite in most respectful and kind regards to you, with, Reverend and Dear Sir, your sincere friend and servant, THOS. ARNOLD.

Belle Grove, Leicester, Sept. 6, 1806.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

This accompanies a copy of the first volume of the new edition of my "Observations on Insanity;" which I have just received

from my publisher; and send to you immediately, that you may have the earliest possible opportunity of perusing the new apologetical preface prefixed to it; of which I request your opinion as soon as you shall have read and considered it. Is is a just and necessary defence; and I hope, and am persuaded, it will receive your approbation. Of real modesty I believe few men possess more than myself; but of affected modesty I have not a particle, and I am sure you will allow me to say, without censure or disapprobation, that the more I consider my own book, and compare it with others, and reflect on the frivolous and unscientific objections which have been made to it, the more I am convinced of its original merit and intrinsic worth. Allow a mind that has not been very well pleased with the impertinence of the ignorant or the presumption of sciolists, to express so much of its own conscious pre-eminence, in a branch of knowledge, in which not to have been among the first would have been to be degraded among the last; since, not to have reaped great advantage and derived great attainment from such long experience and superior opportunities as I have had, would have argued a mind of the lowest order. But your good opinion, as well as my own knowledge of myself, will not allow me to sink so low in my own estimation.

My second volume will, I hope, be finished in about five or six weeks. Before that time Mrs. Arnold and I flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing you at Belle-Grove. I am sure we shall have great pleasure in your society, and shall do our utmost to sooth and enliven your spirits; and it will be a great satisfaction to us both to think that we have been the means of comfort to so valued a friend.

I shall be happy to hear that you have resumed your scheme with regard to Collier. I have just received Memoirs of Dr. Priestley, written by himself; which I have read with great satisfaction. Of his character I always thought highly, and they have not lessened him in my esteem. He was a truly honest man, as well as an able philosopher and pious Christian. May I, like him, live the life, and die the death of the righteous. I am by no means of his opinion on several subjects; but I love his simplicity and integrity even more than I admire his indefatigable industry and respectable abilities. Of the truth of the

doctrine of necessity, properly understood, I am well convinced; but I can by no means give credit to that of the materiality of the soul; and, had I leisure, I persuade myself I could much weaken, if not entirely overrule his irrefragable proofs. But I am too much otherwise occupied. Let me hear from you, my dear friend, if it be but a few lines, very soon.

Mrs. Arnold joins in every kind regard to you, with your most obedient servant, THOS. ARNOLD.

P.S. I send you at the same time your collection of pamphlets, including Dr. Hartley's Epistle in Latin to Dr. Richard Mead, on the methods of exhibiting Mrs. Stevens's Lithontriptic.

Dr. Wm. Falconer, of Bath, probably became acquainted with Dr. Parr through Dr. Gabriel. He was one of the witnesses or parties concerned in the disagreeable altercation between him, Professor White, and the Rev. Stafford Smith. Dr. Falconer was a man of great simplicity of character, though of considerable vigour of intellect, and extent of accomplishment; but he was awkward and distrait in his manners, and was not often appreciated as justly as he deserved on a first acquaintance. His brother, the Rev. —— Falconer, of Chester, was appointed by the University of Oxford, to publish their edition of Strabo. This task they devolved upon the Rev. Thomas Falconer, his nephew, after his death. The letters announcing the plan to be pursued in editing Strabo, some of Dr. Falconer's political opinions, and finally, his death, I here insert.

Dr. Falconer, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

I received the favour of yours, which really made me blush to think you should take so much trouble to acknowledge what I was ashamed to offer, and which should have been double, had I known what I might bestow on any public occasion, without incommoding myself. I am sorry to see you so low respecting public affairs. I see no cause for despair, or even of discouragement. Men are never less endangered than when they are on their guard, and alarmed. Security is a more hazardous state than even periculosa libertas—every stroke of the guillotine adds to our safety like the fires of persecution, every instance is equivalent to twenty sermons against anarchy and atheism. I doubt not we have yet men among us, who would gladly transplant the guillotine and atheism, together with irreligious persecutions, into this country. The society of Friends of the People, and the Constitutional Society, who adopted into their number three by name of the most violent members of the French National Assembly, who had just before voted for the King's death, and dignified these assassins with the title of friends of society and of mankind, are of them. But Glaucia and Saturninus, as well as Lentulus and Catiline, are natural adherents to one another. As to war, I like wars no more than you, but I am sure fortitude is safer, as well as more honourable, than cowardice. To meet danger is safer than to fly it. The war was declared by the French, and the reasons they gave were such as, had they been allowed, must have reduced this country to state of servile dependence, and before this have introduced assignats, bankruptcy, and the guillotine. They avow themselves in their declarations to the Belgians, that, if they reject the celestial present of the Tree of Liberty, that they will lay their towns in ashes. What better could we expect from French connections? What greater kindness are they now showing to Lyons, their own city? Experto crede.

I am, Dear Sir, yours very truly, J. FALCONER.

DEAR SIR,

After a long interruption of intercourse, though I trust none of esteem and regard on either side, I take the liberty to address you in behalf of my son, who has been appointed by the University of Oxford to superintend his uncle's edition of Strabo, which is now likely to see the light, after an interval of 20 years and upwards. He is desirous that you should give him some advice on Greek accentuation, and recommend to him such treatises as will guide him in rectifying the accent in the above author.

I have read your Spital sermon, and long much to see your sermon on the Fast. I admire much your successful (as I trust) attempt to clear up the mist that many ill-meaning people had attempted to diffuse over the eyes of the world, and even of themselves, by substituting an ideal and impracticable virtue in place of the warm feelings of sober attachment.

We owe to mankind at large, justice, mercy, and charity; but affection, regard, and attachment, must be the fruits of personal acquaintance. No man can deny the love of our Lord to mankind, yet St. John is specified as the disciple whom he loved or regarded with peculiar affection. You will not think the Stoic philosophy much adapted to encourage the tender feelings, however it might, as Montesquieu observes, make great men. Yet Antoninus, even amidst his rapturous preference of the City of God to that of Cecrops, expresses his gratitude to the Gods for having had good ancestors, good parents, good sisters, good preceptors, good servants, and good friends, and owns his obligations to Catullus for his precept, "not to disregard the complaints of a friend, even though they should be groundless, but endeavour to satisfy them; and that he should have an unfeigned love for his children and family." In these instances we may repeat with Mason, "'Tis nature speaks, and nature will be heard."

From the present learned Dr. Falconer of Bath, to Dr. Parr.

Bath, Aug. 31, 1824.

There is no one to whom I have to communicate the sad intelligence, who will feel it more deeply than his excellent and distinguished, and old friend and acquaintance, Dr. Parr.

To you my father owed much; to your influence and patronage his literary character was deeply indebted, and I often have reflected upon the liberality of an academical scholar, and an academical body, in recommending and espousing learning, worthy, perhaps, of an academic, in one whose good fortune had not placed him in either of the seats of learning in this country. He loved and he cultivated letters as far as his opportunity permitted him, but not as far as his talents would have carried him, for he distrusted powers which were admired by every observer. His modesty, his humility, his simple heartedness, his meek and candid, and forgiving spirit, (and he was persecuted by many, strangers and relatives,) were as conspicuous as his fine and vigorous intellect. Alas! this *was* so. Your warm heart will listen to my request, that you would undertake the office of transmitting to others, the remembrance of so good a man in a short and simple epitaph. I am, my dear Sir, your obliged friend and servant,

THOS. FALCONER.

Dr. Hill, successor to Dr. Arnold in the establishment for insane persons at Belle Grove, Leicester, was one of the guests, and a contributor to the feast on Dr. Parr's birth-day.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Hill.

Hatton, Jan. 25, 1822.

DEAR AND EXCELLENT DR. HILL.

You inflicted sorrow and alarm upon the Dii Lares and the Dii Penates of my parsonage by depriving them, and the pater familiâs, of the pleasure which they expected from your most agreeable society at the birth-day banquet. Your bed was prepared for you, and I reckoned much upon conversing with you. But we cannot contend with an enemy so stubborn and so ferocious as the gout. We have read of twenty specifics, and we can confide in none. Warmth and patience are the sole alleviations. Now, dear Sir, one of my very learned friends, a bishop, was

sorely afflicted with the gout, and upon the cessation of its attacks he died of a general decay. But I told him of a partial remedy, and I now will tell it to you. You shall have the words of Vegetius, who wrote a very sensible book upon the veterinary art. He speaks of inferior animals, and I told the Bishop that I could not venture to reason very boldly by analogy from them to the human species. I added, that as the gout is notoriously the assailant of well-fed, well-preferred, and highly orthodox theologians, he would do well in the House of Lords to tell his episcopal brethren in *my* name, of a passage which neither he nor they were very likely to have read; and that in this provision for their health I was doing them more good than if I had undertaken the solution of some obscure and knotty point in controversial divinity. Now comes the prescription.

Podagra vero nonnunquam solet occupare jumenta, cùm hominum vitium transit in pecudes. Vegetius then enumerates some of the diagnostics. He proposes some remedies, and he concludes his prescription in these memorable words: Ventrem quoque expurgabis ut auferatur humor pessimus, qui descendit in venas. Hoc genus purgationis adhibebis: thymi acetabulum plenum in vino veteri dulci macerabis, et singulas cotylas per nares eidem infundes, fœnum viride adpones; quod si defuerit, siccum nitro adspersum dabis. Si nihil profecerit, *castretur*, et vitio carebit. Nam podagra raro vexat eunuchos.

My friend the bishop, I fear, did not make the experiment; and three or four centuries ago, if I had recommended it to the clergy, who were bounden by oath to celibacy and continence, archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, mitred abbots, priors, and monks, would have risen up against me, en masse, and sentenced me to the flames as a damnable heretic.

Four or five years ago I called upon Dr. Parsons, the very learned Bishop of Peterborough. He lived and died a pitiable victim to gout, and I will tell you of the advice which I gave him. Take care, my lord, of two grammatical points. If you have occasion to speak of the terrific malady in the latin language—first, if you pronounce podagra in prose, avoid the common mistake of lengthening the penultimate syllable, though in verse it may be lengthened—secondly never say chiragra, but always say cheragra, for the Latin word is formed from χερος

the Greek genitive of χειρ, and I will give your lordship an authority for both these directions.

A stingy fellow loved law, but did not pay his lawyers, and that naughty wit, Martial, has recorded his name, his disease, and his avarice in this distich.

Litigat et podagrâ Flaccus, Diodore, laborat:
Cùm nihil patrono porrigit, hæc cheragra est.

I hope that your gouty patients are better paymasters than Flaccus was to his advocate. There lived in my neighbourhood a very ingenious and learned clergyman, who was troubled with the gout, and knowing the failure of all former processes to cure him—knowing his fondness for Greek — knowing his greater fondness for pleasantry, I advised him to lie in bed quietly, to wash his eyes, to put on his spectacles, and to employ three whole mornings and three whole evenings in reading two witty poetical effusions upon the gout ascribed to Lucian. One of them is called Tragopodagra, and it is replete with humourous parodies upon high sounding, swelling, solemn passages in the Greek tragedians. The dramatis personæ are Podagricus, Chorus, Podagra, Nuncius, Medici, Tortores. Pray, Dr. Hill, take notice that the Medici are joined with the Tortores.

The other pleasant effusion is called Ocypus, and the dramatis personæ are Podagra, Ocypus, Educator, Medicus, Dolor, et Nuncius. Now the work called Ocypus is not near so long nor quite so witty as the former work called Tragopodagra; but it is very amusing, and I always kept it in reserve for the relief of my own spirits, if the cacodæmon of gout had ever made an attack upon my own feet or hands. The piece opens with a speech of Podagra, where his power to torment is displayed in deep and dreadful colouring. My scribe shall put to paper the three introductory lines:

Δεινὴ μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι καὶ δυσώνυμος
Ποδάγρα κέκλημαι, δεινὸν ἀνθρώποις πάθος,
Δεσμῶ δὲ νευρίνοσι τοὺς πόδας βρόχοις.

Dira hominibus, et inauspicati nominis
Podagra vocor, sævum mortalibus malum,
Pedesque nerveis constringo restibus.

May you soon be delivered from the galling chain, and feel your self in full power to employ without obstruction your scientific knowledge, your professional experience, and your personal sagacity for the benefit of those patients who have the good sense, and the good fortune, to avail themselves of your skilful protection. Now, dear Sir, let me thank you again and again for the most acceptable present of a quarter of house-lamb. It will form a splendid ornament to the dainties of my birth-day banquet, and the name of the much respected donor will be proclaimed in the second toast, which runs thus:

"The Earl and Countess of Blessington, Mr. Collingwood, Mr. Phillips, Dr. Hill, founders of our cake, pie, fish, and house-lamb."

Pray give my best compliments and best wishes to your lady and your sister—to the very intelligent Mr. Berry—to your learned neighbour Mr. Bruen, and to your lively, ingenious, mad-cap, radical, musical friend, who has not yet fallen under the clutches of servile and corrupt judges, prejudiced and perjured juries, merciless jailors, and a tory-rory hangman. I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful friend and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

I lament that I have been unable to extract from my learned friend Dr. Holme of Manchester, any account of his correspondence and connection with Dr. Parr, who has left many records of his personal respect for him, and his estimation of his great learning and talents. Dr. Holme had twice a full opportunity of appreciating Dr. Parr from near view. Parr visited him for a long time, and Holme was duly impressed with veneration for his talents, esteem for his virtues, and gratitude for his instructions and kind attentions.

Dr. Holme to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Manchester, Dec.* 30, 1805.

Mr. Greene will assure you, how cordially I sympathise in your affliction for the loss of a beloved and amiable daughter; and how much you will gratify me by accepting the use of my apartments during your stay in Manchester. I look with eagerness to the moment of your arrival; and trust that no accident will occur to delay it beyond the time you have appointed. I shall be able, I hope, to convince you when we meet, that, however flagrant my offences as a correspondent have been, they have not proceeded from a deficiency of veneration for your talents, of esteem for your virtues, or of gratitude for the numerous and kind attentions you have been pleased to shew me. I am, with much regard, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful humble servant, EDWARD HOLME.

Dr. James Johnstone, senior, of Worcester, enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Parr's acquaintance, through the introduction of his son, Dr. Edward Johnstone.

It was impossible for such a man as Dr. Parr, to approach such a man as Dr. Johnstone without a congenial respect approaching to veneration. The personal appearance of Dr. Johnstone, always dignified, was in his last years visuque et auditu juxta venerabilis. His mind was inventive and replete with knowledge, and his character full of originality and fire.

Dr. Parr, in the Bibliotheca, and in every place where he had the power of expressing an opinion, has done justice to the character of his mind, and to his accomplishments.

There is only one letter of my father to Parr; there are several to my father.

Dr. Parr, though he did not write, materially improved the inscriptions on the monuments of my father, and of my eldest brother James, who died of the Jail fever, caught in attendance on the sick prisoners in Worcester Castle, 1783.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. James Johnstone, senior.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 6, 1790, *Hatton.*

Sorry I am that my numerous engagements have so long prevented me from paying my personal respects to you. But for my company you will have the amplest recompence in the conversation of the celebrated man whom I do myself the honour of introducing to you by this letter. His name is Mr. Porson; his character is known and admired over the whole continent; his learning and critical talents set him above all scholars in this kingdom. He is now on a visit to me; he wished to see Worcester, to which place he is accompanied by a young man of Merton College, who was my pupil, and by whom this letter will be delivered to you. I should think it unnecessary to apologise for the liberty I take in bringing you acquainted with a man whom all persons of sense and learning would be ambitious to know. Soon, I hope, it will be in my power to see you; but be it soon or late, I thank you for the instruction I have received from your writings, and beg leave to assure you that I consider my friendship with Dr. Johnstone of Birmingham as one of the happiest circumstances of my situation. I have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Sir, very truly your well-wisher, and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Dr. Edward Johnstone, of Birmingham, was introduced to Dr. Parr, I believe, when he came to preach the charity sermons. He was afterwards consulted on the cases of the family, and of the pupils at Hatton; became one of Dr. Parr's confidential friends; and, in Bibl. Par., is characterised "as a skilful Physician, and a very enlightened and worthy man." The correspondence is so confidential, and so much mixed with private concerns, that I lament my inability to publish it. There are some letters of Dr. Parr's which are not liable to the same objection.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Edward Johnstone.

DEAR SIR, *August* 10.

The infatuation is spread over all the county, and in all companies where the subject is started; all ranks of men speak the wild and inhuman language of approbation and triumph. I have met only with two exceptions; they were found in men of sense and virtue, who agreed with me in lamenting that short-sighted craftiness, and that unmanly cunning, and that unsocial pride, which have prevented the Dissenters from attaching themselves to any party, and of course have excluded them from the protection of every party. Will they now see their errors? In the London riots the King said that he would do his duty, though the Magistrates had not done theirs. Does he say so now? Again, I yesterday heard, upon the best authority, that care, great care, had been taken by the Sheriff, not to put upon the Grand Jury any one person who might be suspected of a bias in favour of the Dissenters; one of his friends told me so. I shuddered, and, after a short exclamation of horror, I held my tongue; have that observed, for it was systematically done. Again, I saw the Chaplain who dined the other day with Sir George Shuckburgh. Sir George is, as other men are, a silent approver, or rather an open apologist, and a secret exulter;

and he told the preacher that he had a fine field, &c. But I told him, Sir, I will hear your sermon, and if you utter one word unbecoming your office, I will communicate it to those by whom you will be chastised, and to whom you can make no answer.

This threat enlightened, terrified, and reformed him. He has assured me that he will not say any thing either to defame those who met at the club, or to excuse those who engaged in the riots; or to gratify those who condemn the club, and rejoice at the riots. But what then? Are not these alarming symptoms of the general temper of the country? The gentlemen, the clergy, nay, the very farmers, all say, why punish the rioters? Were they not acting for their King? Is not Dr. Priestley so and so?

Dr. Johnstone, experience makes us all wiser, and, I hope, better. Two months ago I should have pronounced that incredible and impossible which I now know to be real. I hope there will be proper persons to watch all that passes in the Courts of Justice; all that is said by the Judges (who rule the Court), either to the Grand or Petty Jury; all that is expressed by the countenance or the tongues of the audience. This is a most important matter, and I advise you to advise others to be on their guard, and to mark, all, *all, all* these circumstances. Pray meet me on Tuesday next at Solihull, or meet me somewhere or other in the course of next week, before the Assizes come on. Indeed, dear Sir, you will see at last that my judgment on the conduct of the Dissenters is deep and solid.

As to prejudices, you will not impute them to such a man as myself. My fears, and my rage, are all pointed to those among whom I must live, &c. &c.

God bless you! I have a thousand things to say. The Chaplain is a sensible, popular, but Toryish clergyman. I believe he will keep his word and be wise.

DEAR SIR,

You are a Philosopher, with the spirit of a Religionist. Let me then entreat you to use your influence, in order to obtain the mildest measures possible in punishing the rioters, who were misled and inflamed, we know by whom, and by what means.

A declaration to this purpose will do immortal honour to the sufferers, and direct the attention and the scorn of all good men from the rabble to the proper objects.

Anticipate the mercy of the Crown by your own..... this will be wisdom and virtue.

I entreat you, dear Sir, to use healing and moderate persuasions, both for the peace of the country, and the honour of the parties.

My books, &c. have all been in danger, and removed to and fro; but the sufferings of Mrs. Parr's spirits wound my very soul. Her wisdom and fortitude are above all description, and above all praise were the friendly and active exertions of my parishioners in assisting Mrs. Parr, and in quelling the reports which held me out as a *Presbyterian.*

All such calumnies give me no pain; for I am in principle, and in conduct, a Churchman; firm, but not intemperate; a lover of all wise and good men, and an enemy to bigots, by whatever name they may be distinguished.

God bless you.—Sunday.

Dr. William Lambe, of Warwick, became early a friend of Parr. When Leamington was set afloat by the exertions and the publications of Dr. Lambe, they were naturally brought much together; and, in Bibl. Par., he eulogises him "as a man of learning, a man of science, a man of genius, a man of distinguished integrity and honour."

Dr. Lambe, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Worthing, Sussex, July* 10, 1803.

I beg you will remember my doctrine, that all pump water is *poison,* and act accordingly. I showed my preparations, and explained my doctrine to Pitcairn, who was very attentive, and seemed to put as much faith as could be expected in one so extraordinary. I think and hope he will act upon it. Unless

he can be saved by some new plan he cannot be saved at all, if I can judge by his haggard looks, his feeble voice, and cadaverous palm. I have been advised to withhold the publication till I go to town, and indeed I do not think I can be ready before. If I can do the greatest Doctor in London any good, the thing will come with so much weight before the public as to have infinitely more effect than premature publication. Whatever occurs, good or bad, you shall be acquainted with my motions. Believe me, dear Sir, yours ever, W. LAMBE.

I believe I shall have the first detachment of children sent off about the time you will receive this. If so, your answer will come as soon by them as by the post. There is a passage in Athenæus saying that two persons, whom he names, drank nothing but water all their lives. They enjoyed good health, but had so offensive a smell, that persons in the baths avoided going near them. This accords admirably with the fetid animal oil I find in pump water.

MY DEAR SIR, *Worthing, September* 17, 1803.

I am principally contented to have deferred publishing my Water System, as it has given me the opportunity of observing the genuine effect of the use of distilled water on healthy subjects. The most obvious consequence is the removal of the black fur from the teeth, and, in general, the correcting the offensiveness of the secretions. How much this is connected with the condition of the stomach, and of the circulating fluids, is sufficiently obvious. I hope to have the whole story ready next month. Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate, W. LAMBE.

I had a letter last week from W. Landor, from Bath.

Dr. Duck* of Norwich was Parr's Physician and friend, for Dr. Richard Lubbock had not risen to eminence during Parr's residence there; but he afterwards knew him, when consulted for his

* There is a character of Dr. Duck in the Gentleman's Magazine from Parr's pen.

cousin Mr. Robert Parr, and finally wrote an inscription for his tomb. There is one letter from Dr. L. concerning him, and I shall take occasion from the introduction of his name, to say a few words. Dr. Lubbock had an enlarged and sensitive mind, and became a distinguished practical Physician. Dr. Black, in his Lectures on Chemistry, used to quote Dr. L.'s thesis for his degree, "De principio sorbili," as comprehending the germ of the Lavoisierian system of chemistry.

Dr. Male of Birmingham was one of the guests at the annual birth-day feast. Dr. Parr entertained great respect for the firmness and worth of his character, and for his medical attainments and judgment. The following letter returns thanks for Parr's approbation of his book on Juridical Medicine, and is interesting on account of the notice of several juridical cases.

Dr. Male, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Birmingham, August* 1, 1818.

I am obliged to you for your kind letter, and feel highly flattered by your approbation of my book, which I trust will be the means of affording some information to medical men, as well as barristers, on very important subjects, which, in their present system of professional education, they have not any opportunity of acquiring.

Respecting the case of Donnellan, I was unwilling to say more; wishing to confine myself as much as possible to facts, I decline disquisitions. Poor Fenning's case I have mentioned, as you will see by referring to page 85, but I avoided saying more as her trial was published by Hone with notes of extreme asperity, and, in fact, I am not desirous of plunging myself into

hot water, which does not suit my irritable constitution. I entirely agree with you that she fell a sacrifice to the prejudices of her judge and the shameful ignorance of the medical witness: but since ex-officio informations have become fashionable, these are facts not to be stated in a book.

I was present at the trial of Thornton; he was tried for murder only, and not rape, and whatever may be the private opinions of the respectable individual to whom you allude (which I have heard differently represented), I assure you his evidence before the court was very direct and proper, and I think it but justice to him to say, that he there stated nothing which he was not warranted to assert. I beg my respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr, and have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant, GEO. EDW. MALE.

The celebrated Dr. Thomas Percival of Manchester, and Dr. E. Percival, his lamented son, met with that respectful attention from Dr. Parr to all their wishes, which their love of learning and their amiable manners entitled them to. Dr. E. Percival was cut off by consumption just when he had risen to distinction in his profession. I insert two letters.

Dr. T. Percival, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Manchester, Nov. 1, 1794.*

For your very obliging and valuable letter I would have returned my acknowledgments much sooner, if you had not given me reason to flatter myself with the expectation of being speedily honoured with further strictures on the Medical Jurisprudence. Your comments on the fourth section of that little work will be peculiarly acceptable to me; and I rejoice the quotation from Beccaria has arrested that attention from which I hope to derive important benefit. For I need not assure you that holding, as I sincerely do, your learning and talents in the highest estimation, your judgment will be regarded by me as authority of the greatest weight. But I should be sorry to intrude on your necessary

and more interesting engagements; and shall be grateful for your kindness, whenever you can indulge me with the least interruption to your other pursuits.

We have a Literary Society established in Manchester, which has acquired some reputation by its Memoirs. The second part of our fourth volume is now in the press, and will be published in the spring. Glad should I be to have it honoured with the name, and enriched by the communications, of Dr. Parr.

My friend, the Rev. Mr. Gisborne, of Yoxall Lodge, who is doubtless known to you by his excellent work on the Principles of Moral Philosophy, has just completed another publication, of which I am impatient to receive from him a copy. It is a practical delineation of the offices belonging to every class and station in life. And it is executed, I doubt not, in a masterly and impressive manner, so as to come home to men's business and bosoms. I have just been interrupted by receiving information from our hospital, that twenty-two persons, of different ages and families, have been brought there this morning under the alarming apprehensions of having been bitten by a mad dog. We had lately a patient in that charity who died under all the horrid symptoms of the malady, in consequence of a wound inflicted, as he and his friends affirmed, more than twelve years ago. I was very attentive to the examination of this person; yet, though I am persuaded of the great improbability of his account, I was not able to detect its fallacy.

At our Literary and Philosophical Society we had last night a very curious paper read, describing the case of one who is able to distinguish only three of the primitive colours. The gentleman who is the subject of it, delivered the memoir himself. He is near-sighted, but has no other apparent peculiarity in the conformation of his eyes. He suspects that the humors are so tinged as to absorb certain rays of light, and to be fitted only for the transmission of others.

Permit me again to return my best acknowledgments for your kind attention to me, and to assure you, that I am, with great esteem and regard, dear Sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

THOS. PERCIVAL.

Dr. Edward Percival, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Manchester, May* 21, 1805.

I need not assure you of the sincere concern I felt at the intelligence which your last kind letter communicated to me. Since then I have not been able to gain any information respecting the painful subject to which it related; and I have been long hesitating whether to intrude on your affliction by sending you the intelligence you desired, respecting the determination of the Literary Society. They have at last rescinded their resolution to have an English inscription; and the order as it now stands is, that members will be pleased to deliver in Latin inscriptions on or before the second Friday in June. To urge my solicitation for your services, under circumstances which must so fully and painfully occupy your mind, would be inconsistent with every feeling I possess; and more especially with the sentiments of respect and obligation which I shall ever entertain towards you. But I am too well assured of your goodness to remain entirely silent on a subject which interests me most deeply; and I am confident that you will acquit me both of selfishness and importunity, if I repeat once more, that no higher gratification could be conferred upon me than to have a memorial on the walls of the society from your pen. Dr. Holme joins me in the same sentiment. So, with the full assurance that, if the task be too irksome for you, you will at once reject it, I shall proceed to mention some particulars which may be required for the composition. The Literary and Philosophical Society originated in the stated weekly meetings for conversation which my father held at his own house. These meetings becoming gradually more numerous, the members at length formed themselves into a tavern-club, which, in the year 1781, was constituted a regular society, and denominated the "Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester." Of this institution my father was appointed joint president with another gentleman, at whose death he became sole president, a situation to which he was ever afterwards *annually elected*. His attendance at the meetings of this society was rarely prevented by any other cause than the interruption of health; his contributions, both literary and philosophical, were frequent and various; whilst his earnest zeal, not

less than his candour and moderation, seemed peculiarly to fit him for the leading office which he sustained. The resolution of the society to erect a monument to his memory was passed unanimously, very shortly after his death. These are all the particulars which at present occur to my mind. But I shall be happy to reply to any queries that you may think proper to suggest. Of my father's general character you are as good a master as any one; and the respect you entertain for it affords me no small satisfaction and delight.

Sir George Baker, the Bishops of London and Llandaff, and many other eminent persons to whom I have communicated your former inscription, speak of it in high terms of approbation; and Dr. Magee of Dublin desires me to assure you especially of the gratification which it has afforded him. On the eleventh of next month my mother and sisters remove to Bath, and I believe that I shall accompany them thither. If our stay at Birmingham will permit, I promise myself the pleasure of waiting upon you at Hatton, should you at that time be resident there. With the good wishes and respects of this family, believe me to remain, your obliged and very faithful friend and servant,

E. C. PERCIVAL.

Dr. John Sleath, to Dr. Parr.

Rugby, May 18, 1814.

Accept, Sir, my most cordial thanks for your kind and friendly letter of this morning. To have the sanction of your recommendation and name is to me of the utmost importance, as indeed it must be to every one who announces himself a candidate for a station in any degree connected with literature.

Your favourable opinion, expressed even in the most general terms, must be of essential use to me. But, greatly as I should have felt myself obliged by such general testimony, I feel myself doubly indebted to you for the very kind and condescending manner in which you have applied not only to the Company in general, but also to those individual electors with whom you are privately acquainted.

Mr. Homer desires me to express to you his thanks for your kind remembrances of him and his family. I remain, dear Sir, with the highest respect and gratitude, yours most faithfully,

JOHN SLEATH.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Paul's, June 16, 1814.*

I should reproach myself if I delayed an instant in communicating to you that I am most handsomely elected to the high mastership of Saint Paul's School.

I am fully sensible of your zealous assistance, which must have materially contributed to my success.

I can only add, I know not how to thank you, but you may believe me, my dear Sir, ever your obliged and grateful servant,

JOHN SLEATH.

DEAR SIR, *St. Paul's School, Jan. 26, 1818.*

Accept my best thanks for your remembrance of St. Paul's School, and its true welfare, in predisposing Dr. Maltby to accept the office of examiner. The president of the trustees called upon me on my return, and by reverting to the double appointment now vested in him, gave me an opportunity of mentioning Dr. Maltby's high qualifications. I have great pleasure in stating that the appointment is this day offered to Dr. Maltby, and that most probably he will be personally requested to take the office upon him, as it is understood that the Doctor is now in town. Ere you receive this, we may, I trust, congratulate Saint Paul's School on Dr. Maltby's acceptance of the office.

Mrs. Sleath desires to unite in kind respects to yourself and Mrs. Parr, with, dear Sir, your obliged friend and servant,

JOHN SLEATH.

Dr. William Sleath, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Rugby, July 20, 1800.*

I have taken the earliest opportunity of making my best acknowledgments to you, and expressing how much I have been indebted to your kind recommendation. When I mention my success in my pursuit after Repton School, (which took place on Wednesday last) I must beg leave to say, that it was your powerful letter that in a great measure achieved the victory, and gave me the superiority over my competitors. Whenever you may again pay a visit to your friends round Atherstone, as I shall be within a morning's ride from thence, I hope to be favoured with your company under my roof, and again be permitted to

listen to that conversation, which it has been my great delight to treasure, as much as possible, in my memory. I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant, W. SLEATH.

Sir James Edward Smith, to Dr. Parr.

Sir James Edward Smith, the possessor of the papers and part of the library of Linnæus, was much esteemed by Dr. Parr, and styled by him "the great Botanist." There is only one letter from him.

DEAR SIR, *Birmingham, Oct.* 26, 1819.

Having so often experienced your candour, I submit the two pamphlets here enclosed to your indulgence. If you take the trouble to read them, I know you will prove an indulgent critic, and I trust my sentiments on some subjects will be pardoned if not approved. Shall I confess that I earnestly wish the latter? You will find one gross blunder which might have been avoided by looking at a translation or a lexicon. "The colour of honey," page 88 of the second pamphlet. You will perceive how my head wandered between *mellinus* and *μήλινος*; perhaps I too much despised my adversary. I had only one great object in view; for the professorship I care little, nor do I expect it, but I mean that all the world shall know the true cause of my rejection, if I should be rejected. You know religion has nothing to do with the matter; it is the basest and most sordid *esprit de corps*.

May I beg leave to present my best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant. J. E. SMITH.

I am happy to see the Norfolk requisition so well signed.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

THE letters now added were taken from the Memoirs whilst they were passing through the press, and not in time to be inserted under their respective titles in this volume.

The Duke of Bedford, to Dr. Parr.

The Duke of Bedford solicited, through Mr. Adair, an inscription for the temple to Liberty, which he was about to erect at Woburn; and this, which led to a correspondence, formed a friendship, which only ended with Parr's life.

REVEREND SIR, *Woburn Abbey, Jan.* 27, 1803.

I have to request your acceptance of my very sincere thanks for the kind and ready attention you have shewn to the request I took the liberty of making through my friend, Mr. Adair, respecting an inscription for the little temple now erecting here. Your obliging compliance with this request has, I confess, afforded me much satisfaction; because I have persuaded myself that an inscription from the pen, and, I must add, from the mind of Dr. Parr, is all that is wanting to carry into full effect the wishes of my late brother. You, Sir, was acquainted with him; you will therefore not be surprised when I say that the recollection of his unvarying affection for Mr. Fox, and of his zealous and unlimited attachment to the cause of civil liberty, has, in many an hour of painful retrospect,

formed one of the best consolations I have been capable of receiving. Mr. Adair is able to give you a complete explanation of all the particulars you desire to be acquainted with; and I trust it is unnecessary for me to assure you that every thing will be left by me, to your unfettered judgment and decision. I cannot but feel that my opinion would be of little, or rather of no importance, as to the propriety of diction. Yet, as you desire to have it, I readily yield to your wishes, and do not hesitate to say that I wholly agree with you that the dignified and chaste simplicity of a Latin inscription would be much injured by the insertion of any modern titles; and here permit me to repeat, what I before took occasion to assure you of, that I think I should show a very fastidious mind indeed if I did not leave every thing to your uncontrolled judgment, in full confidence that I shall be most amply satisfied.

I regret that it is not in my power to satisfy your request as to the names of those whose busts are to be placed in the vestibule of the temple. It is a matter not yet finally decided upon, and whilst a possibility of a change remains, motives of delicacy forbid my naming any of them; you may, however, rest assured, Sir, that none will be admitted but those who have distinguished themselves as the firm and constant advocates of liberty, as well as the unshaken friends of her best champion, Mr. Fox; and if it is material to your purpose, I will undertake that you shall have the names within a very short time. I fear I shall not be in London before the period of your quitting it, and I lament that I am not to hope for the pleasure of seeing you here; at some future time I flatter myself I may be more fortunate, when I may have the satisfaction of shewing you, in its finished state, this little monument of the arts (a tribute to public liberty, and a memorial of my brother's attachment to that virtuous cause) which your kind labours will have contributed to stamp with that celebrity which my anxious wishes and ambition lead me to believe will belong to it.

I am, Sir, with very unfeigned esteem, your obliged and faithful servant,

BEDFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Brighton, Nov. 22, 1824.*

On my road from Scotland to the South, I received a most kind letter from you; and although various circumstances have occurred to prevent my answering it as early as I ought to have done, I am quite confident that you will not believe the less in the sincere satisfaction I experienced in learning that you were in the full enjoyment of health and vigour of constitution, which cannot fail to rejoice all your friends, and among them, believe me, none more than myself, and I trust that you have yet many years in store of so inestimable a blessing. My son, Lord John, about whom you inquire with so much kindness, is now in Italy; but he was not idle before he went, and a new work of his will very shortly be out of the press, which, whilst it affords amusement to most of his readers, will, I think, tend to prove, incontestibly, that that gigantic event of our own times, the French Revolution, was caused not by any circumstances of a late date, but by a long series of misrule and vicious government, antecedent to that time. As soon as the book is published, I will take the liberty of sending you a copy of it, as it may afford you some amusement in your hours of leisure.

I remain, dear Sir, with sincere regard and esteem, your obliged and faithful servant,

BEDFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Woburn Abbey, Jan. 6, 1825.*

I have, by this morning's post, received your most kind and gratifying letter of the 3d instant. It is, indeed, a source of great satisfaction to me to read your very favourable opinion of my son's recent publication. I trust it will add to his literary fame; and the praise of such men as Dr. Parr cannot fail to excite him to continue to occupy himself in such laudable pursuits. John writes hastily, and of course sometimes carelessly. The verbal inaccuracies (which I trust, however, are not numerous) I was sure could not escape your accurate eye, as I had myself noticed them as I read through the book. Perhaps you may, at your leisure, take the trouble of pointing them out to me. Your letters, my dear Sir, would have been still more satisfactory had you named your health. I trust it is entirely re-established, and with every good wish both from

the Duchess and myself to you and yours for the new year, I remain always, with sincere regard and attachment, your obliged and faithful servant, BEDFORD.

I have ordered a basket of game to go by the Warwick coach to Hatton.

Dr. Parr to Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Oct. 24, 1813.*

I thank you for the intelligence with which you have favoured me about Bishop Hurd's edition of Addison's works; and sorry I am for the sake of your Lordship and other scholars, that I had not an opportunity of granting, or offering to his executors, my copy of Addison's well-written, though little-known, work in Latin prose. You shall regale yourself with it when you come to my parsonage. I cannot fix upon any particular person as the writer of the epitaph upon Addison. He certainly is a man of taste, and probably he is a man of learning. Some of the sentences run off harmoniously to the ear, and there is a fair surface of Latinity. But,

Ponere totum
Nescit.

The topics, though well-chosen, are not quite so well arranged, and the Latinity in two or three places is vulnerable. I believe some Etonian to have been the author; and I am sure that, if his compositions were to be compared with other inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, rather than with the peculiar dignity of the subject, he, without much presumption, might have given up his name. Some of my pupils, when they heard it ascribed to me, had the good sense to acquit me; and when the Duke of Bedford first mentioned it to me as mine, in terms of high commendation, I declined the honour before I knew the contents. I will give your Lordship my reasons for my doubts about Bishop Hurd, and I premise that they amounted only to one suspicion opposed to another. There is in the south transept of Westminster Abbey an epitaph upon Mr. Mason, written, as I believe, by his friend Bishop Hurd. It has the great merit of being free from all rhetorical flourishes, and the phraseology is upon the whole perspicuous and correct. In

the opening there is a little error in the collocation. There is what, I think, an ill-judged allusion to a well-known passage in Catullus, who writes,

Nam castum esse decet, pium poetam,
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est.

In the inscription ~~we read Poeta, si quis~~ alius, castus, pius, cultus. Now, my Lord, it is no very great praise for an English divine not to have been otherwise than castus et pius in his poetry, and the commendation is certainly bestowed not upon his morals, but his writings. Again, it is rather unlucky in a sanctuary to bring back to the memory of men the apology of a heathen poet for the licentiousness of his verses. Again, cultus referring to the taste of Mason, does not very naturally follow commendation upon his moral poetry. I will not quarrel with cultus as an epithet which seldom or never occurs in prose, but will admit the authority of the following passage: Discentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui. Ov. Am. I. 15. 28.

My scribe wrote Xenopho as I dictated the word, and I would be understood so to approve of Xenopho, as not to disapprove of Xenophon. If you have, or at Winchester can find, the admirable treatise of H. Stephens, De Abusu Linguæ Græcæ, pray read the whole of the fourth chapter, where the rationale of Latin terminations in *on* and *o* is largely discussed. Apud Charisium certe legimus itidem Memno et Simo, non Memnon et Simon. Est tamen bis in hoc ipso nomine terminatione ista usus Maro, cogente etiam metri lege. At vero Antipho et Demipho, quæ apud eundem grammaticum inveniuntur, minus auribus nostris esse nova debent, vel ob talem Terentii usum. Apud eum enim Antipho et Demipho et Ctesipho (sicut Crito, Simo), non Antiphon et Demiphon et Ctesiphon legi, nemo est qui meminisse non possit. His autem simile esset Xenopho, sed nescio quomodo major quædam in hoc nomine esse videtur terminationis insolentia, et a qua aures magis abhorreant." B. 48. Bowyer, in a letter to Mr. R. Gale, adopts Markland's hypothesis upon the formation of the imparasyllabic genitive, and writes thus: "For σῶμα they said σώματος, σώματος, as γάλακτος, γάλακτος; τύψαντος, τύψαντος. Πλάτωνος, Πλάτωνος, Ξενοφῶντος, Ξενοφῶντος. Upon this supposition, I think, we may form a rule, which ought to determine what Greek proper

names should now be terminated in *o*, what in *on*, in Latin, viz. those which make *οντος* in the genitive should have *on* in the nominative; those in *ονος* should be *o* in the nominative; preserving thus the vestigia of their pristine state, as Plato, Platonis; Solo, Solonis; but Xenophon, Xenophontis; Ctesiphon, Ctesiphontis. Which the learned Dr. Taylor, Chancellor of Lincoln, writes without any discrimination in his accurate editions of Lysias and Demosthenes, &c. "Plato; Solo, Xenopho, Ctesiphon."—Bowyer's Miscellaneous Tracts, p. 143.

Now, my Lord, the subject seems to have been much controverted among Roman critics; and they, who were advocates for uniformity and independence in the Latin language, contended for the termination in *o*. You shall have a notable passage from Quintilian, where he speaks of the "grammaticum veterum amatorem, qui neget quidquam ex Latinâ ratione mutandum. Quin etiam laudat virtutem eorum, qui potentiorem facere linguam Latinam studebant, nec alienis egere institutis fatebantur; inde Castorem, media syllaba producta, pronuntiarunt; quia hoc omnibus nostris nominibus accidebat quorum prima positio in easdem, quas Castor, litteras exit; et ut Palæmo, sicut Plato (nam sic eum Cicero quoque appellat) [dicerentur] retinuerunt; quid Latinum quod *o* et *n* litteris finiretur, non reperiebant." Lib. I. cap. 5. Formerly, when I knew more and cared more about these things than I do now, I made up my mind thus. Whensoever the termination in Greek is *ων*, *ωνος*, there I would invariably retain the termination *o*, and therefore I would always say Plato, and I commend scholars for saying Dio Cassius, though I remember that formerly they did not hesitate to call him Dion. But when the termination is *ων*, *ωντος*, I dare not contend for the same uniformity. In the speeches De Corona, we find invariably Κτησιφῶντος, and yet in Terence we find among the Dramatis Personæ, Ctesipho. So Ἀντιφῶντος, Ἀντιφῶν does not hinder us from saying Antipho. Thus Bowyer's rule about *ων*, *ωντος*, is not conclusive, and leaves us to the choice of *on* or *o* in Latin, and perhaps that choice will often be regulated by the ear, or custom; and, in truth, either may be used without impropriety. Yet, as I said, the rule for *ων*, *ονος*, compels us to use *o* only, unless we be writing verse, and in verse I hold

that Platon and Xenophon, however unusual, would be justifiable. When the question is transferred from proper names to appellatives, we find the predominant power of the Latin termination *o* not only retained in the nominative, but extending even to the oblique cases. Thus λεων, λεοντος, gives in Latin, leo, leonis, and thus δρακων, δρακοντος, gives draco, draconis. But further, the most striking instance that I know among the latter writers of the right they took to employ the Latin termination *o* is in the Achilleid of Statius, Book I. v. 553.

Conclamant Danai, stimulatque Agamemno volentes.

Our friend Dr. Gabell may tell his boys of the fact, but must not allow them to imitate, and so much for the termination in *o*. You see, my Lord, that some of the sturdy critical antiquaries went a little further, and because quæstor and prætor made quæstoris and prætoris, they forsooth would have had any Greek word in ωρ making *opos* become in Latin *or*, *oris*, with the penultimate of the genitive long. You and I shall observe, but not imitate. Upon the fact, noticed as it is by Varro de Linguâ Latinâ, we can have no doubt. "Secundum illorum rationem debemus," says Varro, "secundis *syllabis longis* dicere Hectorem, Nestorem. Est enim ut Quæstor, Prætor, Nestor, Hector." Lib. 7. True, say I, this was the very old practice, and it may be illustrated by two lines from Ennius, the first of which is quoted by Varro himself in Libro II.

Hectoris natum de mœro jactarier.

You will find this line in page 239 of the edition of Hesselius. You will also find it immediately preceded by another line, where the termination Hectorem is right, but the metrical position is wrong,

Curru Hectorem quadrijugo raptarier.

So the line is printed in Hesselius and in Maittaire's Corpus Poetarum, and in my copy of Maittaire I have had occasion to correct many of these metrical errors. The line, as it has just now been given, was made so by Ursinus, and then quoted by him to prove that the second syllable in quadrijugo is long before *jod*. No, say I, and no said Gerard Vossius, whose words you shall have. "Non cogitavit vir doctissimus veteres secundam in Hectoris, et similibus produxisse, quomodo idem Ennius alibi ait,

Hectoris natum de mœro jactarier,

Alioqui, puto, vidisset, versu secundo, trajectis primis verbis, legi debere,

Hectorem curru quadrijugo jactarier."

De Arte Grammat. Lib. I. c. 22. In Sapphics and Iambics I should write indifferently Hectorem et Hectora. But I should not venture to lengthen the penultimate, unless I wished to teaze some fastidious hypercritic who would deny the existence of any instance. Vossius is right about his *jod*. But I shall amuse you and Dr. Gabell by a notable anomaly in Lucilius,

Et Musconis manu perscribere possit Ajacem, Lib. 30.

You may read these grammatical trumperies, while you are munching your muffins at breakfast; and then you may go to the better employment of signing presentations, or writing pastoral Charges; and, if those Charges contain any attacks upon the Roman Catholics, rejoice, my Lord, that I am not at your elbow at a moment when the churliness of a critic is united with the fierceness of a polemic. Huzza, Winchester for ever! Three Wyckamists on the bench, and all three capital scholars. In learning, good sense, and taste, Dr. Gabell is an inestimable schoolmaster, and among the Wyckamists, trained up under his auspices, I hope that the Bishops will amount to three times three. I shall soon write to Mr. Huntingford.

Pray have the goodness to present my best compliments to Dr. Gabell, Mr. Williams, and your nephews. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's faithful friend and respectful servant,

S. PARR.

Lord Erskine, to Dr. Parr.

Of Lord Erskine's letters I shall copy several as interesting documents of his opinions and his manner of expressing them,—and one especially interesting, on account of its containing a sonnet on the birth of a son whom he christened Hampden; perhaps the same unfortunate person, whom his more unfortunate mother brought in such sad plight

before the public last year, and whose case puts us so forcibly in mind of the fact related by Tacitus, Annal. 2. 37.

MY DEAR SIR, *August* 29, 1795.

I would not have suffered the post to return without my best and warmest thanks for your letter, if I had been in the way to receive it. No wonder you will say when it brought so large a fee for the speech I sent you. It was not for nothing that I left the full monied term of last November at Westminster. No, I am not better than my neighbours. I was only prudently preaching in these days of revolution for coin not subject to be debased, viz. the esteem and approbation of such men as yourself, and I have so far succeeded, by the dint of sheer honesty, for I have little else to boast of, as to bind so fast in chains both genius and criticism, as to be compared to Demosthenes and Cicero, by one of the very few who are capable of estimating either of them, and who ought to take the lead in England, whether ancient learning and eloquence are to be judged of in the abstract, or compared with the shadows which their descended radiance still gives birth to in our latter days. You say young Sheridan is with you. My son speaks very highly of him, and I am truly glad of it, because I sincerely wish him well. His father in my mind is one of the honestest and most manly politicians in England, and I have no doubt will persevere in the good cause of reform of parliament, which is the only thing that can give this unhappy country the smallest chance of safety.

I am now very busy flying my boy's kites, shooting with the bow and arrow, and talking to an old Scotch gardener ten hours a day about the same things; which, taken all together, are not of the value or importance of a Birmingham halfpenny, and am scarcely up to the exertion of reading in the daily papers. How much happier it would be for England and the world if the King's Ministers were employed in a cause so much more innocent than theirs, and so perfectly suitable to their capacities.

Remember me to your worthy and excellent neighbours the Greatheeds. I will forthwith send him the speech. Believe me to be, dear Sir, always your much obliged and very sincere humble servant,

T. ERSKINE.

MY DEAR SIR, *January* 4. 1798.

I forwarded your letter to our friend Mackintosh, and I enclose you one which he sent me to forward to you. You will be informed no doubt that his lectures are in proper train, and I am persuaded they will contribute greatly to the dignity of the Law, and to the advancement of his own reputation. I am glad that you are likely to accommodate the difference you mentioned to me. I can scarcely figure to myself a situation in which a law suit is not if possible to be avoided.

I have heard with great pain that Lady Oxford has been very ill. She will I trust come out again in the Spring with the sun, and like the sun.

The calamity of Lord Nelson's victory, the greatest that ever befel (at least the present Ministers of Great Britain), is now beginning to shew itself. The few remaining monarchies in the South of Europe, are crumbling into dust, and those in the North are in deep consultation whether they choose to follow them. The Republic of France under the nursing care of Pitt, is starting up into new vigour; and such is the stupidity of Englishmen, I call it stupidity (because it has neither the force nor genius of madness), that they come to him with their gold and silver as a willing tribute for the deliverance of Europe, whose conquest is finishing, and for the restoration of British security, which is utterly annihilated. It is truly astonishing that the high men of this country, who are attached to the monarchy, and interested in the support of their dignities, do not see the precipice to the edge of which we are hourly advancing. Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me to be always most sincerely yours, T. ERSKINE.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am highly obliged and flattered by your most friendly letter. I am almost tempted to regret your kind partiality, because it deprives my book of the unbiassed opinion of so complete and perfect a judge of every thing that goes to the composition of literary merit upon all subjects. When I reflect, however, upon your worth and principles, and upon the value of your friendship, I am better contented to have you as a friend than as a critic.

I cannot say how much I thank you for remarking the negligence with which it cannot but be filled. I wonder it is not nonsense from beginning to end, for I wrote it amidst constant interruption, great part of it in open Court during the trial of causes.

I will forthwith send you a copy from the author, and if, in a leisure hour you will do me the favour to point out errors, &c. &c. I will thank you most sincerely. I always am, dear Sir, your most obliged and faithful servant, T. ERSKINE.

Fifteen thousand copies have been sold in England, besides editions printed at Dublin and Edinburgh, where the sale has been unusual.

MY VERY DEAR DR. PARR, *Buchan-hill, Feb.* 17, 1822.

If you wonder why I have not sooner thanked you for your most kind and delightful letter, which I shall keep as an heir-loom, it can only be from not having duly considered how difficult it is to find words to acknowledge it. I have read it over and over again, and my children shall read it hereafter.

There was an inaccuracy in my little sonnet upon the infant Hampden, which should run thus:

Thy infant years, dear child, had passed unknown,
Nor wine had flown upon thy natal day;
But that the name of Hampden fires each soul,
To sit with rapture round thy birthday bowl.
Honest remembrance of his high renown.
In the great cause of law and liberty.

Should heaven extend thy days to man's estate,
Follow his bright example; scorn to yield
To servile judgments; boldly plead the claim
Of British rights, and should the sacred flame
Of eloquence die in corrupt debate,
Like *Hampden* urge their justice *in the field.*

These last lines may one day get this young gentleman hanged, unless we can take our just turn in hanging very many who so richly deserve it.

I have not seen any account of Miss Greatheed's marriage, otherwise I should have written to him as you most properly wished me to do. Yours ever affectionately, ERSKINE.

The letter of Parr to Lord John Townshend, asking his advice about voting for the Right Hon. W. Pitt, is a great curiosity; and the answer to it is full of manly consistency, and upright judgment. The first intercourse was a canvassing letter in 1780, when Lord John was candidate for the University of Cambridge; and the correspondence continued to the last. There are some characteristic letters of Dr. Parr, concerning an epitaph for one of Lord John's sons.

Dr. Parr, to Lord John Townshend.

MY LORD, *Saturday, March* 20, 1790.

The letter which I now do myself the honour of writing to you is confidential, most strictly confidential. There are few human beings to whom I would trust it, at present, except yourself and Mr. Fox: and to Mr. Fox, if you should think it worth while, I would not merely permit, but even request your lordship, to impart what I am going to write.

Yesterday I received two canvassing letters, from Mr. Pitt and Lord Euston. To the latter I have already refused my vote, because I now understand that Mr. Dundas's opposition is more immediately levelled at Lord Euston, and because it is more likely to succeed in such a direction, than if it were aimed professedly against the minister. But difficulties, my Lord, great and serious difficulties, have occurred to me in respect to Mr. Pitt. You will startle at this declaration; but I beg of you to hear my reasons with patience, and I will endeavour to state them with the utmost fairness and the utmost perspicuity.

While I lived in Norfolk, I saved from the gallows an unfortunate criminal who had no reprieve, and in the course of my vehement exertions I obtained for him, not only a temporary suspension of his hard sentence, but a complete pardon. This I reckon among the happiest events and the most meritorious actions of my life, and my interposition has since been fully justified by the humble industry and inoffensive behaviour of the poor wretch, whom I saved from destruction, and restored to society.

Now, my Lord, in prosecuting a measure, which at the time was extremely interesting to my humanity, and which has since been to me a source of the purest satisfaction, I applied to several of Mr. Pitt's friends, and to Mr. Pitt himself. I at the moment disdained to dissemble my political opposition. I even avowed it expressly, and I founded my petition upon those broad and solid principles of humanity, which the spirit of party should never be suffered to controul.

Mr. Pitt, it is true, did not vouchsafe to send me any answer. But he did something far better; he exerted himself to give effect to my applications, first for a respite, and afterwards for a pardon. These exertions are the more creditable to him because Lord Sydney was unfriendly to the respite, and Lord Loughborough, I hear, opposed to the pardon. In the warm and sudden emotions of my joy I thought, and I loosely said, that I would make some return for this important act of attention to my request, and upon the coolest reflection I now feel myself bound so to do. The question is, how I can discharge this one private duty, without violating other obligations which I consider both as private and public. It seems to me, that my Cambridge vote will be the easiest and fittest method. Mr. Pitt is sure of success there. He will not expect from me any thing which can fall under the description of support. But he has a right to some mark of gratitude, and I should sink in my own estimation, my Lord, if I were not to shew him, that even his fiercest and most intrepid political enemy would blush to incur the imputation of being an ingrate. I wish therefore to give him one vote. I mean also not to let that vote become a matter of electioneering traffic, and in order to prevent those negociations, which are common upon such occasions, and which in the service of our friends we are apt to pardon, though we cannot approve of them, I shall defer voting till the business is nearly concluded in the Senate House. As a further security I shall not send any answer to Mr. Pitt. But your lordship will agree with me in thinking that it will be proper, and even necessary for me to explain to him the real, the sole, and the honourable motives of my conduct, after the election is over.

I send your lordship early notice of my present intention, because in the hasty and imperfect view I had taken of the sub-

ject when I wrote my last letter, I spoke of voting, and had nearly resolved to vote for Mr. Dundas alone.

But I now lay open to you the anxious state of my mind, and I should be happy to be favoured with your lordship's opinion as to the measure itself, and the manner in which I design to conduct it. You will observe, my Lord, that I am neither directly nor indirectly under any external engagement whatsoever. Yet my sense of personal obligation operates in this instance almost as powerfully as an actual promise. From the delicacy of my situation, as a marked party man, I confide in your lordship's sense and honour to keep what is here written quite secret, under the single limitation of telling it, if you please, to Mr. Fox. I shall be very glad to hear, that your sentiments coincide with my own, in this war of obligations; and when my vote is given, I must call upon your lordship to vindicate me from those misrepresentations which such a step is likely to provoke, among friends and foes. I have the honour to be, my lord, your very respectful and obedient, S. PARR.

Lord John Townshend, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Feltham Place, April* 6, 1790.

I confess I was not a little surprised, as well as chagrined, at the receipt of your last letter. I am too well aware of the beneficial effects which your name and character carry with them, to any party that you honour with your countenance, not to perceive with regret the probable diminution of such an advantage. And indeed, Sir, you must permit me to say, since you have done me the honour to desire my sentiments, that any appearance of support on your part, to a Minister whom you have so justly stigmatized, and whom you have held out to classical obloquy all over Europe, will bear the aspect, not only of a very injurious indifference to your friends, but, if you will allow me to say so, of something that will require a more detailed explanation than perhaps you would choose to give.

Every man must admire the disposition which inclines you to such a feeling as that by which you are actuated on the present occasion; but a question may still remain, how far the event to which you allude can be considered as a justification

of the feeling itself, when it interferes with others not less amiable, those of reciprocal kindness among friends, and a common attachment to our public principles. Mr. Pitt could never intend to make the dispensation of justice an instrument of election success; and whatever return therefore he might expect from you, he could least of all indulge himself with the hope of this. I state these things with great submission; and with an increased affection for a turn of mind, so actively awake to any call of gratitude; but it appears to me, I confess, that it never can be expected from the most nice and delicate refinement of that quality, that you should make a return for a favour received, in a way which the person conferring the obligation could not possibly reckon upon; which he would not have in contemplation at the time, and which, therefore, he cannot be disappointed at not receiving.

Mr. Pitt, it strikes me, might as well have hoped for your suppression of Bellendenus on that account; and you have too much candour to suspect me of any flattery, when I say how much not only our party, but the world in general would have had cause for regret, if an unfortunate and unjustifiable excess of refinement (as most undoubtedly that would have been) had prevailed with you to adopt such a measure.

I mention my thoughts with infinite diffidence when I affect to reason with you; I have hitherto kept your situation entirely to myself, and still continue to do so, till I hear your further pleasure on the subject. Public men often take things up loosely; and you know full well (indeed, if I mistake not, you have pressed the observation upon me more than once in our late correspondence on certain political measures,) that the judgment, even of the wisest, is occasionally overpowered in the confusion of indistinct clamour. Dr. Parr's voting for Mr. Pitt, will, I am sure, make the ignorant exclaim loudly and vehemently; and I cannot therefore reconcile the mention of your intentions to any one, till I have again made an appeal to your consideration; after which, if you remain in your present sentiments, no one will be more active than myself to state the circumstances that led to a determination which I fear will be ill relished by the greater part of our friends, but which I shall endeavour to persuade myself must be right, if you upon deli-

beration, continue to hold it. Your situation will, I am confident, if made known, materially affect Mr. Dundas's success; but, whatever may be the event of this contest, your voting for Pitt on this occasion will, I fear, give a mortal stab to all the future hopes of our party at Cambridge, as many will hereafter be disposed to imitate, or rather to shelter themselves under your example. I have the honour to be, with great respect and esteem, your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

J. TOWNSHEND.

MY LORD, *Sept.* 1, 1818.

Knowing your acuteness and your taste, I did not venture to write to you the other day, without much deliberation, and grieved I am to be under the necessity of confessing that my opinion, and therefore my resolution about the correction of the epitaph, remain unchanged. Mr. Tatham, I am well aware, had desired your lordship to decide. But wariness, the result of long and painful experience, will not permit me to influence your lordship's decision. I have already told you, my Lord, that I am not quite satisfied with any of the inscriptions. Did I feel myself really and perfectly at liberty, I should point out that which seems to me the best, and, with deference to your lordship's judgment, I should propose one or two alterations. But I cannot, consistently with my own sense of propriety, suggest any particular change; for, whether it be or be not an improvement, still, my Lord, it would be in the estimation of Mr. Tatham and the other two Cantabs, a change which they had not solicited, a change with which they may be displeased, a change which I will not incur the peril even of proposing, under the delicate circumstances in which I am placed. I might not, perhaps, acquiesce in all Mr. Tatham's criticisms. I might not approve of all his emendations; and why should I run the risk of offending a man whose good nature, good sense, and I add, very good learning, gave him a high place in my esteem. When your lordship professes to think the third the best, possible it is that you are not mistaken. While I throw my eye over your letter, I see many marks of your discrimination, and I feel many impulses to speak my own mind. But I must forbear; for the difficulty is not entirely removed, though it be shifted off a little further, by the distinction which you have

made with your usual sagacity. Probable it is that for the expression, amoris et desiderii ergo, a better authority might be found than the tablet in Brighton parish church. From Dr. Sumner, the late master of Harrow school, and from Lady Crewe, I have heard much of your old friend Mitchel, the rector, and I have been accustomed to consider him as a man of great vivacity, and of learning not inconsiderable. Once or twice I have met the son, and I thought him in society a very pleasant man. I have heard too, of his fanatical propensities, and I am sorry for them. Set your heart, my Lord, perfectly at rest about the quotation for the bust. The proper marks of quotation are those which you have put upon paper. Every word should be in capital letters. At the end of every word, unless it closes a line, you must put a stop. But observe that at the end of numerals and abbreviations, even if they do terminate a line, you must put a stop. I think anno sacro better than anno salutis. But as you have ætat. in the genitive case, perhaps it were better to put anno Domini, and to express that in the usual abbreviated form A. D. Obiit is a very good word upon this occasion, and you know that you are to understand, but not express, mortem or diem..... I should like obiit at full length. If you don't think it too much trouble, get some skilful scribe to follow my directions about the bust inscription and send it to me. Here, my Lord, my dealings are only with yourself, Lord Holland, Mr. Malthus, and Mr. Rogers. To three of you I should speak or write almost upon any subject unreservedly, and even to the fourth I should in a certain way communicate my opinion, but with a conviction that, though acute, he is now and then too fond of refinement, and sometimes has the appearance of being a little too fastidious and too censorious. Yet he is a very clever man, and you did well to consult him. I ought to add, that upon the bust you must always employ V, not the round U, and a capital Roman I must be used alike for the vowel and the consonant.

Give my most respectful compliments, and my kindest wishes to your truly excellent lady. I have the honour to be, my Lord, your lordship's most faithful and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

The letters of Dr. Parr to the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, were not placed in my hands until the 20th of May, 1828. I rejoice in the liberty to use them: for they display Dr. Parr in his most easy attitude, conversing with unlimited confidence, as it were, with a being of superior order, and revealing his hopes, his fears, his doubts, and his anxieties, to one of the wisest, most honourable, and most benevolent of men.

Dr. Parr, to Rev. Dr. Routh.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 2, 1786.

I have heard from Tom's brother, who has paid fifty pounds into my banker's hands, and said he would pay the rest in a fortnight; so write to Monsieur to know if it is paid, and I will send you a draft on my banker for the £100. The professor (after much *real* ill-humour between us, and a declaration that, in spite of his promises, he hardly meant to do Abdollatiph here, and thought he could so manage as not to do it,) has finished the translation entirely (except two or three passages of difficulty).

Never did any friend bear so much as I did. He is gone, as he says, to write notes, and, as I fear, to get rid of me.

Pray, dear Sir, pray expostulate with him seriously. He is to return that the notes may be arranged, and the preface written, I believe the fourth time. Farewell, dear Sir—my wife joins me in sincere respect, and every friendly wish. God bless you. S. PARR.

1788.

MY DEAR, AND WORTHY, AND LEARNED FRIEND,

In the sincerity and warmth of my heart I tell you, that our friendship has suffered no interruption; and I add, too, that my rooted regard for you never could be shaken by the tales of the officious, or the insinuations of the malevolent. Nor, indeed, have the officious or the malevolent ever defamed you in

my presence; and if they had presumed to do so, I should, as well from the sternness of my nature as the rectitude of my principles, instantaneously have repelled their efforts, and severely chastised their insolence. Believe me, Martin Routh, believe me when I say that I often think of you; that I think of you always with affection and respect, and that I never can think of you but as a man whom it is an happiness and an honour to me to call my friend. To sooth your uneasiness, then, I will now venture to tell you what I was afraid of telling before, lest I should wound your delicacy. I have seen few men in whom so many scholarly attainments are united with so many Christian virtues. To my surprise, and my joy, you mingle the correctness of an academic with the liberality of a gentleman. I saw in you the best parts of Toryism, with few of its weaknesses, and none of its acrimony: I saw an orthodoxy that was sincere without intolerance, and learning that was profound, exact, and extensive, without any base alloy of pedantry or arrogance. Such you are in my eyes, in the eyes, I mean, of my mind, and of a mind too which pervades, perhaps, with more than ordinary quickness, or ordinary keenness, the widest range, and the most complex qualities of human characters. Come then and see me, and open to me your design; for planned I am sure it is with the best intentions, and for the execution of it you are supplied with all the means which industry, erudition, and sagacity can supply. As to the critique, I will do it really, when I really have time. I was engaged for Warton's Milton, and you will smile when I tell you, that the mere references and broken hints filled four sheets. But you know the rapidity and exuberance of my ideas. For want of time I gave up this scheme; not that I am idle, for in books and business I am engaged with a degree of activity very unfriendly to my health and spirits. More than a month have I dedicated to Glasse's translation of the Samson Agonistes; it is a stupendous work, and I say to you who are a competent judge, what I also authorise and request that you would say to others, that such a mass of Greek verse, constructed with such precision, and expressed with such elegance, never appeared in Europe since the revival of learning.

The editor of Terentianus Maurus is now with me. Dr.

White can tell you how much I have to do, and how large are my views in doing it, towards the interests, as well as the fame, of an imprudent, but a very ingenious and honest young man. Farewell, and believe me, dear Sir, with every good wish, your friend, and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *June* 27, 1789.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and I must be permitted to tell you, that the rooted love I have for your judgment, fidelity, and candour, is such that I could not have deposited the marked copy with any person so properly as yourself. What it contains you have by this time seen, and you have seen enough to be convinced that I meant well to Dr. White's fame and interests; enough to be surprised that, after giving such assistance, I should not have his confidence about Badcock; enough to be yet more surprised upon hearing that I long ago had ordered White to destroy my papers for the purpose of preventing discovery; enough to be even offended when I tell you that, during our interview at Hatton, he did not once make a grateful, or even a polite mention of the services I had endeavoured to do him.

All that has past since you will know in a letter which I have written to Mr. Kett, and the contents of which I have desired him to read to you.

From that letter you will see, that all connection is at an end between White and myself. The correspondence to which it relates will be sent to you in good time, and must be laid up with the other papers. White is certainly an undone man, and he must impute his ruin to that dreadful want of sincerity which now marks his character, even in the judgment of his former friends. I wish you to give me your opinion about the literary merit of the passages written by myself. You see that they contain matter of some importance, and you also see that I have very little share in the popular and declamatory parts. I have received a second letter from Dr. Gabriel, and full of good sense, good writing, good principles upon the subject, good manners towards me, good feeling towards Badcock, and most tremendous indignation against Joseph

White. I think Kett entitled to my confidence, and therefore I wrote the letter to him which you are to see,* and you will excuse me upon the score of my indolence for not writing the same to you. White's letters to me are extremely well composed, but they are injudicious in the extreme; and he is now smarting under a triple thong of logic, satire, and eloquence. Perhaps you will say that he is is too callous to smart, and, in truth, I begin to suspect so myself. I had a thousand things to say to you at Oxford, which, amidst the bustle of engagements and the vexation of my spirits, I forgot to say. Come and hear them at Hatton during the long vacation? Let me tell you privately, that a most learned and strict review of Glasse's Agonistes will come out this month or the next, and be continued. I wanted to tell you fifty, and fifty times fifty things about its history, spirit, and contents. Pray remember me to Mr. Hind, of whose excellent sermon I have thought again and again, and always with approbation of the style, matter, and temper. I wish, Routh, that you would prevail upon him to publish it; for it is a masterly performance, and relates to a most important doctrine, upon which all sides should be heard with attention; and Mr. Hind will be heard with respect by those who do, and by those who do not, accede to his opinion. It may be worth while for him to consider a little more philosophically the nature and the end, as well as the proofs, of punishment when inflicted by the Deity. I am aware of your answer from the authority of scriptural proof, and I am not wholly unprepared with a reply, both scriptural and philosophical. Let us, my friend, love truth with sincerity, pursue it with diligence, defend it with firmness, and accept even the smallest portions of it with humility and with gratitude. God bless you. I am most sincerely your friend, and obedient servant, S. P.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR, *Aug.* 22, 1789.

This is perfectly a confidential letter. Dr. W. surprised me lately with a visit, and put into my hands two sermons, one of

* Printed in p. 577.

which he had preached before the University of Oxford, on the 5th of November, and the other at Lambeth on the consecration of an American Bishop, together with some loose hints which I threw out in one of our early conversations about the history of Egypt. I had demanded them by letter, and he, probably finding it difficult to answer that letter, preferred giving them up in person. I have also seen Dr. Gabriel, to whom I, in the most unreserved manner, communicated my opinion about the materials, arrangement, and above all, the spirit of his pamphlet upon the Bamptonian Lectures. I pressed in the strongest manner the propriety, and even necessity of treating Dr. White's literary character with the most marked respect, of avoiding all argumentative discussion about the quantum of Badcock's assistance, and of resting the merit of his book wholly upon the weight of his evidence. The greatest part of that evidence is supplied by White's own letters to Badcock, and therefore is most clear, apposite, and decisive. I think it proper to tell you, that I saw part of one of the lectures in Badcock's own hand-writing. I was surprised, and rather hurt to find that White's general acknowledgments to Badcock were sometimes expressed in the very terms he had used to me. I was hurt also, but not surprised at his infamous treatment of Dr. Gabriel. Nothing vindictive or indecorous will appear in the book, for I took great pains to calm Gabriel's temper, and to limit his views to the one great and necessary object of vindicating his own honour. I find that Badcock has on various other occasions assisted White; but I prevailed on Dr. Gabriel to suppress all these particulars as unconnected with his own defence. I added, however, that if White or his friends should presume to answer him roughly, he would, in my opinion, be justified in bringing us forward such a mass of information as must for ever brush the credit of the Professor. White has recovered from Miss Badcock many papers, but there remains enough to convict him of having been most materially assisted in the Bamptonian Sermons. White jocularly calls his thanks oriental; but the sensible part of the public will think his eloquence and wit misemployed in giving such a name to his correspondents. I understand that many unkind and contumelious reports are circulated at Oxford, and countenanced in Christ Church, for

the purpose of depreciating what I write. Dr. White is too dastardly, and too angry to do me justice, and I am not yet determined as to the time or manner of supporting my claims. I certainly shall not lose sight of the dignity of my own character, and I am prepared for much unjust and insolent calumny; but it will be impossible for me to keep silence for ever, and therefore I shall consult with you about the part which I am to take when Gabriel's pamphlet is out. Some of White's letters will lead the world to imagine that Badcock was solely concerned in one or two Lectures wherein my share is pretty considerable. Do you think then that I shall not have a right to call for a public explanation from White? This is a nice point, and I shall not ultimately decide upon it till you and other respectable men have favoured me with your sentiments. I am sure, my friend, that you would have given me credit not only for judgment, but for candour, if you had seen the scrupulous anxiety with which I dissuaded Dr. Gabriel from producing what was not immediately connected with the subject. The newspapers are rough with Gabriel and with me, but I laugh at their vague and ineffectual slanders. It is, however, of consequence to my feelings not to have either my conduct misconceived, or my services undervalued in the University. As White still persists in giving me no satisfaction about a few passages which were passed over in our hasty examination, I must beg the favour of you to pack up most carefully the marked copy, and forward it by some Stratford coach to be left for me at Mr. Sharp's, bookseller, at Warwick. In opposition to the impertinent prattle of Oxford, I must desire you to let Kett in your copy take a view of what I have done. I shall be very happy if matters take such a turn as to render any publication from me unnecessary. When I have examined your marked copy, I shall take care to return it into your custody. I shall soon send you transcripts of Dr. White's evasive and audacious letters to me. They must have been written, I think, in some moments of infatuation, or else they are the result of desperate and incurable insensibility. I have confuted him very closely, and censured him very sharply, for sending me such letters. I will just add that White certainly had paid large sums of money to Badcock for the Lectures, and that I believe the

note to have been given for the Egyptian History only. Dr Gabriel, however, thinks otherwise.

You will take great care about the parcel. What is the reason that I have not seen you this vacation? for I expected my worthy friend, and anxiously desired to see you. Farewell! Yours heartily and respectfully, S. PARR.

I have written to Kett, for I am alarmed and exasperated at hearing from *many* quarters what is said at Oxford—would you believe it? White had actually made terms with Badcock to give him an annual allowance from the Canonry of Christ Church. This was not a random thought, but it was, I hear, a deliberate, regular agreement, with a long and accurate catalogue of conditions. But be silent, at least as to my being your informer—very silent. White is not a good man, I fear!

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 29, 1789.

I send you back the book sealed up. I have taken a copy of the marks, and I find it necessary among my friends—I find it absolutely necessary, to counteract the impertinent and false representations of White's partisans. I have strange presages of being dragged into the controversy, for all I hear of White marks an infatuated and desperate state of mind. I have warned him; and if he calls me into the field, I will crush him, and this is plain English. I hope, even against hope, that he will not. I have read many injurious paragraphs to myself, and I expect to read more; my utmost forbearance shall be exerted. If I write, you shall have immediate notice of the determination; and whatever I write shall be sent to you before publication. I shall restrain my temper, but I will put forth my utmost might. White's partisans are numerous. Some of them are able, all will be zealous, and none will do him any service; for Gabriel, if provoked, will let loose some tremendous facts which, by my advice, and at my request, are for the present kept in reserve. Dr White has not answered my letter, and in a mingled tone of boast and menace declares he will not answer it. In plain truth he cannot. He is indeed a strange and a bad man, cunning, wrong-headed, cowardly, rash, obsequious, proud, and so forth. But it is over with him, and so you'll find it when you read Gabriel's book. If

Gabriel comes on again, and at the same time I take up arms; the whole conclave of Rome, supported by the whole order of the Jesuits, cannot save him. I tell you *in confidence*, that the man of Baliol is White's great friend, and that from this quarter came the well-written, ill-argued, and worse-spirited review of the Warburtonian Tracts. Farewell, I hope you are in good health and spirits. Yours most truly and respectfully,

S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, March* 15, 1790.

I thank you for sending me the copy of the Lectures, which came safe. I have gone through the unpleasant and difficult task of stating my final proposals, or inquiries, to Dr. White. In the absence of papers, I found myself uncomfortably situated, and I must depend entirely upon White, to whom I have professedly consigned the right of decision, and in whom I have discerned no symptoms of a disposition to grant more than he is compelled. My ear, my taste, and my memory, were my only guides, and these it was somewhat dangerous to follow in a work, which, though composed by three different persons, has, by the popular voice, been celebrated for uniformity of composition. If Dr. White would have vouchsafed to favour me with a second interview, to lay before me the papers, which, after all reports to the contrary, I do not believe, to have been destroyed, and to conduct the examination without the presence of witnesses, which is apt to generate some feelings of reluctance to concede, and of uneasiness in concession, things would have gone on more smoothly. But I shall acquiesce in his determinations without a murmur, because his acknowledgments already made, sufficiently prove the important and friendly share which I took in the Lectures.

As a dissolution is coming on, I shall be at no little expence in going about to scatter my votes. To Norfolk I need not go. But I expect to be summoned into Middlesex and Yorkshire, and I am summoned to Cambridge, where Mr. Dundas intends to oppose Lord Euston. Under these circumstances I probably shall not be able to visit either London or Oxford, though I am extremely desirous to see you, my friend, and to converse with you upon the very momentous topics which have lately

been agitated. I wish you would come over to Hatton in or after Easter week. But before that time I must consult, and now do consult, you and Kett upon a very important subject. White is so dark in his measures, and so slippery in his professions, that I am obliged to act with the most wary and most painful circumspection. He did *not offer*, but after my positive requisition he *did agree* to make the examination of the Lectures. I was provoked at his tricks at the first interview, and I am rather alarmed at his unwillingness to grant me a second, especially as it did not arise from a mere reluctance to see me, for he actually has seen me for the purpose of giving up some papers, since the time at which he refused to see me for the purpose of again examining the Lectures. His last unsolicited and unexpected intimation of making a public acknowledgment perplexes me not a little. I have accepted the offer, but I can retract that acceptance if my mind should change. Now, I wish you and Kett to consider the delicacy of my situation. What Dr. White's intentions are I do not distinctly know. But, after weighing all circumstances, after considering that my first declaration was intended to secure me against any unqualified claims from the friends of Badcock, after receiving a further security from White's acceding to the proposed examination, I feel very serious difficulties indeed about permitting my labours to be produced before the public. Has the public a right to know them? Have I a right to let them be known? Ought I to accept a general acknowledgment, a particular acknowledgment, or no acknowledgment at all? My vanity as a writer is perfectly inactive, but my pride as a man is sharply wounded by the falsehoods and calumnies which have gone abroad, and which represent me as having claimed much when I had done little. Prudence, therefore, is at war with prudence, and dignity with dignity. I must soon be determined in myself, and explicit with White. But I cannot be so comfortably till I am favoured with counsel, wise and friendly counsel, from you and Kett. Pray, therefore, read to him the contents of this letter; weigh them together seriously, reflect upon the difficult task I have to perform, and assist me in performing it well by your judicious and liberal advice.

Whatever may be said at Oxford about the printed sheet, I

am convinced that there is much management and much misrepresentation in both the writers, and especially in Stafford Smith. Many new, and many strong arguments have occurred to me since I wrote to Kett. Stafford Smith no where says that during the interview he acknowledged the receipt of the sermon in question. But Dr. Falconer positively tells me that Smith did say that upon some other occasion he had received a sermon from White, and used it not. Now, this could not be forgotten, nor could sermons be confounded. But Falconer's statement accounts for the omission of a circumstance which had no relation to White's letters. Orthodox as White may be in his faith about religious mysteries, I am not reconciled to these mysterious points of morality in his conduct. I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *May 13th*, 1791.

Last week I was bereaved of my dear and valuable friend, Henry Homer; last Tuesday I attended his funeral, and at this moment I have a gloom on my spirits which I know not how to disperse. I loved him with brotherly affection, and in a variety of literary and common concerns I shall miss him more than a brother. But for his loss, and it is a heavy one, I have a great compensation, my dear and learned friend, in your success. Believe me, President, there is not, under the canopy of heaven, there is not one human being who rejoices more cordially than I do at your appointment, so merited, and so honourable. May God give you a long enjoyment of life, and health, and spirits!

By this time I hope you have surmounted all the difficulties you were thrown into by the Secretary.

I long to make you a most profound bow, and to give your hand a most hearty shake in your palace; and when I come, depend upon it I will bring with me a handsome wig and gown, &c. Let me drop a word in your ear.

Farewell, believe me, dear Sir, most truly your friend, and respectful obedient servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, 1792.

A sensible and candid critic tells us that, disposed as we may be to overlook an incidental fault, we are not obliged to spare him, chorda qui semper peccat eadem. Now, Mr. President, we last year wrote and we planned, and you delayed to write, and you encouraged me to expect, and then you eventually disappointed my expectation of taking a tour with you. More than once, and more than twice this year we have been forming the same plans, again expecting and again delaying, all which is of very serious importance to me, who am mei juris for a very limited time, and who, during that time, am accustomed secari in plures partes than a Roman debtor by his creditors. I had reserved a fortnight for my tour with you in Oxford, and the neighbourhood thereof, and I had hopes of travelling with you to Winchester and Southampton, and, after breaking your head and Huntingford's with a staff from the tree of liberty, lately planted by the Winchester boys, I intended to set my face towards Berkshire, whither I had three most pressing invitations; and even then I should have had to lament that I could not push forwards into Middlesex, where I could have breathed a little of my native air, and quaff some sound port with two clergymen, whose orthodoxy would draw a smile of approbation from you, if virtue and learning had made you their Diocesan, as they ought to do. I have dilated accusation into statement, and now I will sweeten statement with a drop of extenuation; for I suppose that your spirits have been so hurried, that you could neither write nor resolve. Well, I cannot arrest the course of time. I can make no further concessions to the fickleness of contingency. I have been compelled to plan suddenly, in executing my plan I shall be unable to see you, and at this inability I am grievously vexed. Your Encænia I find to have been tumultuous and shewy, and full of novelties. Posterity will find the Chancellor of a Tory University accompanied only by Whiggish aristocrats. They will hear with surprise that not a single English Bishop, glutted with preferment, or panting for it, appeared at this ceremony, except the two who were officially present. They will laugh on being told that your sermon will be preached by an alien academic, and an alien Prelate. They will stare, that, after a

Christ Church triumph, and at the enthronement of a Christ Church Chancellor, two Christ Church Archbishops, and three Christ Church Bishops, in a most unexampled manner, absented themselves. To my mind there appears a most laughable singularity in the systematic arrangements both of the attendants and the absentees. Who would have expected the splendour of the houses of Bentinck, Cavendish, and Russell, to cast its meridian beams upon the Tory land of Oxford?

I hope that you will come and see me at Hatton after my return; and with sincere respect and regard, I remain, dear Sir, your friend, S. PARR.

Motto for Oxford,

Solemque novum, nova sidera norunt, &c.

May 20, 1792.

I hope you have got the book, and like what concerns yourself in it; and I am very much obliged to you for furnishing a subject. It was like manna to me in the wilderness, to feast upon you when I had been, not indeed famished, but gorged with carrion from Curtis. President, I am in a fever, a true Sirian fever, and if my printer were in the way, he would find me a dog that would bite as well as bark. Nine passages which I had corrected, and supposed to remain so, are unmarked among the errata. But the foulest of all is in page 42 in the note upon Hurd. I dictated, and the writer of this letter wrote, acute and most profound; the printer put, acute and most humorous. We correct, he blunders again; this my scribe knoweth, that I ordered the sheet to be cancelled, not only that I might not talk nonsense, but that I might not appear to be rude to Hurd when I really meant to be civil. I supposed it was cancelled, and behold it rises in all its horrors, and all its deformities. A republican would not have disgusted you—a ghost would not have frightened Johnson—a Socinian would not have shocked Dr. Bridges—more than I was disgusted, frightened, and shocked, at this most disgusting, most frightful, and most shocking blunder. President, I will blow all the powder out of your best wig with the blast of my anger the next time I see you, and in the next book I write I will attack

seven of the 39 articles, if you do not explain this blunder to every body. Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ ταῦτα.

Now, President, I know your situation, and you know mine, and on this score we must now and then bear with each other. Again, I know your principles, and you know mine, and we can trust one another, and so after this compromise I will tell my tale. You know Mr. Windham's connection with me, and my obligations to Mr. Windham; his requests, in truth, are in some sort commands. He has written me a letter with these words, "Will you allow me to solicit your interest with Dr. Routh in favour of a nephew of mine, Lukin of Exeter, who has thoughts of becoming candidate for a Demiship of Magdalen." Such are Mr. Windham's words; now, my interest is just what it ought to be, with a broad superficies, and no substance, for in plain truth you do just what I would do,—weigh merit and disregard applications. This I have told Mr. Windham. I told him that you had been very explicit with me, even when I sent you only a statement to which no request was appended. I told him that with you every candidate must make his sure way by his own attainments. I told him you were a a man of peculiar firmness, and I also told him that I would write as I ought to write, and as I now am writing, to such a man as Dr. Routh! I merely put the case before you; in doing so much I discharge my duty to Mr. Windham, and in doing no more I discharge my duty to you. And I would not do even this if I were not like him who said, when Cæsar laid upon him his commands, Etenim ipsi Dii negare cui nihil potuerunt, hominem me denegare quis potest pati. He is a worthy and an illustrious man, and I shall be very happy if his nephew should pass such an examination as shall satisfy you. I have only to add, that you will please to favour me with such a letter as I can with propriety inclose to Mr. Windham.

I thought you unnecessarily quick in the letter you wrote about the Northampton chap, for I had told his parents, as I told you, that I neither had, nor wished to have, nor ought to have, any influence whatsoever in a business where your own judgment was a sufficient, and your own conscience would be the sole guide of your own conduct. So I say now—so I say

to you, and so I have said, and shall say to all others; but the established decorums of life, and indeed the obligations of friendship, may put me into a situation where having no intention, and no desire, and no wish to influence you at all, I still may be under the necessity of applying to you in that respectful but inefficient manner in which this application is conducted.

You, for my sake, will think a little about your letter to me, and will prove yourself a disciple of Chesterfield by suaviter in modo et fortiter in re. I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

S. PARR.

DEAR AND LEARNED PRESIDENT, 1792.

What is the first pleasure I should feel in the present situation of the world? Answer. To hear that all those who mean to invade France were dead any how, and disposed of any where.

What is the second? To know for a certainty that you were appointed successor to Dr. Horne in the See of Norwich.

Ἀλλ' οἶδ' ὡς τάδε πάντα θεῶν ἐπὶ γούνασι κεῖται.

What is the third, Mr. President?

ΕΥΡΗΚΑ, ΣΥΓΧΑΙΡΩΜΕΝ.

How will your orthodox spirit exclaim; Has the Doctor met with some old musty manuscript to support our claim to the text in John's Epistles? No, Mr. President, no.

Has the Doctor found a Διοτρεφὲς ἄγαλμα; that we orthodox Divines may still indulge ourselves in the luxuries of idolatry? No, no, no, Mr. President, you want no such aids. A shadow will do as well for you as a substance in the way of will worship.

My dear friend, you are an old bachelor, and therefore you have no conception of the pleasure which a lover feels in hastening to the embraces of his mistress, when for nine long years she has been coy and perverse. You are a Tory, and therefore are insensible to the raptures which I feel in the emancipation of slaves from those chains which they and their forefathers have worn for years ninety and nine. But then, you are a sound scholar, you are a faithful friend, you are an

honest man, and, therefore, you deserve to be told that I have this day met with a copy of Morcellus de stilo Inscriptionum Latm, that I seized it for your use, that I paid for it, not in French assignats, but in English gold—that I shall forward it to-night by the Oxford coach, and that I desire your acceptance of it, as a mark of the esteem, veneration, and cordial affection with which I am yours, S. PARR.

Now, Mr. President, learn to respect the Whigs. It was a Whig who showed me the catalogue where Morcellus was mentioned; it is a Whig who knows the value of Morcellus; it is a Whig who sends you Morcellus; and I swear by my love of Whiggism, that you are the only Tory in England, who have, or deserve to have, Morcellus. But God bless you, dear Dr. Routh; and as to mending you, in order to your being blessed, I shall take that upon myself. Send for the book to the Bear inn.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *June* 12, 1793.

I shall send you to-morrow a dozen of good claret, and in the same hamper will also come a dozen for Mr. Barker of Christ Church College. I packed it up with my own hands, so as to have aching loins, and a vertiginous forehead, and straining eye-balls, and hands most dirty. I cannot boast much of my skill as a packer, for I have never been employed in cramming treasonable books, or still-born bastards for the purpose of concealment and conveyance. However, I have done my best for you and Charles Barker, and better I never shall do, till I have an opportunity of cramming such Ministers as Pitt, such Bishops as Horsley, and such reformers as Horne Tooke, into a basket, to be tossed into the ocean. And of these I say, as Juvenal said of Nero,

Quorum supplicio non debuit una parari
Simia, nec serpens unus, nec *culeus* unus.

Don't quarrel with me, President, about the difference of *bag* and *basket*, for packing *alias* cramming is the leading idea, as my English patriotism would do for this triumvirate what the Roman law did to adulterers. I meant to send two separate baskets, but they were too little; and by this change you

each of you get a bottle; for as *permits* are troublesome, I should have docked each of you one out of the dozen, that being Pittites you might suffer from Pitt's law. My wife and daughter exclaim that I should pay carriage, but I wont do so, for you are a rich President, and Barker is a proud student, and I am a poor parson.

You are to drink the Duke of Portland's health, and Charles Fox's, and the curate of Hatton's. But my privilege as a Parœchus goes further; and I know that good Tories being good drinkers, contend stoutly for the prerogatives of the Symposiarch. You will send to Charles Barker to get his dozen, and you may puzzle him on the origin of the word, about which I once made poor Dr. Bridges stare as widely as he would have done at a lecture of Dr. Priestley on the disputed text in John, or at such a comment as I should give on the Parmenides of Plato, which Bridges never read, and Horsley never understood. I am growing rather easier about your Oxford discontents. The reports were just what Ovid says of fame,

Nec tam *clamor* erat, quam parvæ murmura linguæ.

Very true, Mr. President, but your Chancellor in full robes at your theatre would not be pleased to hear such a noise as the extrema tonitrua reddunt. And besides, learned Sir, all the symptoms were alarming, and like what the aforesaid poet says of the aforesaid fame,

Vanaque lætitia est, consternatique timores,
Seditioque repens et nullo auctore susurri.

And I suppose my amanuensis would say, pray, Sir, don't despise fame, for you lately read to us φημη δε τις εστι και θεος αυτη.

The wine will reach you on Saturday, and I will give special directions about the conveyance. I am out of all patience with the Cambridge men for their treatment of Mr. Frend, and were it in my power I would sally forth from Hatton, both to speak and to vote for the repeal of this infamous sentence. Let us beware of treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. I have my own ideas about punishment in this world as well as another, sed manum de tabulâ.

Farewell, and believe me with the sincerest respect and regard, your Toryship's friend and servant,

Πολιτὴς Πάρριας.

MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND, 1793.

I always rejoice to hear from you, and though I shall not be in London during my winter vacation, I have not yet renounced the cheering hope of being with you at Oxford.

The times are frightful, and it is easier for a wise man to say what he condemns, than what he would advise. I think the people of this country, and the government too, infatuated; and I foresee a storm which our public measures will most assuredly accelerate and aggravate.

You know the aversion I have to extremes, both in opinion and practice; and you also know the contempt I feel for the petty triumphs of petty politicians upon petty success. We gain little by any victory, and we hazard much by every defeat. I long for peace, and know not how we are to obtain it, or to secure it. It was a fatal day when we insulted France. Let us talk over these matters with the coolness of philosophy, mingled with the sadness of humanity. I hear such opinions, I find the loyalists so frantic, and the democrats so savage, that I portend the worst. We shall be hurled back more than a century in civilization, manners, and principles. And then, as to religion—alas! my friend, if I were not convinced of an over-ruling Providence, what would be my anguish and my dismay? The example of France shocks me in the extreme. These republican demons have finished the work which the infidel courtiers began. And I know, I strictly and properly know, that the wretches who, at this moment, are plotting mischief at home, nearly one and all avow their disbelief even of a God. I am sick at heart, and cannot proceed with the dismal tale.

As to my personal concerns, my courage is stronger than my fears. But I am giddy in the prospect of a subverted government, of violated laws, of insulted religion, and of morals which deform the fair face of nature, and show only the wrecks of what society once has been. This comes of stubbornness

and procrastination; of violence, and of intolerance under all its shapes, and under all its disguises. If your letter had not come to me on this day, yet I was prepared to write on this day all that follows.

You have long known, my dear Sir, how anxious I was for the success of our friend Kett; and you will readily suppose, that without feeling any ill-will towards Mr. Hurdis, I am extremely concerned at the disappointment of him whom I endeavoured to serve. My sorrow is the greater, because I find that something like a misunderstanding has arisen between you and Kett. Upon hearing it, I did and I said what appeared to me proper to prevent a rupture between men of so much worth, and so many attainments, as you both are. Now, it is my wish, whenever I interpose between friends, to heal, not to exasperate disputes. And it is also with me a sacred duty not to advise any measure for the one, which I would not avow to the other. Accordingly, I now tell you that I desired our friend Kett to lay before you any questions or complaints he might wish to produce, and to request such an explanation as you, from your well known wisdom and integrity, were likely to give.

Moreover, as you had not seen each other for some time, and as little lurking uneasinesses are apt to fester in the minds of absent parties, I proposed to him that he should call on you before he wrote, and I thought that the manner in which you received each other would be a sure guide to him in what he had to write.

He, for the present, declines the interview; but he will write, or has written the letter; and as he knows how large a portion you have, and deserve to have, of my esteem, my respect, and my confidence, he, at my request, has permitted me to see his statement. I have seen it; and, according to the view he has taken of the subject, I believe his statement to be perfectly proper, under the restriction and qualification of being explained by yourself.

Thus far, dear Sir, I have discharged what I think my duty to you and to him.

That you will give him some explanation is my settled opinion; and my anxious hope is, that it will be of such a kind as

not only to avert all danger of a rupture, but restore you and him to that regard which you had so long and so happily felt for each other. You see, my friend, that I am no otherwise a party in the dispute than as a mediator between you and a well-wisher to you. And you will further see, that in acting this mediatorial party, I have endeavoured to unite impartiality with delicacy. Of the matter contained in Mr. Kett's letter, much was new to me till the election was over. I certainly shall abstain from forming any positive judgment, till I know whether you choose to say anything, or what you have to say; and be the event what it will, I would be considered by yourself, and Mr. Kett, as retaining my former friendship for both of you in all its former sincerity and ardour.

In these evil days I cleave with greater and greater earnestness to wise and good men. They have need of consolation and support one from another; and the world, heaven knows! has abundant and urgent need of their counsel and their example. In England it soon may be as in France it now is: and in France men and things are *παντα πασιν αθεα, και ου σωζοντα το πρεπον.*

Farewell, my dear President, and believe me most truly yours, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Monday, Dec.* 16, 1793.

I expected to hear from you before, and I mean to be with you, if I can, rather early in January. I now write to consult you. You know where I have said Magistro veræ virtutis.* But a difficulty has long been lurking in my mind about the complete propriety of the expression. From aversion to change what one has once written, and from apprehension of not finding any thing equally good to substitute, I, with the common infirmity of man, sometimes stifled my doubts, and sometimes endeavoured to persuade myself that they had no foundation. But praised be the fumes of my pipe, for they have the force of inspiration, and often lead me into such trains of thinking as show my literary and moral defects to myself, without disguise, and without aggravation.

As I was smoking last Saturday night, after a hard day's

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* In the epitaph on Johnson.

work, the difficulty rushed upon me irresistibly. I had the courage to meet it fairly, and I flatter myself that I have had the good fortune to surmount it entirely. But I will not trust my own judgment while I have the power of consulting yours. The case stands thus. Cicero calls Plato and other philosophers Virtutis Magistri; and I find that even Gesner allows a great latitude in the use of the word; so that it may cover the teachers cujuslibet disciplinæ. Be it so. Yet I have a distinct feeling that Magister is a term of authority, and that with greater propriety it is applied to those who, like Plato, were the founders of sects, and led after them a train of disciples who professed some particular theory in morals. Now, my hero founded no sect, he promulgated no theory; and therefore I doubt whether I can *so* call him a Magister Virtutis, as Plato and the old philosophers were called.

Well, I determined to abandon the expression, and I found either that my resolution was rewarded, or that my understanding, put into action, after directing me to give up the phrase, enabled me to select another equally strong and more pertinent.

Præceptori recte vivendi gravissimo. This is rather more dignified, and my only objection to it is, that there are four words instead of three. To be sure, veræ virtutis was a happy expression; first, because it was familiar, and secondly, because the vera virtus was opposed to the refinements of philosophy. At first I thought of saying at once with Horace, custodi veræ virtutis. But my mind, prolific in objections, suggested to me first, that the expression was rather trite; secondly, that I had endeavoured to avoid the borrowing of whole phrases; and thirdly, that Horace was the custos veræ virtutis, perhaps in a practical sense; or, if he was theoretically so, that he embraced this theory in opposition to other false and more relaxed systems; and this again is a circumstance not to be found in my hero. Now you have the merits of the case before you. I am, dear Sir, most sincerely and respectfully yours,

S. PARR.

DEAR PRESIDENT, *Lan St. Frede, July 22*, 1794.

Neither soldiers, nor parsons, nor women, can determine

how much they are able to bear, till the awful moment of trial; and the more unexpected any danger is, the greater becomes the power of resistance. Braggarts talk of what they will do and cannot, and wise men, like you and myself, Mr. President, dare to do what we dare not talk; e. g. the time may come that you will cast aside your flannel waistcoat, silk cassock, and bombazin gown, to perform a saraband with professor Randolph in the divinity schools. This prophecy, learned Doctor, is founded upon experience, or at least it will pass by an easy and a logical transition from what I have done, without knowing that I could do it, to that which you can do, without knowing that you will. And why all these things περι δρων η περι πεταν? My good friend, I left your lodge at three in the morning. I waited in the street at the inn door till four; I found the Gloucester coach full, and no other coach was to go that way. I asked if the passengers were going the whole way, and the coachman, either from a blunder, or a lie, said that one of the lasses was only going to Witney. My pride was not so rebellious, but that I could endure the discipline of an outside rumble to Witney, on the condition of its being succeeded by a soft, snug, lolling inside place from Witney to Gloucester; so I determined to go. But presently it turned out, that the girl who was to leave us at Witney, was herself an outside passenger, and that my doctorial carcase could not be admitted into the sanctuary till we had unburthened the load at Cheltenham. See now, Mr. President, what it is to remember the Greek proverb, αρχη ἡμισυ παντος; had any grave brethren of our holy craft proposed for me a ride, even to Witney, while you and I were reposing in the lodge, I should have fretted at it as an indignity, and shrunk from it as an impossibility. But doctors fight with difficulties as women plunge into pleasures. The more sudden the more sweet; and when they have once begun, they know not how to leave off. Thus, when I had determined to go to Witney, which by no effort I could have determined to do before the hour of action, yet having determined, and being in action, I wanted only a parley of two moments between prudence and pride to go on from Witney to Cheltenham; and how would you have groaned in spirit to have seen my canonical hat and branching wig,

and hypercritical visage, perched with eagle dignity on the peak of Teneriffe, alias the top of a stage coach! Whether it was the mechanical facility conferred by habit, or the scientific rules I had learnt at Cambridge, after some oscillations not quite regular, and some shocks that were very rough, I found my centre of gravity like a philosopher, and I preserved it like a hero, up hill and down hill, over roads strong, and roads smooth, for the space of thirty and eight miles. O Mr. President! I recollect with shame and compunction that when I ceased to be humble I ceased also to be fortunate. Just on my approach to Cheltenham I found my imagination haunted with spectres of tittering beaux and peeping belles; and I determined not to expose my holy personage to their gazing eyes and prattling tongues. I, therefore, at the end of the town descended from the coach top to the coach box, and from the coach box to the coachman' steps, and from the coachman's step to the coach wheel, and thus far all was well, and then giddy with success, and clumsy from inexperience, when I was on the point of leaping on terra firma, I suddenly fell down upon the dust, and found myself in one fatal moment sprawling like the giant in Virgil, and extended over more than ninety feet square, prostrate and helpless. Think now of the white powder of my wig bestrewed with yellow dust. Think of my disgraced canonical rose, of my spatterdashes, and great coat, all presenting one dreary uniform of dirt, and exposing me to the very disgrace I had been endeavouring to avoid. There was no friendly hand to brush me, no pitying eye to cheer me, and so, forlorn and helpless, I trudged me through the streets to overtake the coach. I saw, or fancied I saw, gossipping beldames, smart parsons, censorious Pittites, all staring at my figure, inquiring my name, and insulting my degradation. To complete my disgrace, I no sooner passed the inn window, than a brother parson, with rosy cheeks, and powdered hair, exclaimed, "Dr. Parr!" Chop-fallen, and faltering I answered to my name. I acknowledged my misfortunes, and I would have sworn the priest to secrecy, if I could have taken the word of a priest. My friend, calamity itself has its boundaries, and my hour of relief and exultation was now at hand. The coach at Cheltenham was emptied of two Scotch bonny lasses, to

whom I had been very gallant at Oxford; and of a female, who, with a broad-faced, brawny husband, was coming down to drink the waters; and, to be sure, when I surveyed the huge form, and scented the ———, I could not help congratulating myself that I had been breathing fresh air instead of being crammed with these swinish citizens, within the filthy sty of the inside. Now, my friend, I took courage, and I vaulted into the coach with as much pride as professor Randolph ascends his divinity chair at Oxford, or a spelling player mounts the regal throne upon a theatre at Abergavenny. Yes, Mr. President, from Cheltenham to Gloucester I had the honour of being plagued with no companion, who might ask unpleasant questions about the former parts of my journey. I refreshed my stomach, cleansed my eyes, washed my hands, changed my shirt, and then found myself in a situation to be admitted by Jemmy Greene to a seat in his phaeton; and where is the Doctor among us all, who, perched in a phaeton, and driven by a squire, does not feel himself in a most enchanting state of ease and dignity? Two and twenty miles did Jemmy drive me through the forest of Dean, to the hospitable house of Mr. Probyn, where hams, and chickens, and calve's-head hash, and other nameless but most delicious luxuries soon made me forget all the mortifications of the morning. Besides, Mr. President, we had three agreeable lasses, who assisted in the pipe ceremonies, and mingled very Whiggish politics, with manners which you would call Toryish, because they were at once correct, elegant, and dignified. In a dark night, through mountainous roads, and amidst furious storms, I proceeded to Lan St. Frede, and there, with the aid of a good supper, good company, and a good bed, I found all my sorrows soothed, all my appetites gratified, and all my mortifications buried in deep oblivion. Now, Mr. President, learn from me a lesson of humility, patience, and fortitude; and remember that, as on the one hand, no class of men stands more in need of such instruction than orthodox Doctors; so on the other, the examples of these virtues are never more rare than in the persons of Doctors. I therefore trust that, with so bright a pattern as I have set before you, you will lose no time in preparing yourself for encountering, as I did, disgrace and danger,

and for so laying aside sacerdotal pride, where pride is possible, I think that the case has now been set before you in due rhetorical form; you have a proem, a statement, and regular moral peroration, by which you will do well to profit. Pray give my best compliments to Miss Sophy, and charge her not to proclaim one particle of my disgrace, unless she finds that the mischief pent up within her becomes so troublesome, as to put her in danger of a fit of giggling hysterics, in which case, and in which alone, she has my leave to make herself and her wicked female companions merry and censorious at my expense. Farewell! I have received the letters, and thank you for forwarding them.

S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, 1797.

My head is giddy, and my heart is broken down with affliction; for my daughter has eloped with one of my pupils, and the consequence is inevitable and irretrievable ruin. My own fixed principle is not to let such acts of disobedience influence my conduct towards my child in pecuniary matters, and to this principle I shall strictly adhere in practice; but I blame not other men for acting differently, and I know that on the present occasion the parents of the lad will be inexorable, utterly and for ever inexorable upon grounds which, in the general estimation of the world, are solid. I am not quite pleased with you at the sluggishness of your pen. I suppose that my deep and piercing sorrows will awaken your sympathy, and I mean very shortly to flee for refuge to the hospitality, probity, wisdom, and tenderness, which I shall be sure to meet under your roof. I have sent the band and handkerchief of which I have before spoken to you. Wheeler must explain how they were hurried into my portmanteau, and Jack Bartlam will tell you why he did not bring them back. I am your afflicted friend,

S. P.

It is but lately I discovered the attachment. After pursuing gentle measures, covering the most active vigilance, I was proceeding to more rigorous and effectual steps, and the parties, I have since found, expecting such steps from such a man, determined to anticipate them. There never was a more unhappy case, and it will astonish you to be told of the circum-

stance. My wife, and the boy's father, have known of the attachment more than four months, and my discovery is not of one month's date. About six weeks ago I saw what seemed to me boyish and girlish familiarity only. On Monday three weeks I took the first, not very strong alarm, and on Tuesday I found out what the father of one party, and the mother on the other had known for months. On Sunday I was preparing for complete prevention, and on Saturday it seems, with the aid of intermeddlers, whom I have traced out when it is too late, their scheme was formed for a trip to Gretna Green, that is, a plunge into ruin. Though I shall make all proper pecuniary provision, I shall not approve, I shall not encourage, I shall not forgive; I shall neither intrude, nor co-operate with the lad's friends. I shall allow no shelter in my own house; I shall do every thing but starve my own child. Under the circumstances I *must* do so, and I *will*. But my heart, President, is borne down with an intolerable weight of sorrow. Concealment from me has been the cause of all the mischief—from me, who stood in two relations, and had two duties to discharge, with wisdom and resolution for twice two duties, if I had been told half what others knew.

The boy's father is impetuous and proud, but honest. The mother is implacable; the boy will be assuredly disinherited, and I shall not blame the father. Thus far only, I shall not follow his example.

MY FRIEND, *June 5th*, 1798.

I love and revere Oxford as an University, but I cannot endure the sight of it as a camp; and as all my feelings are alive in this dreadful state of public affairs, I shrink with horror at the prospect of what I must suffer if I come among you. Upon the whole it appears to me more proper for me to defer my visit till better or worse times are arrived. Indeed, Mr. President, this is a mortifying consideration to me, and the more so as I was anxious to converse with you and some other beloved friends on matters of great importance to my own private happiness. I enclose a paper of which you will take great care, and pray add to it the passage from the Bishop of Chester's note. You need not return it, nor the papers, till I see you. God bless you! I am your sincere and affectionate friend,

S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, 1798.

I suspect that obnoxious in Clarendon is a gross Latinism, and put for *obliged*, and therefore *subject* to the will of another. You will find a profusion of instances in Gesner. I could not bear the vague generality of egregiè peritus, and have therefore written in veterrimis scriptoribus Linguæ Anglicæ explicandis subtilis atque elegans. I don't much like atque, but it suits the elevation of the style, which, after all, is not immoderate. I found last night Farmer was, by his own desire, buried in a vault near the chapel altar, intended for Archbishop Sancroft, but his monument is in the cloisters. Now, such a circumstance must be stated in part; and you know that in the old inscriptions mention is often made of the locus or monumentum, which a person when alive chose for his burial place. Accordingly, I have written at the close.

Et conditus est juxta aram vicini Sacelli,
In sepulchro quod sibi vivus nuncupaverat.

For this phraseology I have direct example. Magister is the word in the Emanuel statutes. I have used no single letters because there was no occasion. Farewell. S. PARR.

As George Steevens was Farmer's friend and brother critic, and is an acute, clever, censorious fellow, I have consulted, and may propitiate him.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *July* 22, 1804.

I mean to gratify the moral feelings of your virtuous and enlightened mind, by telling you that yesterday I had a *reconciliation* dinner with Mr. Windham, at the British Coffee-House, and that to-day I shall have a rich banquet of friendship with the Bishop of Cloyne, at his house in Welbeck-street. We were reconciled without explanation, and our reconciliation, as it is sincere, will be permanent.

To-morrow I go and vote for my patron at Brentford, and glad should I be to hasten from my Whigs on the hustings, to dine with the Tories at Magdalen. God bless you all. I shall return soon to Cambridge, and you will soon hear from me again, so, farewell. I am most truly your friend,

S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, 1805.

The sight of your hand-writing is always pleasant to me, and your last letter came seasonably in the hour of my great affliction. You were prepared for the death of a brother, the remembrance of whose virtues must be consolatory to you in those prospects which you and I, Mr. President, are accustomed to contemplate seriously, reverently, humbly, and gratefully in the scenes that await us beyond the grave. I was not so doomed to be fortified by preparation for an event which, with an exception to the death of my beloved Catharine, is the most disastrous that ever befel me. I did look for insanity either from sudden phrenzy or deep and fixed melancholy. But I did not anticipate such a termination of existence; and yet who shall set bounds to the influence of phrenzy upon such a feeling mind, under such trying circumstances,

Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum pietas, facundia, virtus.

True, President; but with men not accustomed to contemplation, and not destitute of sensibility, the results go further. Conscious of our infirmity, you and I, from the most sacred recesses of our souls, must look up to heaven, and exclaim fervidly, *μη εισενεγκης ημας εις πειρασμον*. Let me then entreat you, as I have done my other friends, never, never, in conversation or in writing, to bring before me the dear and even sacred name. My health has been injured, my rest has been destroyed, my spirits have been alternately agitated and depressed. I feel myself *απορον και αμηχανον*. Oh! that you had been near me at the first shock. If I had been gravely asked what human beings had, in my estimation, the fewest infirmities, and the greatest portion of moral excellence, I should have instantaneously answered, Dr. Martin Routh and Sir Samuel Romilly; and I should have added, that these excellencies, by the kindness of Providence, were accompanied by great intellectual powers; that those powers had been progressively improved by unwearied exercise; that such exercise had produced an accumulation of sound and useful knowledge, and that such knowledge had been steadily and actively employed in the cause of virtue, and for the benefit of mankind. Let us change the subject.

I have twice read very attentively the additamentum. I approve of all the conjectural emendations, and of all your critical remarks. In one or two instances I hesitate a little about the Latinity. Can you say nemo mei fastidiverat? κατα with a genitive generally means contra. But I have seen instances where it does not, and where it has the power of de, and quod attinet ad. In the Index to Polybius I find κατα παντων εμπορων, de mercatoribus, and κατα παντων Πελοποννησιων, de omnibus Peloponnesiis. In the Index to Xenopho we have κατα παντων Περσων, de omnibus Persis. Verse 15. cap. 15. Epist. 1st of the Corinthians, εμαρτυρησαμεν κατα του θεου, where Hutcheson explains it by de. But I have another solution still, so as to exclude the sense of contra. The best account is by Reiske, in his Index to Demosthenes. Κατα cum Genitivo universe, *de* sive ad laudem rei, sive ad criminationem, ὅ καὶ μέγιστον ἐστι καθ' ὑμῶν εγκώμιον, id est, in respect to us. Yet I cannot think that Dionysius, if he wrote a book, meant to write concerning or about Origen.

The nisi quod in calce, &c. is rather awkward after the preceding sentence, but it is intelligible and not improper. Is referendum est quite right? Every moment I look at your paper, I am charmed with your accuracy. Your utcunque I should alter into optime. Where one sentence begins with dubium videtur, and the next begins nec tamen adduci possum, perhaps I should have written possim. Should it not be sed auctior exstat, not exstans? Pray re-consider this, and yet it is of little consequence, nor will be perceived, I suppose, by the generality of your readers. To me, sumpta est sed auctior exstans, is not quite so clear as auctior exstat. I am most unfeignedly your friend and humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, 1806.

You know how much I reverence your taste and judgment, and I know the important advantages I have derived from your counsel. My dear friend, you are the only ecclesiastic whom I ever consulted about my own compositions; for you are the vir bonus et prudens which Horace describes, as qualified for the literary and moral duties of criticism. Mr. President, with

confidence greater, perhaps, than I ever reposed in you before, upon subjects of this sort, I, after much consideration, have sent you the enclosed. I entreat you, dear Sir, not to let any human eye approach it, nor any human ear receive one word contained in it, or one hint even of its existence. It is a sacred deposit with you, as a profound scholar, a sagacious critic, an honourable man, and a faithful friend. Consider, and re-consider every topic, every sentence, every word, and every combination of words. Remember the interest I feel in Mr. Fox, and the stake I have, as a man of letters, a partizan, a friend, and a parson, in the account which I give to posterity of Mr. Fox's talents and virtues. We shall talk things over nostro more et modo, when I visit you at Oxford. I have authorized Mr. Morley to shew you two lighter inscriptions upon very inferior subjects. You know my forgetfulness and my negligence, and my occasional indifference about these things. But I have lately desired John Bartlam to collect and insert in a book all my Inscriptions. The degrees of their merit must be various, and various too were the qualities of the subjects, various the sort of interest I took in them, various their capacity for statement and decoration, and various at various times must have been my ability to state and to decorate. But sus ad Minervam, for you know all this as well as I do. O President! after all my afflictions I have to thank Heaven that such a friend as you are yet left to me. I thank you again for your condescension and courtesy to the Norfolk youth, but I thank you even more for your attention to John Morley. He is my neighbour and my friend, and if I did not employ his pen, I should say something more than would recommend him to you. Farewell. I am, affectionately and respectfully, your friend,

S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, 1806.

The man lives not whose advice or whose wishes will have greater weight with me than your own. I honour and I thank you for your solicitude. I shall subjoin an epitome of Collier's Theology, because in some respects it was influenced by his peculiar metaphysics. He was nearly an Apollinarian, and this

I shall illustrate by a quotation from King on the Apostles' Creed. But I should no more think of proclaiming my want of faith in the heresy of Apollinarius, than in the physics of Democritus, the ethics of Diogenes, the Theogony of Hesiod, the mythology of Hindoos, the Æons of the Gnostics, the legends of the Romish saints, the tales of black and white fairies, the visions of Hutchinsonians, and the politics of Tories. Again, Collyer accuses Bull of not stating any opinion upon the doctrine of consubstantiality, except that which he rejects in Paul of Samosata. I shall repel this charge by a pertinent and copious quotation from Bull. This I do, not from attachment to the doctrine, but in justice to the Bishop; not agonistically, but historically; and upon my own private opinion I should be silent, yet I must please the orthodox by vindicating their champion, whom I most unfeignedly revere. I thank you for the great work of Bishop Montagu. I have read the preface with admiration and affection. It is ill printed, and I cannot construe a sentence in the last page, ending with non factum accusantur zelatores. I continue to be puzzled with the passage which you thought clear in the preface of Wolfius. Bartlam will be directed to read to you the corrected epitaph for Burke, and two other inscriptions which I have lately written, and about which we must have much talk when I see you. I entreat you, dear Sir, not to open your lips about them to any human being. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your condescension, politeness, and kindness to my Norfolk visitor. I have received a very curious, though mutilated Greek inscription, found at Athens by Mr. Hunt, Chaplain to the Duke of Bedford. It is very ancient, and contains that of which Montfaucon had seen only one instance in Sponius, the φs instead of πs. There are two in Chardin's Inscriptions; Hunt's make a fourth, and they all conspire to fix my notions about the aspirate property of sigma. Bartlam is directed to read you some important information about Hunt's share in collecting the Greek MS. attributed solely to Carlisle, bought by the Archbishop, and arranged by our friend Burney. Pray be a perfect Harpocrates about the inscriptions,—Mum, mum, mum! Most truly I am your friend,

S. P.

I know nothing, except common report, about the Deanery. Lord Grenville monopolizes the ecclesiastical patronage; though it is whispered that Royal interference annoys him most provokingly. God bless you, my dear, wise, learned, honest, pious friend.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *Nov.* 21, 1809.

I was unwilling to write to you while the contest for the Chancellorship was pending. I was asked from very high quarters what part you were likely to take; I spoke of your wisdom, integrity, and independence as I ought to do, and I assigned weighty reasons for not attempting to influence your choice. I had not heard, but I long ago supposed, that you would vote for the Duke of Beaufort; my wishes are in favour of Lord Grenville, and from consideration, personal, political, and academical, I am very adverse to the cause of Lord Eldon. My hopes are, first, that Lord Grenville may not decline a poll; secondly, that the Duke of Beaufort's well-wishers may not suffer themselves to be turned over to Lord Eldon; and thirdly, that, if Lord Grenville should be unsuccessful, the Duke of Beaufort may be elected. I know very well the motives which determine your choice, and I shall always think it creditable to that part of the University which acts with you, that their suffrages are given neither to one candidate, who is a Chancellor, nor another who must ere long be Prime Minister. At the same time I think that Lord Grenville's principles as a statesman, his unblemished character as a man, and his attainments as a scholar, amply justify me in the anxiety I feel for his success, and in the endeavours I have made to promote it. I was very well pleased with the Oxford address—all the topics were judicious. The introductory paragraph is clumsy and inharmonious, but the composition soon assumes a higher tone, and I see in it very strong traces of that talent for good writing, which you and I have always ascribed to John Parsons. The Cambridge address is very inferior both in matter and style. I was displeased with the allusion to the Catholic question, but was refreshed a little by the mention of those principles which brought the house of Brunswick to the throne. Here you

men of Oxford were silent. The politics of both Universities, and of the nation, would employ you and me for a week. I suspect some wild plot has disturbed the order of things at Cambridge, and raised Dr. Milner to the Vice-Chancellorship. He had not been at St. Mary's for many years, and now the Saint will have impudence to appear every Sunday. Oxford is not disgraced by such gross and portentous indecorums. Mrs. Wynne, by my direction, is gone from Weymouth to Dawlish; she will remain there till the end of April, and I am happy to tell you that she is rather better. My inquietude is alleviated, but not removed. Do you not mourn with me at the unhappy end of poor George Glasse? Pray keep Balguy's curious book till I come to Oxford. If Lord Grenville be elected, I shall probably go to the installation. I have found some papers which were mislaid, and am going to write a preface to the metaphysical tracts which I have reprinted. I wish you had been my hearer on the Jubilee day. Dr. Maltby preached his turn at Cambridge, and pleased the moderate men of all parties. I saw his sermon, and I thought it very judicious. I do not believe that in matter or composition your Oxford preacher was equal to my old pupil. Upon looking into the last part of Warburton's Divine Legation, published a little before his death, you will find some scattered resemblances of opinion between him and Balguy. You will not find the rationalia of our faith in the whimsies of either. Burney's preface to his metrical *tentamen* is in the press; I saw it, and altered a good deal. But I would rather deal with you than with him in such matters. I have much to say on this subject, and five hundred others. We shall not see each other this winter. Remember me very kindly to Sophy, and Dr. Shepherd, &c. &c. I am very angry with the men of All Souls. You did well at Magdalen.

I shall soon draw up a very learned dissertation, etymological, critical, and philosophical, upon shall and will. Farewell. Most truly, dear Sir, I am your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *Hatton, March 21st*, 1813.

It is with reluctance that I send you the inclosed. But my sense of duty, as well as affection for the writer, leaves me no alternative. He was one of the first boys sent to me after I was driven from Harrow. He has ever been my friend, and has given me several valuable MSS. from the library of his late father. He is perpetual High Sheriff for Durham, and he is a vile Tory, just as you are, sincerely and disinterestedly. He is also, as Horace says, Notus, in fratres animi paterni; for, coming to a large fortune, which descended to him from a grandfather, he made unusual sacrifices for the benefit of a numerous brood of brothers and sisters. Learned he is not; but he is good humoured, open-hearted, kind, and generous; and when at Emanuel College he was much beloved by Mr. Hubbard and Dr. Farmer. So much for the writer. His father was the learned Dr. Askew, one of my earliest and firmest friends, who supported my character and my interests, when all my hopes were shipwrecked at Harrow. He sent me at first his eldest son, and afterwards another. He procured for me many other boys. He and his wife, a woman of celestial beauty, and celestial virtue, were the intimate friends of Mrs. Parr; and at their house in Queen's-square I courted, and they attended my marriage, and the Doctor gave away my spouse. They lived upon the most affectionate terms with Mrs. Parr and myself till their death. Their children and children's children will ever be dear to my heart, and I should be an execrable ingrate, if, with the power of serving them, I did not undertake a perilous voyage to the frigid or the torrid zone. I visit Adam now, I am visited by his sister Deborah, and never did I see a more united, or a better disposed family. Under these circumstances, I with more than usual earnestness implore your best protection to the young man mentioned in Adam's letter. Forgive me, sympathise with me, assist me. I go to town in Easter week, preach at St. Paul's on St. Mark's day, attend as steward to the Harrow anniversary on the 8th of May, riot in the capital for a month, and visit you for two or three days on my return. With most unfeigned respect and regard, I am, dear President, your friend,

S. PARR.

DEAR MR PRESIDENT, *Hatton, Oct. 4th*, 1813.

The contents of this letter will be agreeable and interesting to you. Mr. Montagu Burgoyne, a most honourable and common friend of Sir Francis Burdett and myself, had heard of the separation between Sir Francis and myself. He was anxious to bring us together. He heard my statement, and found from it that I never intended the smallest offence to Sir Francis, and retained towards him entirely my former good-will and respect. The other day he talked over the matter in a personal interview with Sir Francis Burdett, and after mentioning the cause of Sir Francis's displeasure, just as you had related it, he with joyfulness of heart added that Sir Francis gave me credit for meaning well, that he was well-disposed towards me, and that we had a common friend at Oxford. By that friend he meant yourself, and by the mention of this circumstance he seems to have intended that through your mediation a complete reconciliation might be effected. Mr. Burgoyne called on me yesterday. He repeated in substance what he had written to me before. He expressed his solicitude for two men whom he esteemed to be brought together, and he added very significantly, how much he was struck with the rare circumstance of a direct and complete coincidence between the statement given by Sir Francis and my own. This you see is the remark of a man of sense, and there cannot be a fitter man than Mr. Burgoyne for conducting matters to the point which they have now reached. On that which remains to be done I am not likely to be unsuccessful in asking your co-operation, and the conversations which have already passed upon the subject between Sir Francis and you, and between you and myself, will smooth all difficulties in our future measures. I know the sincerity of Sir Francis, and I am perfectly satisfied with his declaration, that he believed me to mean well, though in the expression of my meaning I had unfortunately wounded his feelings in favour of a much older and much dearer friend. Thus far all is quite well, and as I am conscious of not wishing to wound his amiable sensibility, and of having written to him from impressions of the most unfeigned respect and anxious good-will, so on the other hand he ought to be praised, not blamed, for taking the part of one in whom

he had reason to repose much greater confidence than in me. I wish you to state to Sir Francis the great satisfaction which I feel from what passed between him and Mr. Burgoyne, to assure him of my undiminished regard, respect, and thankfulness for his patronage, and to add, that I now indulge the most pleasing hope of shaking hands with him under your roof, or in any other place where it may suit him to meet me. I believe that the commissions which I now give to you will not be displeasing to you, and I know that you will execute it with consummate judgment, and with real solicitude for a happy termination of the business. I am, dear President, most truly your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *March 8th*, 1816.

Accept my very hearty thanks for the third volume of your noble work, and for your prompt and ardent friendship in sending it to me so soon. Mr. President, my heart glowed when I read the warm and pithy sentence in which you spoke of me. It is a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, and I shall with sincerity produce the whole of a passage which is often quoted in a mutilated form by those who know not where the original is to be found, and are content to recite the few words which they read in Cicero.

Lætus sum,
Laudari me abs te, amice, laudato viro.

The passage is in Nævius's Hector, and I have corrected the quotation in my copy of Maittaire's Corpus, and if you have the book put pater at the end of the line. I omit pater, and substitute amice in another part.

I am now in tolerable health. But a stubborn cold annoyed me for five weeks. I was negligent at first, but remembering that my father died of an asthma I became prudent from fear, and fear made me active, and activity made me well. You received the first part of the Prolegomena to Harry Stevens's Thesaurus? Pray examine it carefully, for nothing was done in it without suggestion or approbation from myself; and my library, ransacked by Barker, supplied nearly, though not quite all, the curious matter. There will be, in a few months, a second part. The tumultuous state of

the continent has retarded the arrival of some contributions from foreigners, and you know, as the words are to be put in alphabetical order, there must be caution in publishing the Lexicon itself. The words and the interpretations to be added in the Lexicon will be very numerous and very useful. Barker wrote the preface, which you will see, in four pages. I did not quite understand it. I corrected part, but my corrections could not be read. Barker properly came hither, and improperly gave me only seven hours and a half to do that which required seven days. But Valpy was determined to have the book out by the first of March, and printers have neither the perspicacity nor the prudence of critics. However, with two exceptions, even now the Latinity is right, and I have dispersed much misty matter. Tell me your opinion of it. I send by this day's post corrections of two vile blunders.

Would you believe it, there now lie in my library three packets to be franked by Hiley Addington to Uvedale Price, who, in taste has no superior, nor in learning many equals. He, like myself, hates the final mugient M in Latin, and upon the questions connected with it I have sent him thirty large folio pages, and there is a mantissa of about ten more upon two or three points in Foster's book on accent. Poor Bartlam has been wearied with my letters to Dr. Gabell upon ὅθ' οὕνεκα, and here so much incidental matter rushed into my mind that I dictated almost a duodecimo. The want of a scribe kills me. But the days are getting longer, and I hope to finish three things in the course of the summer. Bartlam joins me in all good wishes to you and the ladies. I am, most heartily, your friend,

S. PARR.

My next letter will be to Dugald Stewart, to whom I some time ago sent 150 folio pages upon the Pseudo Longinus; I opposed his notion of a various reading, and I have elucidated and justified the arrangement. There were metaphysics mingled with philology. The oracle said Socrates was the wisest of the Greeks. The Parson of Harrow says Dugald Stewart is the wisest Scotchman, and Martin Routh the wisest Englishman.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *Hatton, Jan. 1st, 1820.*

I hope you, and Anne, and Sophy, and all the sisterhood, and the pugilist and his family, have good health and good spirits. Mine were very much assisted by my Northern tour; and happy I was to find that Dugald Stewart, and two or three most enlightened men, were deeply impressed with reverence for your solid and transcendental merits as a scholar, a theologian, a gentleman, and a most exemplary Christian. I talked of you, President, often; and you may easily guess how and why I talked of you. I wish you to give me a little aid by consulting Salmasius in his notes upon Tertullian de Pallio. I have twice read and marked Tertullian in the edition which you obligingly gave me; but in his text I can find no clue for solving a question which has been proposed to me, and which, I believe, Salmasius to have solved. I think that I have the work of Salmasius; but I cannot lay my hands upon it. Pray look whether he has given any account of *aures asininæ* as employed by Apelles in a picture to signify . . . . and patient attention. In Hoffman's Lexicon there is a long quotation, which, perhaps, contains the very words of Tertullian. Hoffman does not expressly say so, but he refers to Salmasius on Tertullian de Pallio, p. 338, where he speaks *de variis digitorum ad aliquem deridendum formationibus.* You may look at Hoffman under the article *Asininæ Aures.* I want to know who mentions the picture of Apelles; and I wish you to furnish me with as much matter as you can from Salmasius. I have been reading three sermons, and eight polemical letters of Dr. Wallis upon the Trinity; and the volume lent me contains 60 or 70 MSS. pages by one Fry, a contemporary and admirer of Wallis. To be sure, my mind derives very little help from Wallis's illustration by a cube, and by his "three somewhats." But he is a very able reasoner, and he writes without littleness or arrogance; and he has given me a clue to "a somewhat" in the writings of Bishop Butler. The passages in Butler to which I advert, cannot have escaped your very extraordinary sagacity. And yet so it is, that I never met with a theologian who suspected what I do in the mind of Butler.

Alas! the late Bills confirm your forebodings and my own about the approach of a military government. We shrink from

Radicals, pikes, and tumultuous meetings, and the mischievous nonsense of Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage! but I have far greater fears from disguised, systematized, and legalized despotism. I should have opposed Charles I. but his prerogative claims were much less alarming than the doctrines and the measures of the present Parliament. Believe me most sincerely and affectionately your friend, S. PARR.

P.S. Did I tell you that I have met with and received two copies of the French translation of the book De tribus Impostoribus; that I saw an English translation in the Glasgow library; that I have received from Glasgow some curious preliminary anecdotes; and that, from various and most learned books, I have collected very copious and very curious evidence for and against even the existence of the book?

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, *Hatton, Saturday, Feb. 5*, 1820.

Your letter was short and sweet. My illness has been long and bitter. The primary cause was extreme cold in my hands, which I neglected. The mischief diffused itself through the system, and as extremes, both in the natural and moral world, are apt to meet, this parching air which burnt, froze, passed into the sacer ignis, deprived me of the use of both wrists, both palms, both thumbs, and all my fingers, and made the scene a frightful mass of tumours and ulcers. But I desire you and Mrs. Shepherd not to be alarmed lest pain should have made me a convert to the church of Rome, where in the ophthalmia they prayed to St. Lucia, in the toothache to St. Apollonia, in the hydrophobia to St. Hubert, and in my terrible malady to St. Anthony of Padua. No! Mr. President, I am about as good a Protestant as ever. On the night of my birth-day I had the advice of four physicians. I have since been attended almost every day by one physician from Leamington, occasionally by one from Birmingham, and every day by a surgeon from Warwick. There has been no slough upon my tongue, no ache in my head, no acceleration in my pulse, and thus far the vitals are safe; and if the volcanic inflammation had not burst out with all its fury upon my hands, the alternative would have been a morbid apathy leading to mortification. The

swellings have now subsided, the slough is daily disappearing, the anguish is mitigated, the danger is wholly arrested, and my lion spirits, nay, my hilarity, never forsook me under any paroxysm of anguish, or any prospect of dissolution. The soreness remains, the confinement remains, the langour of appetite remains, and for some days the want of flexibility in my hands must remain. But you must make Mrs. Shepherd laugh by telling her that I sported a pun, which you must explain, and I said mine was, Pol Triamo miseranda manus. What is become of Wyttenbach's papers? If you have any Oxford subscription for the window, do not fail to put me down as a subscriber. I have much to say to you about Bishop Gleig, and about the Edinburgh Episcopalians. Oh! it gladdens my heart to find such enlightened teachers, such truly Gothic churches, though lately built, such well-dressed, and such well-disposed hearers, such dignity, and such solemnity in the service. Alas! we are retrograde in England; and now, Mrs. Shepherd, I will gratify first her curiosity in knowing what were the contributions to my birth-day feast, and secondly, her love of mischief against heretics in finding that I am obliged to fast while others feasted. Four pheasants and a hare from the Duke of Bedford; a fine side of venison from Mr. Leigh of Stoneleigh; a gigantic chine, a gigantic turkey, a brace of pheasants, six partridges, and a stupendous wildgoose from Mr. Coke of Norfolk; a codfish larger than Juvenal describes, in his fourth satire, as decorating the table of Domitian, from my pupil Mr. Philipps; the jaws were specious enough to swallow a child of three years old; the length was such that if we had seen it alive and swimming in the water, we should have applied to it what Milton said of the old dagon swinging the scaly horror of his folded tail; and, besides this, a barrel of oysters, four soles white as snow and shining as jasper, and all these from Mr. Philipps, jun.; and then from Mr. Philipps, sen. a luscious Stilton cheese, fit for the table at the Brighton Pavilion, and the very largest haunch of venison I ever saw at this season of the year; and then comes in the procession a barrel of oysters from Birmingham, and then come two fine grouse from Lord Dormer; and the whole series is closed by two large luxurious pies, with stuffings and balls, and turkies and tongues, και μυρια ὅσα, from my cousin Robert

Foster. The banquet was not episcopal, nor archiepiscopal, but pontifical. It required no apology, even if Wolsey had been my guest. I cannot hold a book, I cannot hold a pipe; I was obliged to turn Orientalist, and employ a village boy to be the bearer of my hookah. But my namesake and my friend, Sam. Butler of Shrewsbury, turned his mathematics to account and sent me a sketch for a machine to sustain my pipe; and on the day his letter reached me a machine, from a plan formed, I am sure, previously by him at Kenilworth, was brought by the organist to the parsonage. It stands now before me; you would smile, Mr. President, and your sisters would stare, and boobies would giggle, and females would tattle, and I should puff away. I shall soon write to you again, and am, most sincerely and affectionately, your friend, S. PARR.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, 1821.

I thank you for your interesting letter. The inflammation in my leg continues. But I hope in ten or twelve days to be able to travel. My wish is to leave London on Tuesday the 15th, or Wednesday the 16th instant, and to rest at Oxford a day or two. And I shall move on from Oxford to Stratford, where my chaise will meet me. Now, shall you be at Oxford on Tuesday the 15th, or Wednesday the 16th? But by no means put yourself out of the way on my account. Again I say, by no means.

The death of my oldest friend, the Bishop of Cloyne, has made a deep impression upon my mind, and has made me stick closer to the three friends who have outlived him (the Bishop), and Peregrine Dealtry, and these are the initials, M. R., J. B., S. B., and then comes a fourth J. J. We will talk over various and interesting matters if we meet. I will give up Tylehurst for the present. But for certain reasons I look to Tylehurst as a place where I can visit you, and bring my wife with me, and then I shall get over to Binfield to my old pupil, Sir Francis Wilder. Bartlam signs for me. You will of course buy Paine Knight's Homer, which came out yesterday, and Edmund Barker's masterly reply to Blomfield's harsh critique in

the Quarterly Review. I am, dear Mr. President, your sincere friend, S. PARR.

Me neque dira venena, nec hasticus auferat ensis,
Nec flamma hæretico, nec furi debita restis,
Nec patithis, aut hydrops, aut ardor febris acutæ,
Nec cheragra, aut podagra, aut apoplexia,—sed Sacer Ignis.

DEAR PRESIDENT,

You will find abundant reason to congratulate the public, and praise me, when I tell you that on the very day week after my book was printed at Birmingham, the Dissenters "who promoted the last anniversary of the 14th July," published in the Birmingham paper an advertisement wherein they publicly renounce all intention of meeting on the approaching 14th July, and wherein they adopt not only the advice, but the principle contained in my book, for their words are, "that they are too much the friends of peace and order to endanger the public tranquillity in the present crisis." Now, Mr. President, it is your duty, and the duty of all good churchmen, to read my book addressed to the Dissenters, because it has so speedily and so happily produced a better effect than is likely to be produced by Mr. Burke's book, or by Mr. Pitt's proclamation, or by the Duke of Richmond's encampment; and when you consider what I did last year in stopping seditious dialogues, and what I have done this year in preventing a dangerous meeting, you must have the candour to allow, that men who think with such moderation, and write with such energy as I do, are better friends to the church and state than Messrs. Burke and Horsley. The second edition of the Sequel is in great forwardness; it contains many important additions, and I advise you and all other wise and good men to buy and read it; and so farewell, and believe me your sincere friend and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

June 5.—I am full of joy and honest pride.

DEAR SIR,

You have received, or will receive, the books on Saturday. I called on Cuthell, who made not one moment's hesitation, and then turning about to my friend, I said you were, in my opinion, the most enlightened scholar in the church, and equal to the worthiest man in Christendom; and so you are, Mr. Tory President; and as Whigs and Tories are every day present with me, I every day talk of Dr. Routh—Dr. Martin Routh, for so it is, and must be. How happy I am that you are made happy by Morcellus! Dear Sir, we have not long to live, and let us do all the good we can to good men. No questions will arise hereafter about speculations abstractedly considered, neither yours nor mine. The great God, and the Son of man, are all in all. I cannot return by Oxford, and business every day grows more and more perplexing. But I will finish all. Soon you will hear from me again. God bless you. S. P.

JUNIUS.

Archdeacon Goddard was the son of Charles Lloyd, private secretary to the Right Hon. George Grenville, and brother to Dr. Philip Lloyd, Dean of Norwich. There are many interesting letters of this learned ecclesiastic, who was Parr's pupil at Norwich, and continued ever after his friend. But what makes Mr. Lloyd's name of greater consequence here, is the theory entertained by Parr of his being the author of the celebrated letters signed "Junius." He was accustomed to aver that he was certain of the fact, and told many anecdotes of Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Grenville, which threw an air of probability over it. The following letter of Peter Walsh, Esq. to Gen. Cockburn takes the same view of the subject:—

Belline, 29 *January* 1813.

As to a sketch of my reasons for conceiving that I discovered who was the person known by the title of the *Iron Mask*, they would be too numerous to find room in a letter; but if you will, at your leisure, look over all the accounts that you happen to have of that mysterious character, you will find that they all contain circumstances which are conformable to my conjecture. Some of those circumstances would suit some other persons who have been guessed, but all of them would not tally with any other person than *my man*, viz. an elder brother of Louis XIV.*

And as to *Junius* my firm conviction is (indeed I cannot have *a doubt* of it) that *Charles Lloyd*, who was private secretary to George Grenville, and his deputy Teller of the Exchequer, was the author. Years ago I thought so, and every thing that has been authentically published respecting the political writings of Junius, since I first formed this opinion, has confirmed me more and more in this my rooted opinion. A few years ago I met, by chance, some political letters published under the two different signatures of Atticus and Lucius. They were published in 1768, the year before Junius first appeared. They struck me as having been written by the same pen that produced the letters of Junius. I remarked this to some friends whom I conceived likely to judge and relish such writings; among them, at least three years ago, to Sir John Newport, who, however, appeared doubtful as to some of the letters being written by Junius. Also to Mr. William Walshe, a friend of mine at the bar, who is himself an excellent writer, and uncommonly clever man; and also to another namesake and friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Walshe of the late Irish Brigade, who has a highly cultivated literary taste. Now, I am somewhat flattered by finding in Mr. Woodfall's full and complete edition of Junius, just now published, so lately as to have only arrived in Ireland (at least I could not get it advertised), that the letters signed Atticus, and also those signed Lucius, were written by the author of Junius, as such are

* This plausible conjecture has been proved erroneous in the recent publication by the Hon. George Agar Ellis. Ed.

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